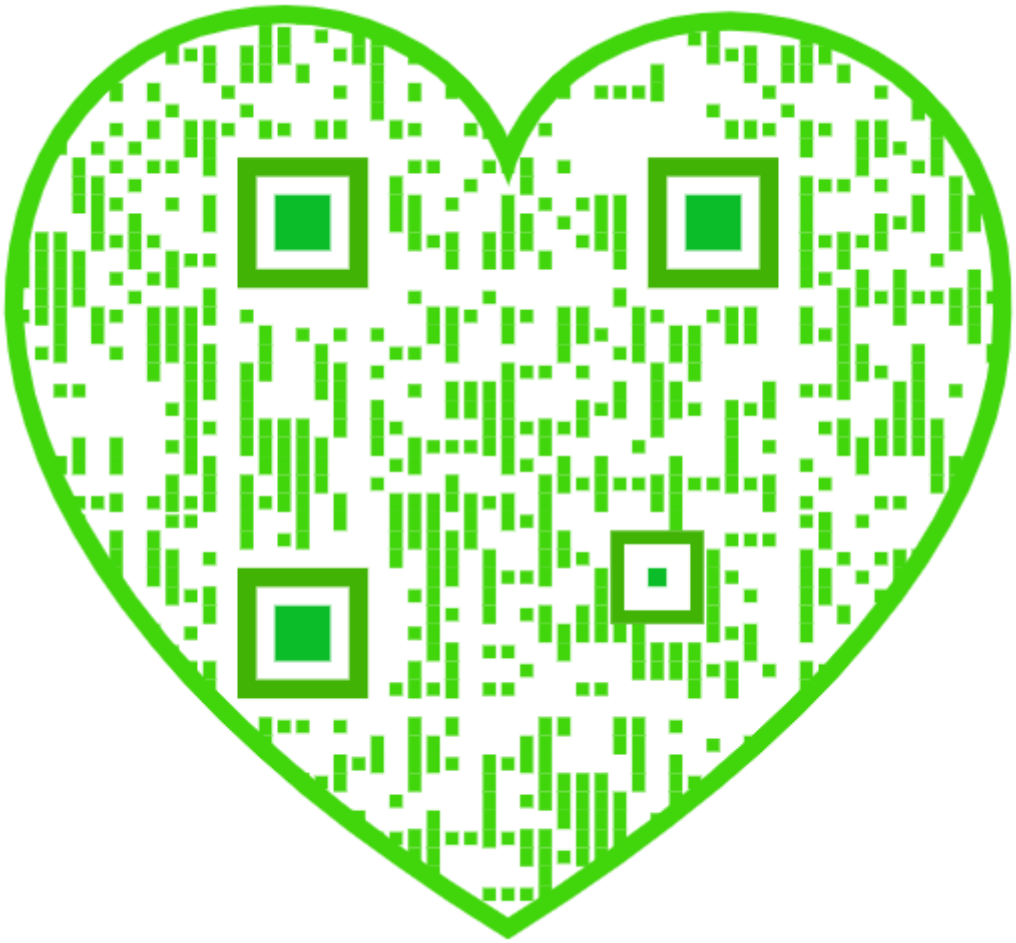

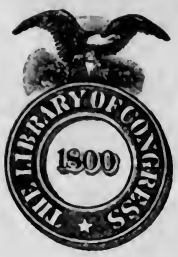

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JUVENILE TOURNAMENT

A JUVENILE PARTY MADE MERRY WITH THE GAME OF HUNT THE SLIPPER

DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENTS

WITH

PROGRAMMES FOR AMUSEMENTS

CONTAINING

PARLOR GAMES; CHARMING TABLEAUX; TRICKS OF MAGIC; CHARADES AND CONUNDRUMS; CURIOUS PUZZLES; PHRENOLOGY AND MIND READING; PALMISTRY, OR HOW TO READ THE HAND; HUMOROUS AND PATHETIC RECITATIONS, DIALOGUES, ETC., ETC.

INCLUDING

ETIQUETTE AND THE ART OF ENTERTAINING

THE WHOLE FORMING A

CHARMING TREASURY OF PASTIMES FOR THE HOME, PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES, LODGES, SOCIAL GATHERINGS, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, ETC., ETC.

By HENRY DAVENPORT NORTHROP

Author of "Gem Cyclopedia," "Excelsior Writer and Speaker," "Young People's History of America," Etc.

Superbly Embellished with Phototype and Wood Engravings

NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.

239, 241, 243 SOUTH AMERICAN ST.

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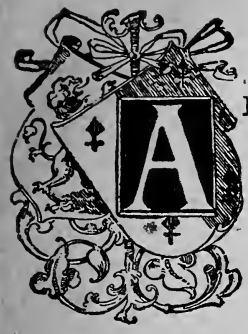
PREFACE.



MONG the various phenomena of the closing century, few are more remarkable than the vastly increased amount of time and attention which is now given to Recreation. Men work as hard as, possibly harder than, their fathers, but they certainly find much more time for play. To a considerable extent it is true that the men have become boys again. Health and Amusement go hand in hand, and each is a strong friend of the other.

This very attractive work combines pastime and pleasure with valuable instruction. It teaches practical lessons while it amuses the reader. It is sure to prove a welcome guest in every home where it is admitted, as it is essentially intended as a book to amuse, to pass quickly away the long nights, to add to the festivity of evening parties, and to be a pleasurable companion on all social gatherings; for it is to be hoped we are none of us so old or so crusty but that we can still appreciate

> "Sport that wrinkled care derides,
> And laughter, holding both his sides."

As every juvenile merrymaker might tire of games in which smartness of reply was the leading feature, games wherein mirth of a more active kind is the characteristic, have been introduced for their especial benefit. In the part comprising Parlor Games there is such an extensive variety that both old and young will not be at a loss to find captivating amusements for social gatherings.

New features appear in this work which are found in no other of a similar character. One part includes Palmistry, or how to Read the Hand. A person who understands this art can afford great amusement by telling, or assuming to tell, the character, disposition, occupation, etc., from the lines of the hand.

In both Parlor Magic and Chemical Surprises, not only is there a fine opportunity to amuse, but also to teach some of the fundamental truths of science These departments will be found extremely fascinating to young persons who undertake the experiments here described. Many an eminent man of science has begun his career with the chemical recreations of boyhood. Indeed, one part of this grand volume is entitled

Instructive Recreations, as it comprises interesting and amusing experiments that teach the most important principles of science and philosophy. There is no reason why we should not learn while we laugh.

Here, then, will be found instructions for playing Round or Parlor Games of vast variety, Mechanical and Arithmetical Puzzles of wonderful ingenuity, social diversions of divers sorts, Parlor Magic, and that never-failing source of merriment and perplexity comprehensively known as Fireside Fun. In the section on Parlor Magic no trick has been described involving the use of apparatus in any degree elaborate. The same is true of the section comprising Instructive Recreations.

It is easy to combine instruction with pleasure in both Hypnotism and Phrenology. Special attention is paid to these subjects. They are always interesting. They excite the curiosity of everybody. They are among the things that are half shadowed in mystery. To perform hypnotism, either the real thing or its counterfeit, is one of the most laughable of all recreations. It only requires a person with a glib tongue and a level head to make it a source of endless merriment.

The same may be said of Phrenology. In this volume the names of all the organs of the brain are given, together with their location and meaning. Those who are interested in the study of this science will here find valuable help.

In addition to all these captivating sources of amusement, a large part of this most attractive volume is taken up with intellectual sources of recreation, such as Dramatic, Descriptive and Humorous Recitations; fun-making Charades, Rebuses, Dialogues, Conundrums and Choice Selections from the World's Best Authors. These are of the greatest value for any parlor, public school, Sunday school or other entertainment in which the boys and girls, in fact all young people, are expected to appear.

Considering the unanimity that now exists among parents and guardians as to the desirability of encouraging a reasonable pursuit of games and sports, it is singular to observe the comparative scarcity of books which young people might consult for information upon the different topics connected with the vast variety of pastimes in which they commonly indulge. It is to meet the want of a comprehensive guide to sports and pastimes that this work has been prepared.

It is hoped that the present volume will supply the ever-increasing demand for a book of innocent amusement for winter evenings, both at home and at school. The chief object aimed at has not been the production of tragic and blood curdling plays, and sports, but the inculcation and enforcement of some good moral principle, attired in attractive and, perchance, humorous and fantastic garb. Amusement and instruction go hand-in-hand.

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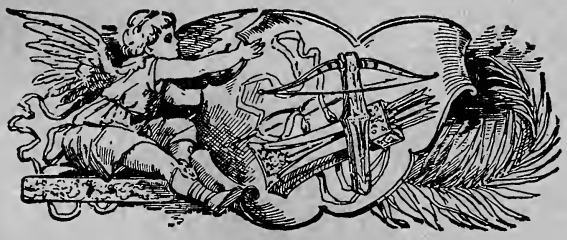
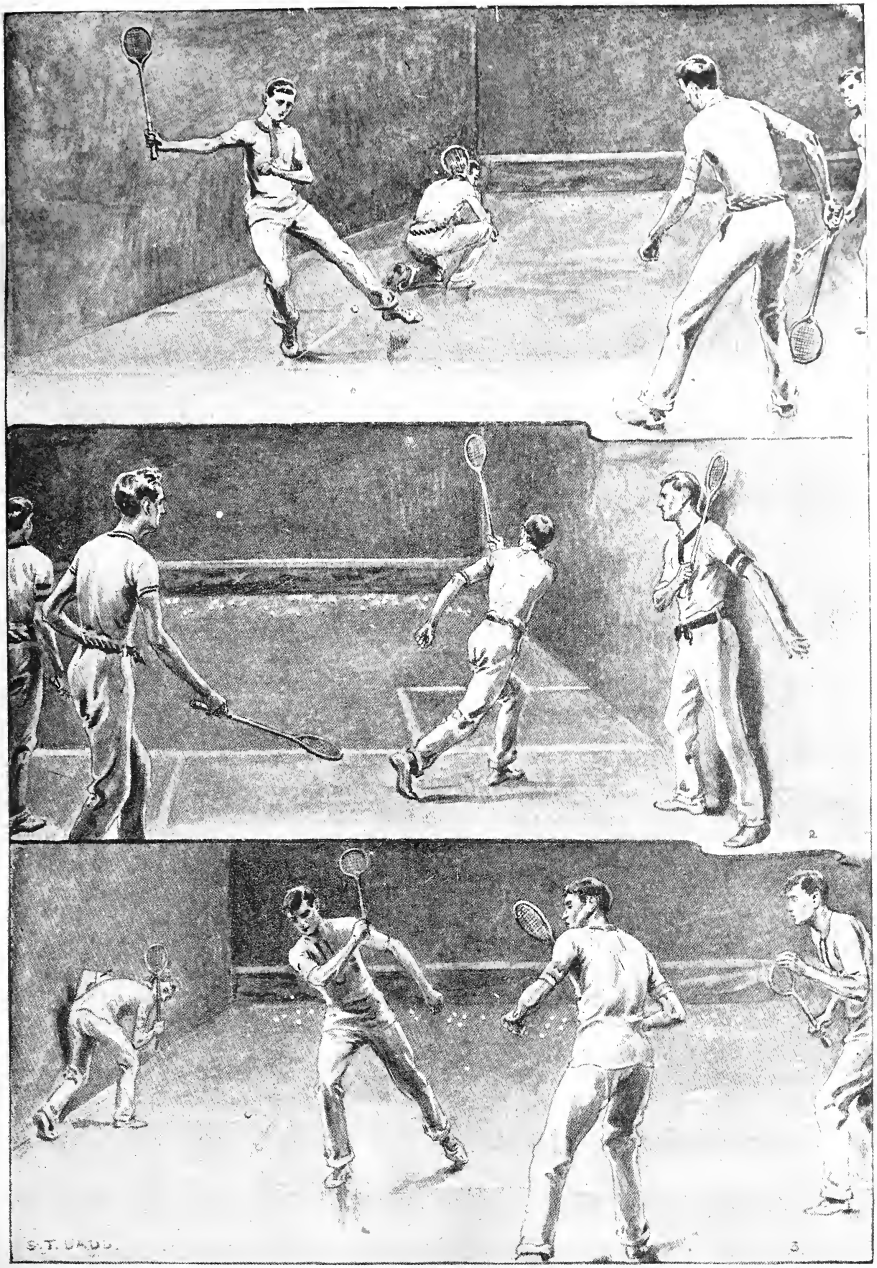




CONTEST BETWEEN RACQUET CLUBS

THE GAME OF RACQUETS IS SOMEWHAT SIMILAR TO LAWN TENNIS, BUT IS PLAYED INDOORS OR WITHIN AN ENCLOSURE. IT IS A GAME REQUIRING QUICK THOUGHT, SWIFT MOVEMENTS AND SKILL IN HANDLING THE RACQUET

SPORT WITH THE FIRST WINTER'S SNOW

PARLOR GAMES
FOR
SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS.

N a winter's evening when the lights burn brightly and a cheerful glow pervades the room, it is often found that merely sitting still is a very dull proceeding. Something is wanted in the way of amusement, exercise, fun and frolic, yet young folks are often at a loss, and their elders, too, sometimes, to know how to amuse themselves, and with mirth and merriment drive dull care away.

Some people will say, "There are books, let them read." We would whisper in their ears an adage as old as the hills, but none the less true or pithy; it is this: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." And again, let us remember that we also were once young, and laughed as heartily over "Blind Man's Buff" as the youngest of our acquaintance.

All the apparatus required in Parlor Games is good temper, good spirits and gentleness, so that at any moment amusement for an evening can be obtained by anybody who wills it.

We do not wish to read our young friends a homily upon politeness, but we would impress upon them that good temper is indispensable in games of any kind. We have known the pleasure of a whole party marred simply by the unreasonableness and ill-humor of one of the players, who, because he could not guess the answer of some game, declared that we had cheated him, and refused to play any longer, thus casting a gloom upon all who were playing.

Roughness, too, we would particularly caution our boy friends to avoid. Very often, when carried away by the buoyancy of their spirits, they forget that young ladies are present, and participating in the pleasures of the game. There is no occasion for an exhibition of strength; if you are caught, submit to it; if you are forfeited, pay the fine without a murmur, or with a pleasant remark.

Very often your little brothers or sisters will spoil a game by revealing who it is that is caught, or telling the answer to "Twenty Questions," before the person whose turn it is to guess it, has given it up. Do not be angry with them, but take another question, and begin again, for in all probability letting the secret out was merely childish importance, in knowing the answer as well as his elder brothers and sisters. Explain to him that he must not do so in the future, as he spoils the game; and, take our word for it, he will try to avoid doing so again.

We have heard many people say, "Oh, he's too young, he can't play." We say not so; no child is too young to join in healthy and innocent pastime. There is no occasion to give a child a prominent

part to perform, or to let him perform any part at all; but you can lead him to believe that his presence is in every way as desirable as that of the oldest person present, and you can make him as happy as any of the older ones.

Many of these games are quite new, and have never appeared in print before. They have been selected and invented by experts in the charming art of in-door amusement. In some cases the forfeit has to be paid by a kiss; of course that is only intended for a family party; in a mixed assembly some other mode of payment can be substituted, if you so desire.

With these remarks, we leave our readers to enjoy themselves over Parlor Games.

THE COMIC CONCERT.

In this performance the company for the time imagine themselves to be a band of musicians, though without the instruments. The leader of the band is supposed to furnish each of the performers with a different musical instrument. Consequently, a violin, a harp, a flute, an accordeon, a piano, a jew's-harp, and anything else that would add to the noise, are all to be performed upon at the same time. Provided with an instrument of some description himself, the leader begins playing a tune on his imaginary violincello, or whatever else it may be, imitating the real sound as well as he can both in action and voice. The others all do the same, the sight presented being, as may well be imagined, exceedingly ludicrous, and the noise almost deafening.

In the midst of it, the leader quite unexpectedly stops playing, and makes an entire change in his attitude and tone of voice, substituting for his own instrument one belonging to some one else. As soon as he does this, the performer who has been thus unceremoniously deprived of his instrument takes that of his leader, and performs on it instead. Thus the game is continued, every one being expected to carefully watch the leader's actions, and to be prepared at any time for making a sudden change.

CONSEQUENCES.

The old-fashioned game of Consequences is so well known that there are doubtless few people who are not thoroughly acquainted with it. It is played in the following manner:—Each person is first provided with half a sheet of note paper and a lead pencil. The leader of the game then requests that (1) *one or more adjectives* may be written at the top of each paper by its owner, and that, having done so, the paper may be folded down about half an inch, so as to conceal what has been written.

Every one then passes the paper to the right-hand neighbor, and proceeds to write on the sheet that has just been given him by his left-hand neighbor, (2) the *name of a gentleman*, again folding the paper down and passing it on to the right. Then (3) *one or more adjectives* are written; then (4) *a lady's name;* next (5) *where they met;* next (6) *what he gave her;* next (7) *what he said to her;* next (8) *what she said to him;* next (9) the *consequences;* and lastly (10) *what the world said about it.*

Every time anything is written the paper must be turned down and passed on to the right. As soon as every one has written what the world said the papers are collected, and the leader will edify the company by reading them all aloud. The result will be something of this kind, or perhaps something even more absurd may be produced—"The *happy energetic* (1) *Mr. Simpkins* (2) met the *modest* (3) *Miss Robinson* (4) *in the back alley* (5). He gave

her a *sly glance* (6), and said to her, '*Do you love the moon?*' (7). She replied, '*Not if I know it*' (8). The consequence was *they sang a duet* (9), and the world said, '*Wonders never cease*' " (10).

THE ADVENTURERS.

The great advantage to be derived from many of our most popular games is that they combine instruction with amusement. The game we are about to describe is one of this number, and will give the players the opportunity of exhibiting their geographical knowledge, as well as any knowledge they may have as to the physical condition, manufactures, and customs of the countries which, in imagination, they intend visiting.

The company must first of all fancy themselves to be a party of travellers bound for foreign lands.

A starting-place is fixed upon, from which point the first player sets out on his journey. In some cases maps are allowed, and certainly, if any one should be doubtful as to the accuracy of his ideas of locality, both for his own sake and that of his friends he will do wisely to have a map before him.

The first player then proceeds to inform the company what spot he means to visit, and what kind of a conveyance he means to travel in; on arriving at the place what he means to buy, and on returning home which of his friends is to be favored by having his purchase offered as a gift.

To do all this is not quite so easy as might at first be imagined. In the first place there must be some knowledge of the country to which the traveller is going; he must know the modes of conveyance, the preparations he will have to make, and the time that will be occupied during the journey.

Also, he must know something of the capabilities of the people whom he means to visit, because what he buys must be something that is manufactured by them, or that is an article of produce in their country. For instance, he must not go to Alaska for grapes, or to the warm and sunny South for furs. The presents, too, must be suitable for the persons to whom they are to be offered. A Japanese fan must not be offered to a wild schoolboy, or a meerschaum pipe to a young lady. Forfeits may be exacted for any mistakes of this kind, or, indeed, for mistakes of any description; the greater will be the fun if at the end of the game a good number of forfeits have been accumulated.

The second player must make his starting-point where his predecessor completed his travels, and may either cut across the country quickly, make his purchase, and return home again, or he may loiter on the road to sketch, botanise, or amuse himself in any other way.

It is astonishing how much pleasure may be derived by listening to the various experiences related, especially when a few of the company are gifted with vivid imaginations.

Sometimes rhyme is employed instead of prose in recounting the travels, and with very great success. When this is done the speaker may, if so inclined, end his description abrubtly, thus leaving it to the next player about to commence his narrative to supply a line which shall rhyme with the one just uttered.

ÆSOP'S MISSION.

This being a game of mystery, it is, of course, necessary that it should be unknown to, at any rate, a few of the company—the more the better. One of the gentlemen well acquainted with the game

undertakes to represent Æsop. In order to do so more effectually, he may put a cushion or pillow under his coat to imitate a hump, provide himself with a thick stick for a crutch, make a false nose, and put a patch over one eye.

The rest of the company must then each assume the name of some subject of the animal kingdom—a bird, beast, or fish—and having done this must prepare themselves to listen to the words of their great master. Limping into their midst, Æsop then tells them that the wrath of the great god Jupiter has been aroused, and as the cause of a calamity so terrible must be that one or more of them must have been commiting some crime or other, he is anxious to discover without further delay who are the guilty subjects. "I shall therefore," continues he, "question you closely all round, and I shall expect you every one to give me truthful answers.

"To begin with you, Mr. Lion, as you are the king of beasts, I sincerely hope you have done nothing derogatory to your high position; still, as it is absolutely necessary that you should be examined with the rest of your friends, will you please tell me what food you have eaten lately?"

Should the lion have eaten a lamb, a sheep, a tiger, a bear, or any other dainty that is spelt without the letter O, he is acquitted as innocent; but should he have eaten a leopard, a goose, a fox, or any other creature, in the name of which the letter O occurs, he is pronounced by Æsop to be deserving of punishment, and is therefore sentenced to pay a forfeit.

The other animals in turn then undergo a similar examination, during which each one must remember that in naming their prey they must confine themselves to such food as is suited to the species they have adopted. The game may be carried on for any length of time, or until all have discovered the secret in it. There is no fear of the interest flagging, so long as even only one of the company is still left unable to solve the mystery.

THE WOLF AND THE HIND.

In this game all the ladies present can find employment, but only one gentleman is required, and the one who is considered the most agile should be chosen, for, in truth, he will find exercise enough for his dexterity and his patience.

This personage is called in this game the Wolf; the eldest girl present is the Hind; all the others place themselves in a line behind her, according to their ages, and are called the Hind's fawns.

It is the Wolf's part to catch the lady who is at the extremity of the line, and he manifests his hostile intentions by the following conversation:—"*I am a Wolf, and I will eat you.*"

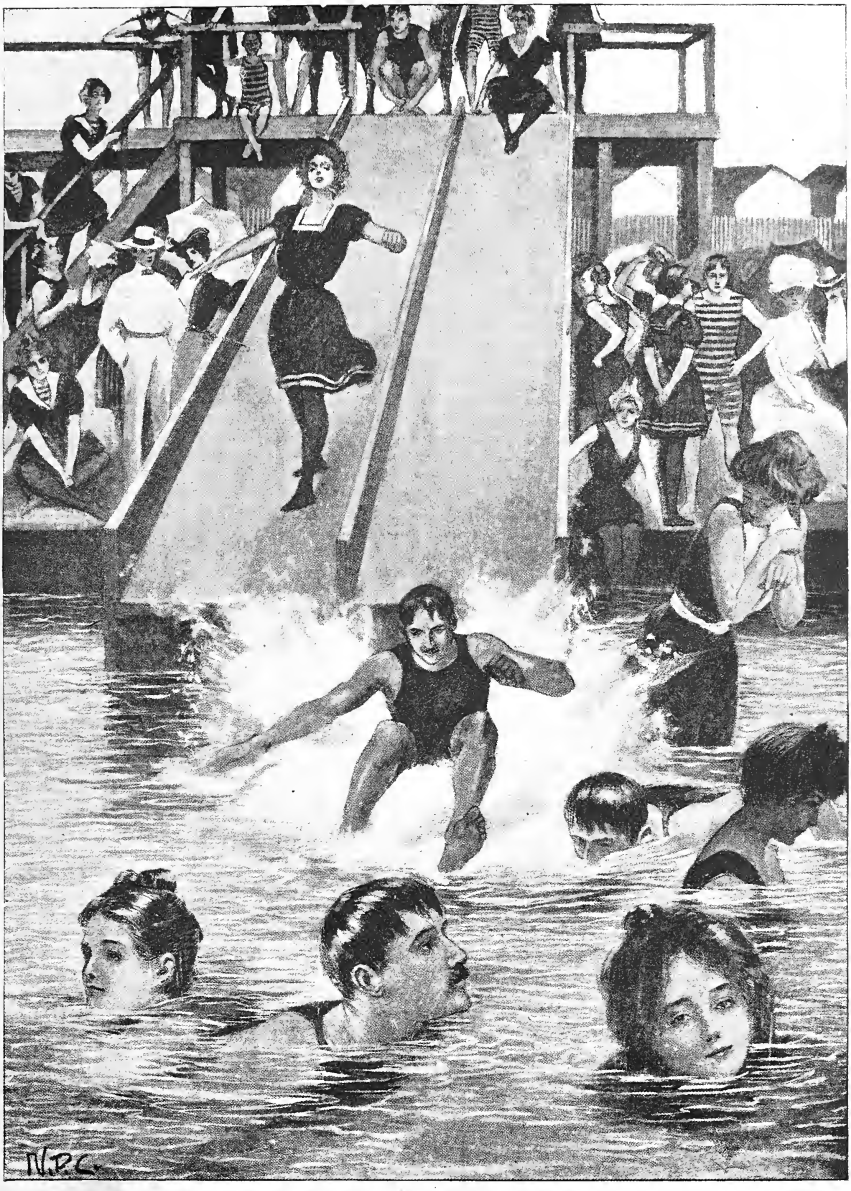
The Hind answers—"*I am a Hind, and I will defend myself.*"

The Wolf replies:—"*I must have the youngest and tenderest of your fawns.*"

After this dialogue, the Wolf endeavors to seize the desired prey, but the Hind, extending her arms, keeps him off; but if he succeeds in passing her, the young lady at the end of the line may abandon her place before he can catch her, and place herself in front of the Hind, where she no longer runs any risk, and so with the rest in succession, until the Hind becomes the last of the line.

Then the game ends; the unskillful Wolf must pay as many forfeits as he has allowed young ladies to escape, and the players select a successor if they wish to renew the game.

If, on the contrary, before the end of



THE SWIMMING POOL

THE ENGRAVING SHOWS AN ANIMATED SCENE OF ENJOYMENT. THE SWIMMERS REACH THE WATER BY USE OF THE SLIDING BOARD, THUS GIVING ADDITIONAL ZEST TO THE SPORT

A PRIZE MATCH IN ARCHERY

THIS FINE SPORT REQUIRES AN ACCURATE AIM AND STRONG ARMS. IT IS ONE OF THE FASHIONABLE PASTIMES, DEMANDING SKILL, AND IS A MOST HEALTHFUL EXERCISE

the game, he succeeds in seizing one of the young fawns, he does not eat her, but he has a right to claim a kiss from her, and to make her pay a forfeit, which promises new pleasure at the end of the game.

This game, requiring, as it does, much quickness of movement and agility, is not as well fitted for the house as for a lawn or field, where it presents a picturesque view to the lookers-on, and at the same time enables the players to display to advantage the grace and rapidity of their movements.

FRENCH BLIND MAN.

In this game, instead of blindfolding one of the players, his hands are tied behind him, and in that difficult way he must endeavor to catch one of his companions, who must, when caught, submit to the same restraint.

THE RIBBONS.

Each person in the company takes a ribbon, and holds it by one end. The other ends are all united in the hand of the one who leads the game, and who consequently is placed in the middle of the circle.

When he says—"*Pull*" they must let go, when he says "*Let go*" they must pull the ribbon which they hold. It is astonishing how many forfeits are won at this simple game.

THE COTTON FLIES.

One of the players takes a flake of cotton or bit of down which he casts into the air in the midst of a circle formed by those present, who are seated close together. He at once puffs with his breath to keep it floating in the air, and the one towards whom the flake takes its course must puff in the same way to keep it from falling upon his lap, which would cost him a forfeit,

Nothing is more amusing than to see ten or twelve people, with upturned faces, blowing and puffing, each in his own way, to send from one to the other, this flake of cotton. Sometimes it happens that as one cannot laugh and puff at the same moment, the tuft of cotton falls into the mouth of one of the company, who in vain tries to find breath enough to blow it away. This excites the laughter of the other players, who demand from him a forfeit for his gluttony.

THE HUNTSMAN.

This game is one of the liveliest winter evening's pastimes that can be imagined. It may be played by any number of persons above four. One of the players is styled the "Huntsman," and the others must be called after the different parts of the dress or accoutrements of a sportsman: thus, one is the coat, another the hat, whilst the shot, shot-belt, powder, powder-flask, dog, and gun, and every other appurtenance belonging to a huntsman, has its representative.

As many chairs as there are players, excluding the Huntsman, should next be ranged in two rows, back to back, and all the players must then seat themselves; and being thus prepared, the Huntsman walks round the sitters, and calls out the assumed name of one of them: for instance, "Gun!" when that player immediately gets up, and takes hold of the coat-skirts of the Huntsman who continues his walk, and calls out all of the others, one by one; each must take hold of the skirts of the player before him, and when they are all summoned, the Huntsman sets off running round the chairs as fast as he can, the other players holding on and running after him.

When he has run round two or three times, he shouts out "Bang!" and immediately sits down on one of the chairs, leaving his followers to scramble to the other seats as they best can. Of course, one must be left standing, there being one chair less than the number of players, and the player so left must pay a forfeit. The game is continued until all have paid three forfeits, when they are cried, and the punishments or penances declared. The Huntsman is not changed throughout the game, unless he gets tired of his post.

COPENHAGEN.

First procure a long piece of tape or twine, sufficient to go round the whole company, who must stand in a circle, holding in each of their hands a part of the string—the last takes hold of the two ends of the tape. One remains standing in the centre of the circle who is called "the Dane," and who must endeavor to slap the hands of one of those who are holding the string, before they can be withdrawn. Whoever is not sufficiently alert, and allows the hands to be slapped, must take the place of the Dane, and in his turn, try to slap the hands of some one else.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

Let all the company join hand in hand in a circle, except one who is placed inside, called the Mouse, and another outside, called the Cat. They begin by running round, raising the arms; the Cat springs in at one side and the Mouse jumps out at the other; they then suddenly lower the arms so that the Cat cannot escape. The Cat goes round mewing, trying to get out; and as the circle must keep dancing round all the time, she must try and find a weak place to break through.

As soon as she gets out she chases the Mouse, who tries to save herself by getting within the circle again. For this purpose they raise their arms. If she gets in without being followed by the Cat, the Cat must pay a forfeit, and try again; but if the Mouse is caught she must pay a forfeit. Then they name who shall succeed them; they fall into the circle, and the game goes on as before.

HUNT THE HARE.

The company all form a circle, holding each other's hands. One, called the Hare, is left out, who runs several times round the ring, and at last stops, tapping one of the players on the shoulder. The one tapped quits the ring and runs after the Hare, the circle again joining hands. The Hare runs in and out in every direction, passing under the arms of those in the circle until caught by the pursuer, when he becomes Hare himself. Those in the circle must always be friends to the Hare, and assist its escape in every way possible.

THE KEY GAME.

This game may be played by any number of persons, who should all, except one, seat themselves on chairs placed in a circle, and he should stand in the centre of the ring. Each sitter must next take hold, with his left hand, of the right wrist of the person sitting on his left, being careful not to obstruct the grasp by holding the hands. When all have, in this manner, joined hands, they should begin moving them from left to right, making a circular motion, and touching each other's hands, as if for the purpose of taking something from them.

The player in the centre then presents a *key* to one of the sitters, and turns his back, so as to allow it to be privately

passed to another, who hands it to a third; and thus the key is quickly handed round the ring from one player to the other; which task is easily accomplished, on account of the continued motion of the hands of all the players.

Meanwhile, the player in the centre, after the key has reached the third or fourth player, should watch its progress narrowly, and endeavor to seize it in its passage. If he succeed, the person in whose hand it is found, after paying a forfeit, must take his place in the centre, and give and hunt the key in his turn; should the seeker fail in discovering the key in his first attempt, he must continue his search until he succeeds. When a player has paid three forfeits, he is out.

HUNT THE SLIPPER.

This is usually an in-door game, although there is no other objection to its being played on a dry piece of turf than that the slipper cannot be heard, when struck by its momentary possessor, when passing round the joyous ring. Several young persons sit on the floor in a circle, a slipper is given to them, and one, who generally volunteers to accept the office in order to begin the game, stands in the centre, whose business it is to "chase the slipper by its sound."

The parties who are seated, pass it round so as to prevent, if possible, its being found in the possession of any individual. In order that the player in the centre may know where the slipper is, it is occasionally tapped on the ground, and then suddenly handed on to the right or left. When the slipper is found in the possession of any one in the circle, by the player who is hunting it, the party on whom it is so found takes the latter player's place.

CATCH THE RING.

In order to play this capital game, the chairs are placed in a circle, just so far apart, that each person sitting can easily reach the hand of another person on either side of him. One person stands in the middle of the circle. A piece of string with a wedding, or a larger ring of brass, upon it, is then tied, of a sufficient length to reach all round the circle, so that each person may catch hold of it.

The players are then to slide the ring along the string, passing it from one to the other, and the game is, for the person who stands in the centre to try to catch the ring. When he catches it, the person with whom he finds it is to go out into the centre.

[Forfeits may be added to this game, if preferred, each person caught with the ring paying the forfeit.]

JACK'S ALIVE.

A small piece of stick is lighted at one end, and the blaze blown out, leaving the sparks. It is then passed from one of the company to the next on his right hand, and so on round the circle, each one saying, as he hands it to his neighbor, "Jack's alive." The player who holds the stick when the last spark dies out must consent to have a delicate moustache painted on his face with the charred end of the stick, which is then relighted, and the game goes on.

Should the wearer of the moustache have Jack die a second time on his hands, an imperial, whiskers, or exaggerated eyebrows may be added to his charms. While Jack is in a lively condition, with his sparks in fine brilliant order, he is passed carelessly from one player to another; but when he shows symptoms of dying, it is amusing to see how rapidly he changes

hands, for each player is bound to receive him as soon as his neighbor pronounces "Jack's alive."

In case the moustache decorations are objected to, a forfeit may be paid, instead, by those who hold Jack dead.

THE BUTTERFLY.

By the exercise of a true and delicate politeness, this game may be rendered extremely agreeable to the young ladies who have been invited to join in it; and the mischief of their answers adds in no slight degree to its charm.

Each of the gentlemen plays the part of an insect, such as the *Butterfly*, from which the game takes its name, and with which it commences; the *Bumble Bee*, the *Ant*, the *Fly*, the *Caterpillar*, etc.

The young ladies take each the name of a flower, as the *Rose*, the *Pink*, the *Tuberose*, the *Violet*, the *Hawthorn*, etc.

When all these names are distributed and agreed upon, each player should be careful to remember them, so as not to pronounce any name that has not been chosen. Each player also must be prepared to answer as soon as the one who is speaking pronounces his assumed name. The speaker, however, when pronouncing the name, must have the address to look at some other person of the company. A wrong name pronounced, a wrong or tardy reply, are all faults which require a forfeit.

EXAMPLE.

THE BUTTERFLY.

"Here am I, suddenly transported into a garden of flowers; and such flowers!—all alike beautiful! Here I find the sweet perfume of the *Tuberose*——"

THE TUBEROSE

"Away, ugly insect! do not approach me! I have not forgotten that yesterday you embraced one of the most beautiful of my sisters, and now she is dead. Give me the *Ant* for my choice."

THE ANT.

"Since you permit me, sweet flower, I will climb to the top of your perfumed cup, before the *Sun* has finished half his course. I will seek a shelter there until the *Gardener* comes, with his *Watering Pot*, to give a new charm to your beauty. Until this moment I have paid my homage to the *Violet*——"

THE VIOLET.

"At last I shall find a moment for repose! Vainly I kept myself concealed beneath the grass! this cruel insect has persecuted me worse than any *Bumble Bee*——"

The *Bumble Bee* then takes up the word, and the game continues; but it must be observed, that the *Insects* are not allowed to address themselves to anything but a *Flower*, and a *Flower* cannot address itself to anything but an *Insect*. Any mistake of this kind costs a forfeit, as well as the mention of any *Flower* or *Insect* which any of the players have named before.

[The speaker must endeavor to introduce in a natural manner into his discourse the words *Sun*, *Gardener*, *Watering Pot*. These three words, for which the players are less prepared than they are for the names of the *Flowers* and *Insects*, commonly cause numerous forfeits, because many of the players forget, when the *Sun* is named that they must rise from their seats; when the word *Gardener* is mentioned, the *Flowers* must extend their hands, as if to supplicate his care, while the *Insects* alarmed, make a gesture as if about to fly, from dread of his presence, and finally, when the word *Watering Pot*

is pronounced, all the *Flowers* must stand erect, as if reanimated by the freshness of the water; while the *Insects*, with one knee bent to the earth seem overwhelmed from the same cause. These different postures, which form a pretty tableau, only cease when the speaker, whether gentleman or lady, names some *Flower* or *Insect*, which, in its turn, takes up the discourse.]

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

This is an excellent and very amusing game for winter-evening parties. It may be played by any number of persons. The company being seated, one of the party, called the Stock, is sent out of the room, and the company then agree upon some word which will bear more then one meaning. When the Stock comes back, he or she asks each of the company in succession "How do you like it?" One answers, "I like it hot;" another, "I like it cold;" another, "I like it old;" another, "I like it new." He then asks the company in succession, again, "When do you like it?" One says, "At all times;" another, "Very seldom;" a third, "At dinner;" a fourth, "On the water;" a fifth on tne land;" etc. Lastly, the Stock goes round and asks,, "Where would you put it?" One says, "I would put it up the chimney;" another, "I would throw it down a well;" a third, "I would hang it on a tree;" a fourth "I would put it in a pudding." From these answers a witty girl may guess the word chosen; but should she be unable to do so, she has to pay a forfeit. Many words might be chosen, such as:

Aunt and ant.

Rain and reign.

Plane and plain.

Vice a tool, and vice a crime.

Key, of a door; and quay, a place for ships.

THE GAME OF THE RING.

This game is nothing else than an application of one of the methods employed to tell several numbers thought of, and should be played in a company not exceeding nine persons, in order that it may be less complicated.

Request any one of the company to take a ring and put it on any joint of whatever finger he may think proper. The feat then is, to tell what person has the ring, and on what hand, what finger and on what joint.

For this purpose, term the first person 1, the second 2, and so on; also term the right hand 1, the second 2. The first finger of each hand, that is to say, the thumb, must be denoted as 1, the second 2, and so on to the little finger. The first joint of each finger, or that next the extremity, must be called 1, the second 2, and the third 3.

Let us now suppose that the fifth person has taken the ring and put it on the first joint of the fourth finger of his left hand. Then, to solve the problem, nothing more is necessary than to discover these numbers; 5, equivalent to the person; 2, the hand; 4, the finger; and 1, the joint.

Commence by requesting any of the party to double the number of the person, which will give 10, and to subtract 1 from it; desire him then to multiply the remainder 9, by 5, which will give 45; to this product bid him add the number of the hand, 2, which will make 47, and then add 5, which will make 52. Desire him then to double this last number—the result will be 104—and to subtract 1, leaving 103. Tell him then to multiply the remainder by 5, which will give 515, and to add to the product the number expressing the finger, which will make 519.

Then bid him add 5, which will make 524; and from 1048, the double of this

sum, let him subtract 1, which will leave 1047. Then desire him to multiply this remainder by 5, which will give 5235, and to add to this product 1, the fourth finger indicating the joint, which will make 5236.

In the last place, bid him again add 5, and the sum will be 5241, the figures of which will clearly indicate the person who has the ring, and the hand, finger, and joint on which it was placed.

It is evident that all these complex operations merely amount, in reality, to multiplying by ten the number which expresses the person, then adding that which denotes the hand, multiplying again by ten, and so on. As this artifice may be detected, it would be better, when performing this feat, to employ the method previously described, when no one of the numbers exceeds nine —for, on account of the numbers which must be subtracted, the operation will be more difficult to be comprehended.

THE ELEMENTS.

In this game the party sit in a circle. One throws a handkerchief at another, and calls out AIR! The person whom the handkerchief hits must call Eagle, Vulture, Lark, Pigeon, Hawk, Goose, Partridge, Woodcock, Snipe, or some creatures that belong to the air, before the caller can count ten; which he does in a loud voice and as fast as possible.

If a creature that does not live in the air is named, or if a person fails to speak quick enough, a forfeit must be paid.

The person who catches the handkerchief throws it to another, in turn, and cries out EARTH! The person who is hit must call out Elephant, Horse, Dog, Cat, Mouse, Guina Pig, Ox, or any creature that lives upon the earth, in the same space of time allowed the other.

Then throw the handkerchief to another and call out WATER! The one who catches the handkerchief observes the same rules as the preceding, and is liable to the same forfeits, unless he calls out immediately, Trout, Mackerel, Herring, Sole, or the name of some creature that lives in the water.

Any one who mentions a bird, beast, or fish twice, is likewise liable to a forfeit.

If any player calls FIRE? every one must keep silence, because no creature lives in that element.

TWIRL THE TRENCHER.

A wooden platter or a plate, is brought in, and given to a person who is to be the leader. The leader then takes a name himself, and gives a name to each of the company. Numbers will do, or the Christian or familiar names by which they are usually known, or the names of animals or flowers may be adopted. Each person must be sharp enough to remember his or her name directly it is mentioned. Each person has a chair, and a large circle (the larger the better) is formed around the plate.

The leader then gives the plate a spin, and calls out the name of the person who is to catch it. Leader then runs to his seat, leaving the plate spinning, and when the person named fails to catch the plate before it has done spinning, he or she must pay a forfeit, which must be held until all the players have forfeited.

[This game excites a great deal of merriment, and should be played in a spirited manner. The plate should be fairly spun, and the names distinctly but quickly called out. A little stratagem should be employed by looking towards one person and then calling out the name of another quite unexpectedly. Nobody should demur to pay a forfeit if fairly fined.]

THE ALPHABET: OR, I LOVE MY LOVE WITH AN A.

Formerly this game was confined to the players saying in rotation, "I love my love with an A, because he is AMIABLE, ARDENT, ASPIRING, AMBITIOUS," and so on, through as many letters of the alphabet as might be approved of, each player having to invest his love with a quality beginning with the letter in question. Forfeits were exacted,—firstly, for the repetition of any quality mentioned by a previous player; secondly, for faults of spelling

The game, as it is at present played, will be understood from the following specimens:

"I love my love with an A, because he is AFFECTIONATE, because his name is AUGUSTUS, because he lives in ALBANY. I will give him an AMETHYST, I will feed him on APPLE-TARTS, and make him a bouquet of ANEMONES."

"I love my love with a B, because she is BEAUTIFUL, because her name is BEATRICE, because she lives in BOSTON. I will give her a BROOCH, I will feed her on BERRIES, and make her a bouquet of BLUEBELLS."

This form need not be strictly adhered to, we merely offer it as a model. The leader of the game may vary it as he thinks fit; but whatever form he may choose to adopt, the others must imitate closely (allowing for the variation of the sexes). Failure in this must be punished by a forfeit; the old regulation as to repetition and mistakes in spelling (accidents which will happen, even now, in the best educated families) still holding good.

The whole alphabet may be gone through in this manner, if the interest of the game lasts long enough. It is advisable, however, to exclude the letters K, Q, X, and Z, which offer too many difficulties.

THE DEAF MAN.

The person on whom this temporary infirmity is imposed must stand out in the middle of the room, and to all that is said must answer, three times following, "I am deaf; I can't hear." The fourth time, however, the answer must be, "I can hear." The fun, to all but the unfortunate victim, is, for the first three times to make the deaf man some agreeable proposal, such as bringing a lady to him and asking him to salute her, to which he is obliged to turn a deaf ear; while the fourth time he is requested to perform some humiliating act, such as to take a lady to another gentleman to salute, sing a comic song, recite extempore verses in praise of the prettiest girl in the company, and to all these disagreeable invitations his ears must be suddenly open. In fact, he must illustrate exactly the inverse of the old proverb, "None so deaf as those who won't hear." He is not obliged to accede to the requests that are made to him in the intervals of his deaf fit. This would be too severe.

MY LADY'S TOILET.

Each having taken the name of some article of dress, chairs are placed for all the party but one, so as to leave one chair too few. They all sit down but one, who is called the Lady's Maid, and stands in the centre; she then calls out "My Lady's up and wants her shoes," when the one who has taken that name jumps up and calls "Shoes!" sitting down directly.

If any one does not rise as soon as called, she must forfeit. Sometimes she says "My Lady wants her whole toilet," then every one must jump up and change chairs, and as there is a chair too few, of course it occasions a scramble, and whoever is left standing must be Lady's Maid, and call to the others as before.

CROSS PURPOSES.

This is another very entertaining game.

One player goes around among the circle and whispers in each one's ear an answer he is to make to the next player, who comes after him asking questions. For instance, Charles goes round to Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4.

To No. 1, he whispers. "Hot, sweet, and strong."

To No. 2, "With pepper and vinegar."

To No. 3, "With my best love."

To No. 4, "No, indeed."

And to the whole circle an answer of some kind.

Jane comes after Charles to ask any question her own wit may suggest.

She asks No. 1, "What kind of a week have you passed?"

No. 1, "Hot sweet and strong."

To No. 2, "Shall you ever marry?"

No. 2, "With pepper and vinegar."

To No. 3, "How will you keep house on these?"

No. 3. "With my best love."

To No. 4, "No, indeed!"

Much amusement is sometimes made by the total variance of the questions and answers, and sometimes a very hard blow is administered to some of the company; but, of course, no offence can be taken.

THE DUTCH CONCERT.

In this game all the parties sit down. Each person makes a selection of an instrument—say one takes a flute, another a drum, a third the trombone, and a fourth the piano, and each person must imitate in the best way he can the sound of the instrument, and the motions of the player. The leader of the band, commencing with his instrument, all the others follow, tuning some popular air, such as "Yankee Doodle," "Pop goes the Weasel," "Bobbing Around," "In the Days when we went Gipseying," or any other air.

The fun consists in this, that the leader may take any instrument from either of the players, who must watch the leader, and take the instrument which he was previously playing. *If he fails to do so, he pays a forfeit.* Or if he makes a mistake, and takes the wrong instrument, he pays forfeit. Suppose A be the leader, playing the violin, and B to be one of the band, playing the trombone. Directly A ceases to play the violin and imitates the trombone, B must cease the trombone, and imitate the violin, and immediately A returns to the violin, B must take the trombone, or whatever other instrument A was playing the moment before he took the violin. If he make a mistake, he pays forfeit.

[This is a very laughable, though rather noisy game. It should not be continued too long. A good leader will soon be able to impose forfeits upon all the players.]

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

If music is the food of love, noise in this game is the food of fun. It proceeds in the manner and form following: The players seat themselves and form a circle, each adopting an instrument of which he is the imaginary performer. One chooses the violin, and draws his right hand backward and forward over his left arm, another the horn, and puffs out his cheeks, imitating the acting of a horn blower; another the piano, and strums with his hands upon his knees; another the harp, taking a chair or any other suitable piece of furniture to play on; and so on through as many instruments as there are performers.

Each player must imitate the action, and, as well as he is able, the sound of the instrument upon which he is supposed to

DENTAL OPERATION PERFORMED UNDER SUGGESTED ANÆSTHESIA.

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LOCKING THE HANDS.

Used by courtesy of The HENNEBERRY Company, Chicago, Publishers of DeLaurence's wonderful work on Hypnotism.

THE BENDING TEST.

Used by courtesy of The HENNEBERRY Company, Chicago, Publishers of DeLaurence's wonderful work on Hypnotism.

be performing. The spectacle which is then presented by this orchestra of imaginary musicians, all playing with yim, is irresistibly ludicrous, and renders the gravity which is prescribed on pain of forfeit a sheer impossibility. In the middle of the circle the conductor takes his post, a-straddle on a chair with the back before him, in such a manner as to figure a desk on which he beats time.

He may get himself up after the similitude of the great Monsieur Jullien, whose attitudes and gestures, at the most excited pitch of his last "Universal Smash" polka, may be adopted as a model, but will need no exaggeration to be made as amusing as those of the orchestra he directs. In the midst of the indescribable confusion of sounds over which he presides, the conductor suddenly singles out one of the performers, and asks him why he is at fault.

The individual so addressed must at once, and without a moment's hesitation, give some answer corresponding to the nature of the instrument; for instance, the the fiddler may say his bow wanted rosin, the harp player that one of his strings had broken, the clarionet player that his instrument was broken-winded. Any failure to do this, or any repetition of an excuse previously given, will necessitate a forfeit. This game in some respect is similar to the *Comic Concert*, and should not be played in a very quiet family.

POKER AND TONGS: OR, HOT BOILED BEANS.

This is decidedly about as noisy a game as can well be imagined, but it also has the merit of being equally simple. Some small article is to be hidden, the party, whose business it is to discover it, being sent out of the room while that is being done. Another of the players now takes a pair of tongs in one hand, and a poker in the other. The seeker of the hidden treasure is then called in, and begins to hunt for the concealed article. While he is at a distance from the spot where it has been placed, the poker, which is held between the legs of the tongs, is made to strike them alternately with a slow motion, so as to produce a kind of melancholy music. But as he approaches the concealed treasure, the music becomes more lively, and as he recedes from it more slow and solemn; but when his hand is placed on the spot where the article is to be found, the musician plays a loud and noisy tune on his uncouth instrument. In cases where the rough music produced by the poker and tongs is offensive to the ears of invalids or others, the progress of the player in his search may be announced by assuring him that he is "very cold," "rather warmer," "very hot," or "burning his fingers," as he approaches or recedes from the hidden object. This game is sometimes called *Magic Music.*

THE ACROSTIC SALE.

This is an excellent game for young persons, stimulating their inventive talents, and is a good exercise in spelling. The person who opens the game announces that he has just returned from the city, where he purchased an article, which he names, the name containing just as many letters as the number of the company assembled to play the game. He further states, that he is willing to barter the article for as many others articles as the company, excluding himself, number; but the initial letter of each article offered must be in regular succession the letters composing the article bartered.

Furnished with a pencil and paper, the

seller notes down the offers of the buyers, and, when correctly completed, he reads them aloud; and, in an affected, pompous manner, though quite *impromptu*, declares what he intends to do with the articles thus acquired. For example, in a company composed of eleven persons, the seller says:

"I have just returned from the city, where I purchased a pianoforte, but I wish to barter it—speaking to the first person—what will you give me for the first letter, P?" The first person and the other nine, make consecutively their offers, and the seller carefully records them, after which he says:

"You propose to barter for my

P a Pen.	F a Fan.
I an Inkbottle.	O an Oar.
A an Anchor.	R a Ruby.
N a Newspaper.	T a Teacup.
O an Orchard.	E an Evergreen.

"I accept the offer, and this is the way I intend to use the articles so acquired.

"The *Ruby* I will have mounted in a ring, and will ever treasure it in remembrance of the donor. The *Fan* I will present to a certain lady, who, at present, shall be nameless. Then I will ride into the country, where, sitting in my *Orchard*, I will read my *Newspaper*, and with my *Pen* and *Inkbottle*, write letters to you, my dear friends, from whose agreeable society I shall then be absent. When tired of writing, I will proceed to the river, where, with my *Oar*, I will row on the water till evening, then *Anchor* the boat; and, after taking tea from my *Teacup*, will go into the garden, and superintend the planting of my *Evergreen*."

This relation being terminated, the ten other players become the sellers of various articles in the same manner. Forfeits are levied when articles are offered for sale containing more or less letters than the number of purchasers, or for any error in the spelling of the articles offered in exchange.

FLORA'S BOUQUET

Each player chooses three flowers, having a well-known signification, either complimentary or uncomplimentary, to suit the person for whom he secretly designs them; he binds them together, deposits the bouquet in a vase, writes upon the vase a motto, and sends it to the person whom he intends it for.

EXAMPLE.

A young lady who is annoyed by the importunities of a disagreeable admirer, expresses herself thus:

"I choose a *Poppy*, a *Pink*, and a *Thistle*.

"The *Poppy* is a symbol of the wearisomeness which leads to sleep, the *Pink* is that of self-conceit, and the *Thistle* is that of the wreath which self-conceit merits.

"To tie this bouquet, I take a piece of ribbon-grass.

"I place it in a vase of the commonest earth.

"I write upon the vase: 'Praise be according to merit.'

"I address the whole to Mr.———, and spare him the trouble of thanking me."

A young man composes his bouquet in the following manner:

"I choose a *Rose*, a *Pansy* and a *Lily of the Valley*.

"The *Rose* is the symbol of beauty, the *Pansy* that of wit, and the *Lily of the Valley* that of virgin simplicity.

"I tie this bouquet with a piece of ivy, symbolical of my constancy.

"I place it in a vase of gold, upon which I write: 'To Beauty, adorned by Virtue.'

"And I present it to Miss———."

THE SORCERER BEHIND THE SCREEN.

The players conceal behind a screen, or behind the door of an adjacent chamber, the one of their number from whom they wish to obtain forfeits. The rest of the company place themselves out of his sight, and the one who leads the game calls out to him—

"Are you there? Are you ready?" "Yes, begin!"—"Do you know Miss ——?" (naming one of the ladies of the company.) "Yes."—"Do you know her dress?" "Yes."—"Her shawl?" "Yes."—"Do you know her slippers?" "Yes."—"Her collar?" "Yes."—"Her gloves?" "Yes."—"And her ring?" "Yes."—"You know then everything that she wears;" "Yes."—"Her belt?" "Yes."—"Her fan?" "Yes."

The questioner adds as many articles of dress as he pleases, or changes them at his pleasure. The other always answers, "Yes." "Since you know her so well, tell me what article of her dress I touch?"

If the sorcerer has not been let into the secret before the commencement of the game, he, of course, names a number of articles before he hits upon the right one, and he pays a forfeit for every mistake he commits; he pays a forfeit also when he names an article which the questioner has not mentioned.

If acquainted with the game he would say, "You touch Miss ——'s ring," because this is the only article before which the questioner has placed the conjunction "*and*," which is the word of recognition to the sorcerer instructed in the game.

When any of the players acquainted with the game wish to impose upon one of their number, previous to selecting him they choose two or three sorcerers, who know the game. The latter feign to mistake once or twice to excite no suspicion, and as soon as the last one of them has guessed rightly (which he could have done at first if he had chosen), he names as his successor the poor dupe at whose expense they have previously agreed to amuse themselves.

THE BOUQUET.

Each player in his turn supposes himself a bouquet, composed of three different flowers. Each one must name aloud to the leader of the game the three flowers of which he considers himself composed.

The leader of the game writes down the names of the three flowers, and adds to what he has written, without informing the other, the names of any three persons of the company he may choose.

He then asks the player to what use he intends to put the three flowers he has chosen. The player tells him to what use he intends to put them, and the leader of the game applies it to the three persons that he has written down.

EXAMPLE.

THE LEADER OF THE GAME. Miss Julia choose your three flowers.

JULIA. The Marigold, the Bachelor's Button, and the Rose.

THE LEADER. I have written them down. Now what will you do with your Marigold?

JULIA. I will throw it over my shoulder.

THE LEADER. And the Bachelor's Button?

JULIA. I will put it in my window.

THE LEADER. And the Rose?

JULIA. I will put it on the mantle-piece.

THE LEADER. Very well, you have thrown Adolphus over your shoulder, you have put Miss Maria at your window, and adorned your mantle-piece with Charles. And now, Mr. Adolphus, it is your turn to speak. Choose your three flowers.

THE KNIGHT OF THE WHISTLE.

This, though a very simple game, is one of the most amusing we have ever seen. The person who is to be made the Knight of the Whistle, must not have seen the game before. He should be asked if he has ever been made a Knight of the Whistle? If he answers "No!" his consent must be asked, and he must then be told to kneel down to receive the knighthood. Some one must then sit down, and the knight kneeling, rests his head in the lap of the person who is sitting, and all the persons gather around and pat gently on his back, while they repeat these words:

Here we unite
With fond delight,
The Tulip, Lily, and the Thistle.
And with due state,
We now create—
The one who kneels Knight of the Whistle!

A whistle and a piece of string, some twelve or fourteen inches long, should have been previously prepared, and while the person has been kneeling down, it should be fastened to his back, by the button on his coat, or by the aid of a pin.

This done, he should be told to listen to the sound of the whistle, that he may know it again. Some one should then sound the whistle, and when the knight has confessed that he should know the sound again, he is told to stand up, and the company form a circle all around him.

Then the fun consists of some one behind his back catching the whistle (without *pulling* at the string), and sounding it—dropping the whistle the instant it has sounded. The knight (having been previously told that he is to catch the whistle) will jump round, and will probably seize hold of the hands of the person who sounded it, but at the same moment he will have unconciously conveyed the whistle to those on the opposite side.

And thus, the more anxious the knight gets, the more he embarrasses himself, because, at every turn, he conveys the whistle to some one behind him. This creates very good laughter.

[Care should be taken not to have the string too long, or when the knight turns, the whistle will fly to the front of him, and he will discover the trick. A very small toy whistle, and one that is easily sounded will be the best. But a small key will do, when no better can be had. Those who form the ring, should occasionally pretend to be passing the whistle from hand to hand. This game cannot be played more than once of an evening, unless a visitor may happen to enter, and who has not seen it. Ladies, as well as gentlemen, may be made knights.]

THE FOOL'S DISCOURSE.

This game has a great resemblance to that of *Cross Questions*, inasmuch as each one of the company gives a sentence to his neighbor, while the one whose office it is to ask the questions stands a little apart, so as not to hear it.

When all the sentences are given the leader of the game approaches, and addresses to each player a particular question, to which the latter answers by pronouncing quickly the sentence which he has received. Many amusing singularities and inconsistencies are the result.

This game presents no other difficulty than that of knowing how to put the questions skillfully, and to vary them in such a manner that they may suit all sorts of answers.

Let us suppose that the persons who compose the company have each received a question, and that EDWARD, the ques-

tioner, asks the question,—"Do you ride out often?"

EMILY. Upon a chair.

EDWARD. Do you love reading?

EMMA. With a little sauce.

EDWARD. Have you good friends?

ADOLPHUS. One at a time.

EDWARD. Do you like dancing?

VIRGINIA. In a church.

Etc, etc.

COMPLIMENTS.

A circle is formed; a gentleman and lady sitting alternately. Politeness demands that the game should be commenced by a lady.

"I should like, she says, " to be *such or such an animal.*" (The more abject or disgusting this animal is, the more difficult is it to invent the compliment which the lady has the right to expect.)

Suppose, for example, she has chosen the *hornet.* She inquires of her left-hand neighbor if he knows why she has made so strange a choice.

The latter, who is not expected to pay her a compliment, replies simply, from the well-known nature of the animal, "Because you wish that all living beings should avoid the place where you have chosen your abode."

The lady inquires of her right-hand neighbor, "What advantage would I find in this transformation?"

Answer. That of escaping from a crowd of admirers whom your modesty makes you look upon as importunate.

If the gentleman first addressed pays the lady a compliment, or if the second fails to do so, both pay a forfeit.

Then it becomes the turn of him who pays the compliment to form a wish.

He expresses, for example, a desire to be a goose. Then he asks the lady whom he has just complimented if she can divine what can be his motive? "It is," she replies, "that you may inhabit indifferently either the land or the water." Then addressing himself to the lady on his right hand, he says: "What advantage would I find in such a metamorphosis?" "The hope so dear to your heart of one day saving your country, as the geese of the capitol once saved Rome."

One round is enough at this game, because nothing is more tiresome than compliments, when prolonged, however much they may be merited. It is necessary, however, to complete the entire round, in order to deprive no one of his or her turn, as the little part each plays is always flattering to the vanity, even of those among the company the least susceptible of it.

THE THREE KINGDOMS.

The player who has proposed the game withdraws into an adjoining chamber, while the rest of the company agree upon an object that he must guess.

When the word is agreed upon they recall him; he has the right to ask twelve questions, which refer at first to the kingdom to which the object belongs that is expressed by the word selected, upon the present condition of this object, the country where it is most frequently found, and, finally, upon the metamorphosis which it has undergone, its use, and its qualities.

The players should answer in a manner calculated to describe the object, yet not too plainly. But, on the other hand, those who give false notions of the object are liable to the penalty of a forfeit. The questioner who, after twelve answers which are recognized as satisfactory by the com pany, fails to guess the object, pays a for-

feit in his turn, and withdraws a second time, while the rest of the players agree upon another word, which he must try to guess in the same manner.

EXAMPLE.

The questioner, having heard the signal, re-enters, and directs his questions somewhat in this manner:

1. "To what kingdom does the object thought of belong?"

One of the players answers: "To the *Vegetable Kingdom*, and no other."

1. "Is it growing at present, or put to use?"

"Put to use."

3. "Is it an article of furniture?"

"No."

4. "What use is it commonly put to?"

"It is commonly covered, at regular intervals, with a fluid of a color completely opposite to its own."

5. "In what places is it most commonly produced?"

"In New England, New York, and New Jersey.

6. "Ah, I know that it is not linen, for neither of these states is celebrated for that article."

"No, but linen has something to do with it."

7. "What metamorphosis has it undergone?"

"A very great one. It has been cast into the water, beaten, crushed, reduced to pulp, then reunited into a solid body, such as we see it every day."

8. "It is *Paper*, then?"

"You have gussed it."

The player whose answer leads the questioner to guess the riddle, then pays a forfeit, and becomes the questioner in his turn.

Let us suppose that he is endeavoring to divine the object next thought of, he begins with the same question as his predecessor.

1. "To what kingdom does it belong?"

"To the three kingdoms."

2. "Is it put to use, then?"

"Yes."

3. "Is it an article of furniture?"

"Portable furniture."

4. "What is its ordinary use?"

"To guard against dampness."

One of the players here makes the observation that this reply is not exact, and that the respondent owes a forfeit.

The latter replies: "Why, if I said that it shielded from the rain, he would guess it without difficulty."

The questioner replies hastily, "It is an *umbrella*."

"There! I could not save my forfeit; it is very annoying."

"Go—go into the next room; it is your turn to guess."

The *umbrella*, in truth, belongs to the *animal* kingdom, by its silk covering and its whalebone frame; to the *mineral* kingdom by its fastenings of copper and of steel wire, and to the *vegetable* kingdom by its handle of what wood soever it may be made.

Paper made of old rags is of the *vegetable* kingdom purely, since the linen is made of hemp or flax, and muslin and calico are made of cotton, which belong to the vegetable kingdom.

[There are three kingdoms in nature, to wit: *The Animal Kingdom*—which comprehends everything that has life and movement, and everything that has formed part of an animated being, such as horn, ivory, skin, hair, wool, silk, etc., etc.

The Vegetable Kingdom, which includes trees, plants, flowers, leaves, fruit, bark, in a word, all that the earth produces which has life without movement.

The Mineral Kingdom, which includes everything that has neither life nor movement, as stones, diamonds, etc.

An object may belong to two or even the three kingdoms at once. A shoe, for instance, belongs to the *animal* kingdom by the leather and the skin of which it is composed, to the *vegetable* kingdom by the thread with which it is sewed, and to the *mineral* kingdom, if it is furnished with nails.

It is necessary, therefore, before selecting a word, to enumerate its different parts, which may connect it with one or more of the three kingdoms.]

THE NARRATIVE.

In this game, as in that of "The Secretary," all present must range themselves around a table, but instead of the square pieces of paper distributed to each person, as is necessary when a continued narrative is required, a single sheet of paper is sufficient for all the company.

The players agree aloud as to the title of the narrative; then the leader of the game commences the story by writing two or three lines, as well as the first word of the following line. He then folds down the paper above his first word, which he shows to the player who is to follow him. This word serves as a hint to the continuation of the narrative, with which the second player is to proceed, and so on, until the story is thought to be sufficiently complicated.

EXAMPLE.

In a company composed of nine persons, four ladies, (Edith, Julia, Leonora, and Caroline,) and five young gentlemen, (Augustus, Henry, Frank, Charles, and Edward), all seated around a table, Edward proposed a game of "The Narrative," and gives aloud for its title, "*The fortunate and unfortunate adventures of Miss Palmer.*"

This is all that is requisite for the company to know. Then he writes secretly his two lines, and places at the beginning of the third line the word which is to serve as a cue for his right-hand neighbor; he then folds the paper so that only the last word can be seen, and passes it to Caroline who pursues the same course.

The following is an example of the incoherent sentences thus strung together; at the head of each we place the name of the person who is supposed to have written them, while we write in italics the only words of the narrative which the next player is allowed to see.

THE FORTUNATE AND UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURES OF MISS PALMER.

EDWARD. In a country which the geographers have neglected to inscribe upon the map, lived young Miss Palmer, and I will now write her *history*.

CAROLINE. It can be nothing but a tissue of falsehoods; but we shall judge of that when we come to the *reading*.

FRANK. It was her favorite amusement, and her choice ill-directed, soon gave her a turn for the *romantic*.

JULIA. Miss Palmer dreamed of nothing but elopements, spectres, subterranean dungeons, turrets, and *mysterious brigands*.

AUGUSTUS. Carried off by this band of ruffians, she lived confined in a gloomy dungeon, with bread and water for her only *nourishment*.

LEONORA. What care she took to furnish it abundantly to the poor! Her charity was to her an unbounded source of innocent *pleasures*.

HENRY. After immoderate indulgence in them, on leaving the ball, the wheel of

the carriage became entangled in that of a *swill cart.*

CHARLES. Reduced to the necessity of emptying her own swill! What a sad lot for a person of her *condition!*

EDITH. The one imposed upon her seemed very hard, and she would have preferred death to the necessity of taking such a *husband.*

SECOND ROUND.

EDWARD. At last she is married. May she live happily in the bosom of her *family.*

CAROLINE. Her own was a singular mixture; not one of them but had a hump back or a *wry neck.*

FRANK. The pain she suffered from it was excruciating. To get rid of it she was obliged to tie around her neck one of her *woollen stockings.*

JULIA. Add to that a pair of wooden shoes, which produced corns, and when she walked almost put her ankle *out of joint.*

AUGUSTUS. But she made a stout resistance, giving her rival a box with a *five-leaved clover.*

LEONORA. Already it commenced to wither and droop, and the mourning of Nature accorded with the sadness of her *heart.*

HENRY. Yes, it was her favorite dish, every day Miss Palmer had a plate of it served up before her, until the day that saw her descend into the *tomb.*

CHARLES. All is over, then; she has succumbed to her fate. I see, in imagination, the finest *procession.*

EDITH. All the city was crowded into the square, to hear the music and the *musketry.*

The whole is then read, and the mixture of so many ideas, ridiculously put together, almost always produces recitals that are extremely comical.

THE TRAVELER'S TOUR.

This game may be played by any number of persons.

One of the party announces himself the Traveler, and about to take a little tour. He calls upon any of the party for information respecting the objects of the greatest interest to be noticed in the different towns and villages through which he intends passing.

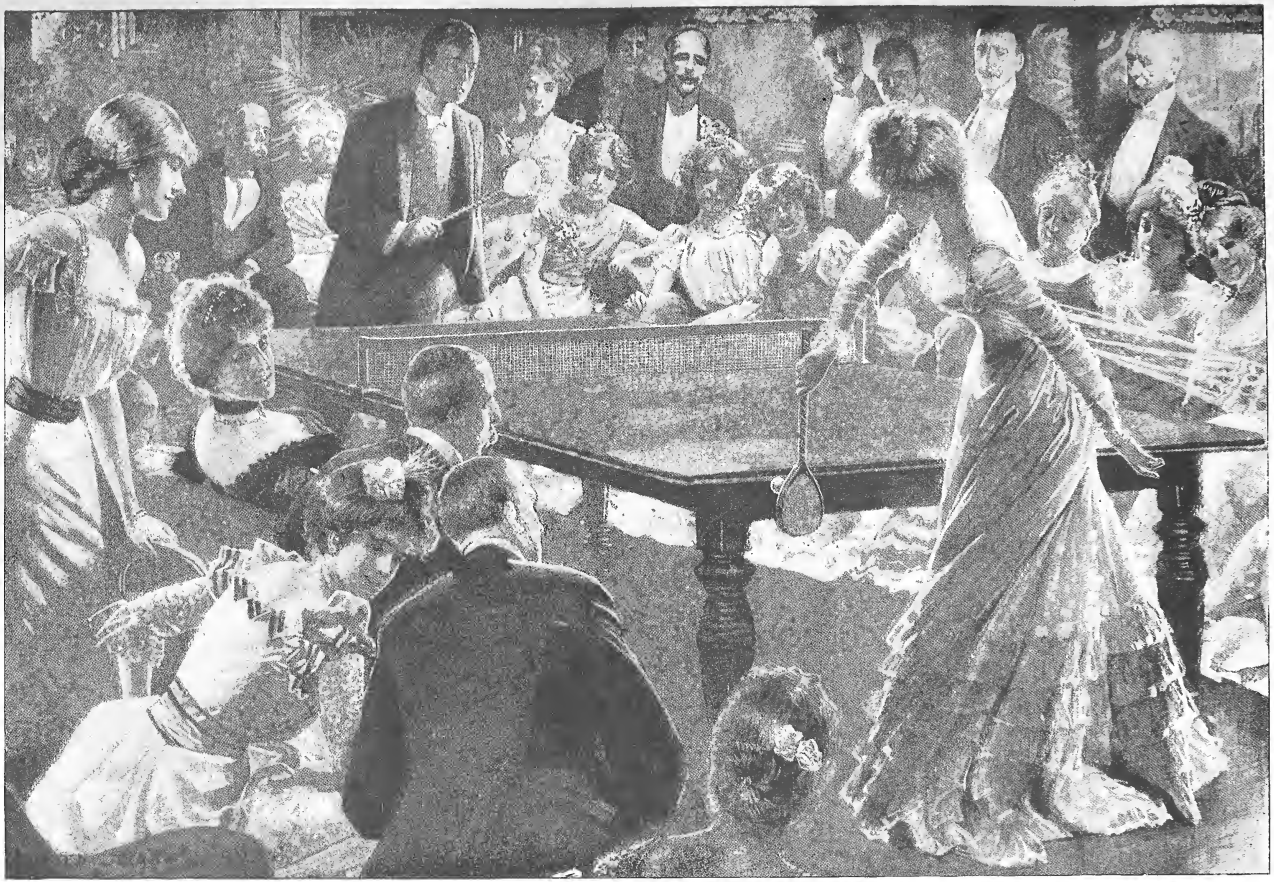
He is given an empty bag, and to each of the persons joining in the game are distributed sets of counters with numbers on. Thus, if twelve persons were playing, the counters required would be up to number twelve, and a set of ones would be given to the first person, twos to the second, threes to the third, and so on.

When the Traveler announces the name of the place he intends stopping at, the first person is at liberty to give any information, or make any remark respecting it; if he cannot do so, the second person has the chance, or the third, or it passes on until some one is able to speak concerning it. If the Traveler considers it correct in formation, or worthy of notice, he takes from the person one of his counters, as a pledge of the obligation he is under to him.

The next person in order to the one who spoke last is to proceed, so as not each time to begin with number one. If no one of the party speaks, the Traveler may consider there is nothing worthy of notice at the place he has announced, and he then passes on to another.

After he has reached his destination, he turns out his bag to see which of the party has given him the greatest amount of information, and that person is considered to have won the game, and is entitled to be the Traveler in the next game.

If it should happen that two or more persons should have given the same num-



AN EVENING'S AMUSEMENT WITH THE GAME OF PARLOR TENNIS

IT REQUIRES INSTANT DECISION AND VERY QUICK, DEXTROUS USE OF THE RACKET

LATEST SOCIETY GAME—LADIES' FAN RACE

ber of counters, those persons are to be allowed in succession to continue to assist the Traveler and deposit their pledges, until one *alone* remains.

EXAMPLE OF THE GAME.

TRAVELER. I intend to take a little excursion this summer, and shall soon start from New York for Niagara; but as I wish to stop at several places, I shall travel slowly. My route will be by steamboat up the Hudson to Albany, thence through the centre of the state to the Falls.

NUMBER ONE. Soon after leaving New York city you come to the Palisades, which form one of the first objects of interest in your route.

The noble river is then walled in for thirty miles by high precipitous rocks, upon whose summits imagination has but to place some ruined castles to suggest olden memories, and the inferiority of the scenery of the vaunted Rhine to that of the Hudson must be confessed.

TRAVELER. Thank you for this information; pray deposit a counter in my bag, that I may remember to whom I owe it. I propose to stop at Tarrytown.

NUMBER TWO and THREE not answering,

NUMBER FOUR. Pray visit the spot of André's arrest. After the final arrangements with Arnold in regard to the betrayal of West Point were made, André proceeded on horseback to New York, and when he reached this spot supposed himself to be within the British lines, and thus secure from danger. Here he was stopped by three soldiers, whose names will ever be held in remembrance—Paulding, Williams and Van Wart. Instead of showing his passport, he inquired whence they came, and receiving for answer "from below," he responded "So do I," showing at the same time his uniform as a British officer. "We arrest you as an enemy to our country," replied these soldiers; and resisting all his attempts at bribery, they led him captive to the head-quarters of the American general. His sad fate is well known. Hung as a spy near this place, his remains were left here a few years, but are deposited among England's illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey. Number Four deposits a counter.

NUMBER SEVEN. The Hudson is rich in revolutionary reminiscences. A short distance from Tarrytown, on the opposite shore, you will reach Stony Point, the scene of Mad Anthony Wayne's daring exploit in 1779, when, without firing a single gun, the fort here situated was surprised and taken by assault, forming one of the most brilliant exploits achieved during the war. A counter of Number Seven is put into the bag.

TRAVELER. I cannot stop long here, but must proceed with my journey. Where shall I stop next?

NUMBER NINE. You pass then at once into the Highlands. Here the Hudson has burst its way at some distant period through the mountains, leaving on each side a rampart of almost perpendicular hills of from six hundred to seventeen hundred feet above the level of the river. Most prominent among them are the Dunderberg, Anthony's Nose, and Butter Hill. Number Nine deposits a counter.

NUMBER TWELVE. In the bosom of the Highlands you will find West Point, which is unquestionably the most romantic spot on the river. The village is placed upon the top of a promontory one hundred and eighty-eight feet above the river, where there is spread out a level plateau or terrace more than one mile in circumference.

Number Twelve puts a counter into the bag.

TRAVELER. Can you give me any other information?

NUMBER TWO. West Point is the seat of the United States Military Academy, established in 1812; the land was ceded to the United States by New York, in 1826. Number Two deposits a counter.

NUMBER SIX. It is famous as the scene of Arnold's treason. During the Revolution this post was considered the key of the Hudson, and a heavy chain was here stretched from shore to shore. The British were very anxious to obtain possession of this place, which they would have done had Arnold's treason succeeded. Number Six hands the Traveler a counter.

TRAVELER. Are there more objects of interest on the river?

NUMBER EIGHT. Notice the Catskill Mountains, which present a very abrupt front to the river and run nearly parallel to it for twenty miles. The views from the Mountain House are grand and majestic—up and down the Hudson one can see for seventy miles either way—and the Fall of the Katers Kill, three miles from the House, is exceedingly beautiful. Number Eight deposits a counter.

TRAVELER. My time will not permit me to visit all objects and places of interest; the principal ones must content me; my next resting-place will be Albany.

NUMBER THREE. You will find Albany pleasantly situated. From the top of the capitol, which is built on a hill, the view is very fine. You will find all the public State buildings worthy a visit, as well as those for educational and literary purposes, Albany being distinguished for these last. Number Three deposits a counter.

TRAVELER. I shall no doubt find pleasure in visiting them, but after leaving Albany I shall be obliged to hasten, taking the cars from there as the most expeditious way. Shall I stop at Schenectady?

No one replies, so the Traveler considers there is nothing peculiarly interesting there, and proceeds to another place, asking—"Where would you advise me to stop?"

NUMBER FIVE. The beauty of Trenton Falls is well and widely celebrated. Stopping at Utica, you will have a slight detour of sixteen miles to make in order to reach them, but you will be fully compensated for the trouble. Number Five deposits a counter.

NUMBER NINE. When again on your route, do not fail to stop at Syracuse, at which place, in connection with the village of Salina, a few miles distant, you will find the most extensive salt manufactories in the United States. Salt is obtained from the various salt-springs here abundant, in several ways, by boiling, evaporation, etc., —and the processes are exceedingly interesting. Number Nine hands a counter.

TRAVELER. Shall I find more objects of interest here?

NUMBER ELEVEN. Syracuse is situated on Onondaga Lake. In the central part of this State lie a cluster of lakes of which this is one, all remarkable for beautiful scenery. The tourist for pleasure will not regret the time spent among them. Number Eleven deposits a counter.

TRAVELER. I am much indebted to my friends for the information I have received; *which* one will give me an account of my place of destination.

NUMBER NINE. On the western border of the State, in a river or strait of thirty-four miles in length, running from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, and pouring the waters of the Great Lakes over a precipice of one hundred and sixty-five feet in

perpendicular height, thunders the far-famed and unrivalled cataract of Niagara, in whose presence all stand dumb with no power to describe, but only to wonder and adore. About three miles below its commencement the river divides into two arms, which embrace an island called Grand Island, twelve miles long and from two to seven wide. Nearly three miles below Grand Island the Rapids commence, and after a course of rather more than half a mile, terminate in the Great Cataract. Goat Island, a quarter of a mile wide and half a mile long, extends to the very brow of the precipice, and divides the Falls into two portions, the higher of which is on the American side, but the greatest body of water is on the Canadian. The American Fall is again subdivided very unequally by Iris Island, with the greater of these subdivisions nearest the New York shore. Of the grandeur and sublimity of this scene, and of the emotions with which it fills the soul, I am utterly unable to speak.

The Traveler having reached his place of destination, examines his bag, and finding that Number Nine has deposited the most counters, he is considered to have won the game and is entitled to be the Traveler in the next game.

THE RHYMING GAME.

One person thinks of a word, and gives a word that will rhyme with it; the players, while endeavoring to guess the word, think of those that will rhyme with the one given, and instead of speaking, define them; then the first person must be quick in guessing what is meant by the description and answers, if it is right or no, giving the definition to the question. Here are two examples:

"I have a word that rhymes with bun."

"Is it what many people call great sport or merriment?"

"No, it is not fun."

"Is it a troublesome creditor?"

"No, it is not a dun."

"Is it a kind of fire-arm?"

"No, it is not a gun."

"Is it a religious woman who lives in retirement?"

"No, it is not a nun."

"Is it the act of moving very swiftly, or what one does when in great haste?"

"No, it's not to run."

"Is it a quibble, or play upon words?"

"No, it is not a pun."

"Is it a word that we often use to denote that a thing is finished?"

"No, it is not done."

"Is it a weight?"

"No, it is not a ton."

"Well is it that luminary that shines by day, and brightens everything it shines upon?"

"Yes, it is the sun."

The one who guessed the word will then, perhaps, say:

"I've thought of a word that rhymes with sane."

"Is it a native of Denmark?"

"No, it is not a Dane?"

"Is it used by old gentlemen?"

"No, it is not a cane."

"Is it what is meant when we say we would be glad to do so and so?"

"No, it is not fain."

"Is it what we all suffer when in great distress?"

"No, it is not pain."

"Is it a Christian name?"

"No, it is not Jane."

"Is it to obtain by success, to win?"

"No, it is not to gain."

"Is it the hair that grows on the neck of animals?"

"No, it is not the mane."

"Is it a very narrow way or passage?"

"No, it is not a lane."

"Is it that which causes so many disappointments to the young?"

"No, it is not rain."

"Is it a square glass?"

"No, it is not a pain."

"Is it to be proud of one's own accomplishments?"

"No, it is not vain."

"Is it the first in importance; or the ocean?"

"No, it is not the main."

"Is it another name for poison?"

"No, it is not bane."

"Is it that object which is placed on the top of spires and is moved by the wind?"

"Yes, it is a vane."

PROVERBS.

This game is a trial of skill between one player and all the rest; on his side to discover a secret—on theirs, to prevent or render difficult its discovery.

One of the company having left the room, the rest select some proverb in his absence. On his re-admittance, he must ask random questions of all the party in turn, who, in their replies, must bring in the words of the proverb in succession. The first person who is addressed will introduce the first word of the proverb in the answer, the second person, the second word; and so on until the proverb is exhausted. For instance, "Honesty is the best policy," is the one selected, and suppose the first question to be,

"Have you been out to-day?" the party questioned might say,

"Yes, I have, and very nearly lost my purse; but it was picked up by a boy who ran after me with it, and whose 'honesty' I was very glad to reward."

He then passes on to the next and says, "Were you in the country last summer?"

"Yes, in a most lovely place, where it 'is' very mountainous."

To the next one he asks, "Are you fond of reading?"

"Oh, yes, it is one of 'the' sweetest pleasures."

To another, "Which do you prefer, summer or winter?"

"Both are so delightful, that I do not know which I like 'best.'"

To the last, "Can you tell me if there are any more words in this proverb!"

"I will give you the last word, but I would show greater 'policy' if I refused to answer you."

The person must then guess it or forfeit, and the one whose answer first gave him the idea must take his turn of being guesser. If any are unable to bring in their word, they must likewise pay a forfeit. It is an extremely amusing game, from the laughable way in which some of the words are necessarily introduced.

The proverb should be a familiar one, and care should be taken to speak the word of the proverb as distinctly as the others, but not to emphasize it.

THE LITTLE FORTUNE TELLER.

This game is played by any number of persons, and is productive of much amusement. Make a board after the following pattern,—a square of eleven with the figure one for the centre. The person who wishes to try his fortune must place his finger on the board without looking at it; then refer to the list for the number marked on the square touched, and you will obtain an answer, which, like those given by professed fortune-tellers, will

often prove false or ridiculous; as, for instance, when a married lady is told that she longs to be married (84), or a child of seven is informed that he will be married this year (89); but it is a very amusing game notwithstanding.

117	118	119	120	121	82	83	84	85	86	87
116	78	79	80	81	50	51	52	53	54	88
115	77	47	48	49	26	27	28	29	55	89
114	76	46	24	25	10	11	12	30	56	90
113	75	45	23	9	2	3	13	31	57	91
112	74	44	22	8	1	4	14	32	58	92
111	73	43	21	7	6	5	15	33	59	93
110	72	42	20	19	18	17	16	34	60	94
109	71	41	40	39	38	37	36	35	61	95
108	70	69	68	67	66	65	64	63	62	96
107	106	105	104	103	102	101	100	99	98	97

ANSWERS TO FORTUNE-TELLER.

1. A life full of changes—die rich.
2. Early marriage and prosperous.
3. Many lovers, but die single.
4. A speedy journey of great importance.
5. Become rich through a legacy.
6. Hours of pleasure, years of care.
7. Your present lover is false.
8. You will marry your present choice.
9. Wed thrice, and die in widowhood.
10. You will travel over land and sea.
11. If not already wed, you never will be.
12. Gaming will be your ruin.
13. You will be very happy in marriage.
14. You will change your love soon.
15. A long life and prosperous.
16. A rival will cause you tears.
17. Beware of a false friend.
18. Fate decrees you two partners.
19. A large family of prosperous children.
20. You will not wed your present lover.
21. You will soon fall desperately in love.
22. You will soon be in mourning.
23. You will gain an estate by industry.
24. You will better yourself by marriage.
25. You will soon lose by fraud.
26. You will marry an ill-tempered person.
27. A sudden rise attends you.
28. You will see an absent lover.
29. Many enemies, but finally triumph.
30. A bad partner, but happy reformation.
31. A speedy proposal of marriage.
32. A present, and a new lover.
33. Invitation to a gay party.
34. A serious quarrel.
35. A disgraceful intrigue.
36. A run of ill luck.
37. Gifts of money.
38. A good partner in marriage.
39. You will become rich.
40. Money through love.
41. Cash by trade.
42. A long journey.
43. Important news soon.
44. Mind what you say to a lover.
45. A present from a distance.
46. A dispute with one you love.
47. Visit from a distant friend.
48. A law suit.
49. Advancement in life.
50. Love at first sight.
51. A prize worth having.
52. Wealth, dignity, honor.
53. Visit to a foreign land.
54. Profit by industry.
55. A multitude of cards.
56. Preferment through a friend.
57. Second partner better than first.
58. Surmount many difficulties.

59. A false friend.
60. A pleasing surprise.
61. A change in your affairs.
62. A ramble by moonlight.
63. Injured by scandal.
64. Unpleasant tidings.
65. Great loss and disappointment.
66. About to attend a christening.
67. Change of situation.
68. A handsome present soon.
69. An invitation to a marriage.
70. News from sea.
71. Happiness or marriage.
72. Pleasant intelligence from abroad.
73. An agreeable partner.
74. You are in love, though you won't allow it.
75. A quarrel with your intended.
76. Disappointment in love.
77. You will fall in love with one who is already engaged.
78. You will inherit an estate shortly.
79. An unexpected death.
80. You meditate an elopement.
81. A dangerous illness.
82. Crosses and disappointment await you.
83. You have three strings to your bow.
84. You long to be married.
85. Your intended is in the sere and yellow leaf.
86. A lapful of money and a lapful of children.
87. You will marry a widow or widower.
88. You will have few friends.
89. You will be married this year.
90. You will be apt to break your promise.
91. Marry in haste and repent at leisure.
92. You are in danger of losing your sweetheart.
93. Beware of changing for the worse.
94. You shall have many offers.
95. You will be happy if contented.
96. You will shortly obtain your wishes.
97. An advantageous bargain.
98. You will see your intended next Sunday for the first time.
99. Others will covet your good luck.
100. Travel in a foreign land.
101. Venture freely and you will certainly gain.
102. Your present speculations will succeed.
103. You love one who does not love you.
104. Wealth from a quarter you little suspect.
105. You will obtain your wishes through a friend.
106. A fortune is in store for you—persevere.
107. Alter your intention; you cannot succeed.
108. Remain at home for the present.
109. Ill luck awaits you.
110. Prepare for a journey.
111. You will succeed according to your wishes.
112. Beware of enemies who seek to do you harm.
113. Misfortune at first, but comfort and happiness after.
114. Prosperity in all your undertakings.
115. Rely not on one who pretends to be your friend.
116. Change your situation and you will do better.
117. It will be difficult for you to get a partner.
118. Your love is whimsical and changeable.
119. You will meet with sorrow and trouble.
120. Your love wishes to be yours this moment.
121. You will gain nothing by marriage.

GEOGRAPHICAL PLAY.

Let each person of a party write on a piece of paper the name of some town, country, or province; shuffle these tickets together in a little basket, and whoever draws out one is obliged to give an account of some production, either natural or manufactured, for which that place is remarkable. This game brings out a number of curious bits of information which the party may have gleaned in reading or in traveling, and which they might never have mentioned to each other, but from some such motive.

Let us suppose there to be drawn Nuremberg, Turkey and Iceland, of which the drawers narrate thus:

Nuremberg has given to the world many useful inventions. Here were first made the pocket-watch, the air-gun, gun-lock, and various mathematical and musical instruments; and at present half the children of Europe are indebted to Nuremberg for toys; and the industry of the inhabitants is extended to teaching birds to pipe.

Turkey is celebrated for its costly carpets, which all the efforts of European art and capital have failed in closely imitating; yet these carpets are woven by the women among the wandering tribes of Asiatic Turkey. The "Turkey Bird" is, however, very absurdly named, since it conveys the false idea that the turkey originated in Asia, whereas it is a native of America. Neither is "Turkey Coffee" grown in Turkey, but is so named from the great consumption of coffee in that country.

Iceland produces in abundance a certain lichen called Iceland Moss, which is brought to America as a medicine, but is in its native country used in immense quantities as an article of common food. When the bitter quality has been extracted by steeping in water, the moss is dried and reduced to powder, and then made into a cake with meal or boiled and eaten with milk.

Or take places nearer home, for instance, Washington, Boston, Chicago, or any of our cities or states.

AMUSING FORFEITS.

YOUNG people are often at a loss for good forfeits in their games. In the schemes of advice upon the subject, the penalties they impose are sometimes vulgar, or highly absurd, creating confusion where innocent pleasure is designed. The following are suggested to help our young friends out of the difficulty.

These forfeits, it will be seen, have each a separate name and number. Now, a good plan would be for a person who is to take an active part in the evening party to read them over during the day, and to become acquainted with them. Then, in allotting the forfeits, *when* they are called, thus:

"HERE'S A PRETTY THING, AND A VERY PRETTY THING, AND WHAT SHALL THE OWNER OF THIS THING DO?"

The person awarding the forfeits may call out "No. 1," "No. 10," "No. 15," or any other number; or may say (which would be more amusing), "*Hush a bye, baby!*" "*Hobson's Choice!*" "*Dot and Carry One!*" etc. This work may be laid on the table, to afford further explanation of the forfeits, or be held in the hand of the person who is holding up the forfeits while they are being cried; and this person can at once explain what is to be done. In this way the redemption of the forfeits will go on freely, without stoppage or hesitation, and a capital evening's amusement be derived.

1. THE KNIGHT OF THE RUEFUL COUNTENANCE.

The player whose forfeit is cried is so called. He must take a lighted candle in his hand, and select some other player to be his squire, who takes hold of his arm, and they then both go round to all the ladies in the company. It is the squire's office to kiss the hand of each lady, and after each kiss to wipe the knight's mouth with a handkerchief. The knight must carry the candle through the penance, and preserve a grave countenance.

2. JOURNEY TO ROME.

The person whose forfeit is called must go round to all in the company, to tell them that he is going on a journey to Rome, and that he will feel great pleasure in taking anything for his Holiness the Pope. Every one must give something to the traveler. (The more cumbersome or awkward to carry, the more fun it occasions.) When he has gathered all, he is to carry the things to one corner of the room and deposit them, and thus end his penance.

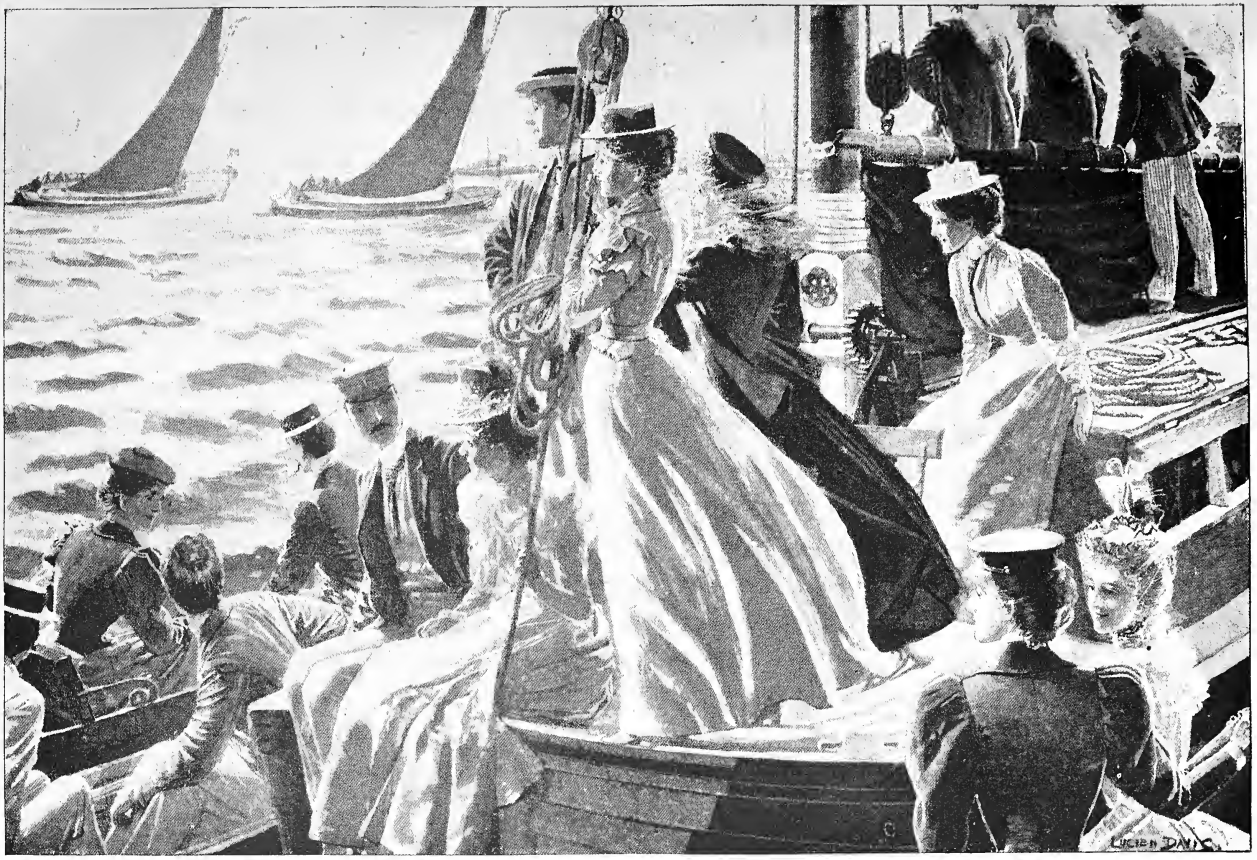
3. LAUGHING GAMUT.

Sing the laughing gamut without pause or mistake, thus:

ha
ha ha
ha ha
ha ha
ha ha
ha ha
ha ha
ha ha

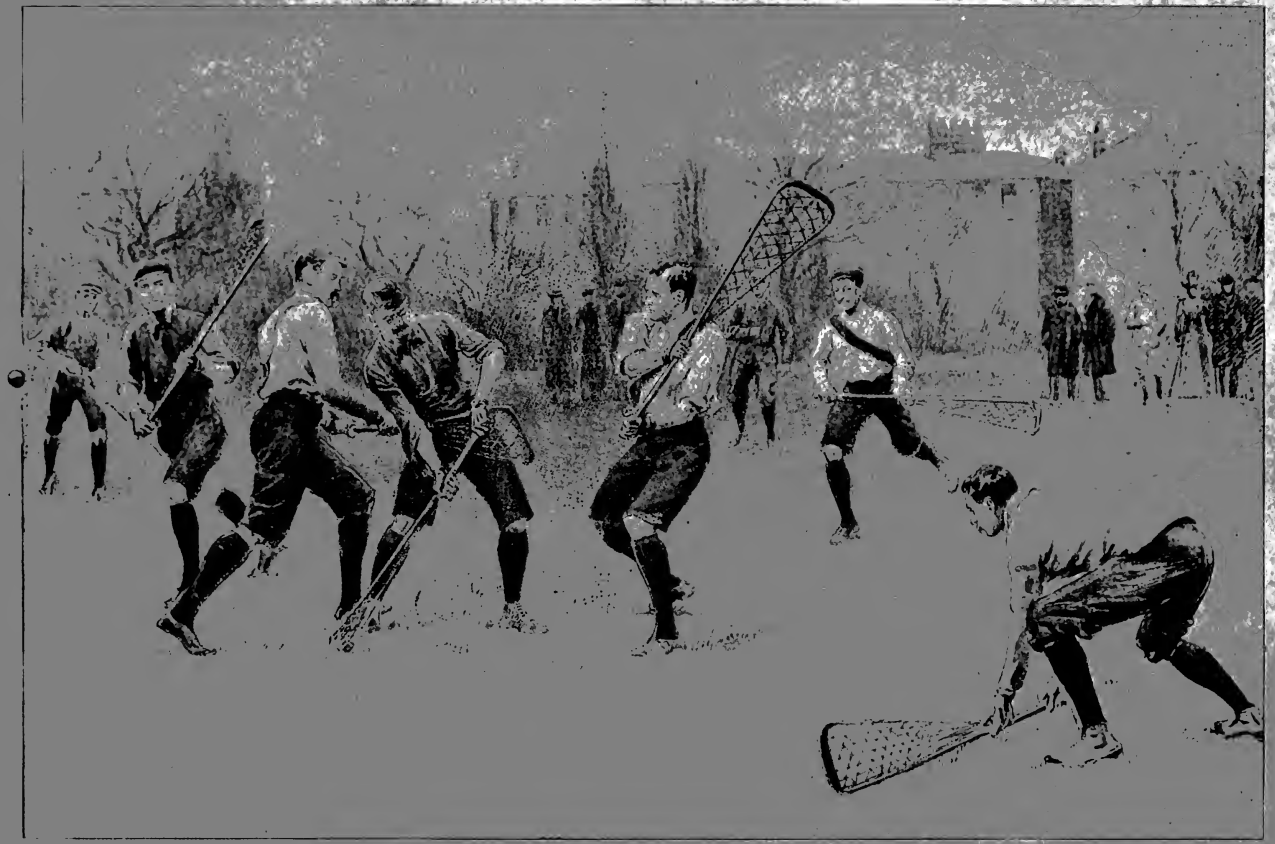
4. THE MEDLEY.

Sing one line of four different songs without pausing between them. It would



THE REGATTA

GREAT PUBLIC INTEREST HAS BEEN AWAKENED BY THE REPEATED EFFORTS OF FOREIGN SPORTSMEN TO RE-CAPTURE THE CUP HELD MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS BY THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB AS A PRIZE FOR THE FASTEST SAILING YACHT



MATCH GAME OF LACROSSE—SPIRITED STRUGGLE IN FRONT OF THE GOAL

be well to find four lines that afford humor, taken consecutively, such as—

"All round my hat."
"A rare old plant is the ivy green."
"Sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so."
"In the Bay of Biscay, O."

5. HOBSON'S CHOICE.

Burn a cork one end, and keep it clean the other. You are then to be blindfolded, and the cork to be held horizontally to you. You are then to be asked three times which end you will have? If you say "Right," then that end of the cork must be passed along your forehead; the cork must then be turned several times, and whichever end you say must next be passed down your nose; and the third time, across your cheeks or chin. You are then to be allowed to see the success of your choice.

[This will afford capital fun, and should be played fairly, to give the person who owns the forfeit a chance of escape. The end of the cork should be thoroughly well burnt. As a joke for Christmas time, this is perfectly allowable; and the damp corner of a towel or handkerchief will set all right. It should be allotted to a gentleman, and one who has a good broad and bare face.]

6. POETIC NUMBERS.

Repeat a passage of poetry, counting the words aloud as you proceed, thus:

Full (one) many (two) a (three) flower (four) is (five) born (six) to (seven) blush (eight) unseen (nine) and (ten) waste (eleven) its (twelve) sweetness (thirteen) in (fourteen) the (fifteen) desert (sixteen) air (seventeen)! This will prove a great puzzle to many, and afford considerable amusement.

7. HUSH-A-BYE, BABY.

Yawn until you make several others in the room yawn.

[This can be done well by one person who can imitate yawning well, and it will afford indescribable mirth. It should be allotted to one of the male sex, with a large mouth and a sombre or heavy appearance, if such a one can be found in the party.]

8. THE BEGGAR.

A penitence to be inflicted on gentlemen only. The penitent takes a staff and approaches a lady. He falls on his knees before her, and, thumping his staff on the ground, implores "Charity." The lady, touched by the poor man's distress, asks him—"Do you want bread?" "Do you want water?" "Do you want a half-cent?" etc., etc. To all questions such as these the Beggar replies by thumping his staff on the ground impatiently. At length the lady says, "Do you want a kiss?" At these words the Beggar jumps up and kisses the lady.

9. THE PILGRIM.

The Pilgrim is very like the Beggar. A gentleman conducts a lady round the circle, saying to each member of it, if a gentleman, "A kiss for my sister, and a morsel of bread for me." If a lady, "A morsel of bread for my sister and a kiss for me." The bread is of no particular importance, but the kiss is indispensable.

10. THE EGOTIST.

Propose your own health in a complimentary speech, and sing the musical honors.

11. DOT AND CARRY ONE.

Hold one ankle in one hand and walk round the room.

[This is suited only to gentlemen.]

12. THE IMITATION.

If a gentleman, he must put on a lady's bonnet, and imitate the voice of the lady to whom it belongs; if a lady, then a gentleman's hat, etc. Sometimes these imitations are very humorous. A sentence often

used by the person imitated should be chosen.

13. GOING TO SERVICE.

Go to service; apply to the person who holds the forfeits for a place—say, "as maid of all work." The questions then to be asked are: "How do you wash?" "How do you iron?" "How do you make a bed?" "How do you scrub the floor?" "How do you clean knives and forks?" etc., etc. The whole of these processes must be imitated by motions, and if the replies be satisfactory, the forfeit must be given up.

14. KISSING THE CANDLESTICK.

When ordered to kiss the candlestick, you politely request a lady to hold the candle for you. As soon as she has it in her hand, she is supposed to be the candlestick, and you, of course, kiss her.

15. THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

A lady advances toward the penitent, as if to kiss him, and when close to him, turns quietly around and allows the expected kiss to be taken by her nearest neighbor.

16. THE FLORIST'S CHOICE.

Choose three flowers. Example: Pink, Fuchsia, and Lily. Two of the party must then privately agree to the three persons of the forfeiter's acquaintance to be severally represented by the flowers. Then proceed: What will you do with the Pink? Dip it in the water! What with the Fuchsia? Dry it, and keep it as a curiosity! With the Lily? Keep it until it is dead, then throw it away! The three names identified with the flowers are now to be told, and their fates will excite much merriment.

17. THE FOOL'S LEAP.

Put two chairs back to back, take off your shoes, and jump over them. (The fun consists in a mistaken idea that the *chairs* are to be jumped over, whereas it is only the *shoes!*)

18. THE RIDDLE.

Guess the answer to this Riddle.

It is said there's a person you've loved since a boy,
Whose hand you must kiss ere I give you this toy;
It is not your father, or mother, or sister,
Nor cousin, or friend—take care not to miss, sir.
[Himself.]

19. THE SECRET.

This consists in whispering a secret to each member of the company.

20. THE SCHOLAR'S "SPELL."

Spell Constantinople, a syllable at a time. After spelling Con-stan-ti, all the others are to cry out "no, no," meaning the next syllable. If the trick is not known, the speller will stop to show no mistake has been made, which is another forfeit; on the contrary, if no stop is made, the forfeit is restored.

21. THE BLIND MAN'S CHOICE.

The one who is to pay a forfeit stands with the face to the wall; one behind makes signs suitable to a kiss, a pinch, and a box on the ear, and then demands whether the first, second, or third be preferred; whichever it chances to be, is given.

22. THE CLOCK.

A player is condemned to transformation to a clock. He stands before the mantelpiece and calls a player (of the opposite sex) to him. The person thus called upon, asks the "clock" what time it is. The clock replies, whatever hour he likes,—claiming the same number of kisses as he names hours of the day.

If approved of, the player who has asked the time takes the place of the clock, and calls upon another; the original ceremony being repeated in turn by all the players of the company.

23. ARIADNE'S LEOPARD: OR, THE HOBBY HORSE.

The penitent, on his hands and knees, is obliged to carry round the room a lady who is seated on his back, and whom all the gentlemen (himself excepted) are privleged to kiss in turns.

24. HIT OR MISS.

You are to be blindfolded, and turned around two or three times. Then you are to walk towards one of the company, and the handkerchief is to be taken off, that you may see the person you have touched. Then you are to kiss her hand.

25. THE QUIET LODGER.

The person who owns the forfeit may be called upon to choose one or two musical instruments. Having done so, he may be requested to imitate them.

26. STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Crawl around the room on all fours forwards. Your forfeit shall then be laid upon the floor, and you must crawl backwards to it, without seeing where it is placed.

27. THE SOFA.

The penitent places himself in the same position as for "Ariadne's Leopard," that is to say, on all fours. He, however, remains stationary, receiving on his back a lady and a gentleman, who sit comfortably down and exchange a kiss.

28. THE GALLANT GARDENER.

Compare your lady-love to a flower, and explain the resemblance. Thus—

> My love is like the blooming rose,
> Because her cheek its beauty shows.

Or (facetiously)—

> My love is like a creeping tree—
> She's always creeping after me.

29. THE STATESMAN.

Ask the penitent what district he would like to represent in Congress; when the selection is made, he is to spell its name backwards, without a mistake; if he fail, he knows not the requirements of his constituents, and must lose his election.

30. TO BE AT THE MERCY OF THE COMPANY.

This consists in executing whatever task each member of the company may like to impose upon you.

31. KISSING UNDER THE CANDLESTICK.

This consists in kissing a person over whose head you hold a candlestick.

32. TO KISS YOUR OWN SHADOW.

Place yourself between the light and the person you intend kissing, on whose face your shadow will be thrown.

33. TO KISS THE ONE YOU LOVE BEST WITHOUT ITS BEING NOTICED.

Kissing all the ladies in the company one after another without any distinction.

34. THE TWO GUESSES.

Place your hands behind you, and guess who touches them. You are not to be released until you guess right.

The person who owns the forfeit is to be blindfolded; a glass of water and a teaspoon are then to be got, and a spoonful given alternately by the members of the company, until the person blindfolded guesses right.

35. THE EXILE.

The penitent sent into exile takes up his position in the part of the room the most distant from the rest of the company—with whom he is forbidden to communicate. From there he is compelled to fix the penance to be performed by the owner of the next forfeit, till the accomplishment of which he may on no account leave his

place. This may be prolonged for several turns. The last penitent, as soon as he has acquitted himself satisfactorily, takes the place of the exile, and passes sentence on the next.

36. THE "B" HIVE.

Repeat, without stopping, "Bandy-Legy'd Borachio Mustachio Whiskenfusticus the bold and brave Bombardino of Bagdad helped Abomilique Blue Beard Bashaw of Babelmandeb to beat down a Bumble Bee at Balsora.

37. THE TRIO.

Kneel to the wittiest, bow to the prettiest, and kiss the one you love best.

38. ROB ROWLEY.

Repeat the following:

"Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round,
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round,
Where is the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?"

39. THE STATUE OF LOVE.

The player who owns the forfeit cried, takes a candle in his hand, and is led by another to one end of the room, where he must stand and represent the Statue of Love; one of the players now walks up, and requests him to fetch some lady, whose name he whispers in Love's ear; the Statue, still holding the candle, proceeds to execute his commission, and brings the lady with him; she in turn desires him to fetch some gentleman, and so it continues till all have been summoned. The players brought up by Love must not return to their seats, but stand in a group round Love's standing-place, until he has brought the last person in the company, when they hiss him most vigorously, and the forfeit terminates.

40. THE CHANCE KISS.

The penitent takes from a pack of cards the four kings and the four queens, shuffles them, and without looking at them, distributes them to a proportionate number of ladies and gentlemen. The gentleman finding himself possessed of the king of hearts kisses the lady holding the queen, and so on with the rest.

41. THE BLIND QUADRILLE.

This is performed when a great number of forfeits are to be disposed of. A quadrille is danced by eight of the company with their eyes blindfolded, and as they are certain to become completely bewildered during the figures, it always affords infinite amusement to the spectators.

42. THE TURNED HEAD.

This penalty should be imposed upon a lady. The fair one, whose head is to be turned, is invested with as many wrappings as possible, but every cloak, shawl, victorine, etc., is to be put on hind side before, so as to present the appearance of a "turned head." She should be furnished with a muff, which she must hold behind her as much as possible in the usual manner, but her bonnet must be put on in the proper way. Thus equipped, she must enter the room walking backwards, and until her punishment is at an end, must continue to move in the same way.

43. THE KING OF MOROCCO IS DEAD.

The culprit takes a candle in his hand, and stepping forward, places another in the hands of a person of a different sex; then both march to opposite sides of the apartment. They then assume a mournful air, and advance towards each other with a slow and measured step. When they meet they raise their eyes to the ceiling, utter some words in a sepulchral tone, then, with downcast eyes, they march on, each to take the place occupied by the other.

This procedure is repeated as often as

there are phrases in the following dialogue:

THE GENTLEMAN. Have you heard the frightful news?

THE LADY. Alas!

THE GENTLEMAN. The King of Morocco is dead.

THE LADY. Alas! alas!

THE GENTLEMAN. The King of Morocco is buried.

THE LADY. Alas! alas! alas!

THE GENTLEMAN:

Alas! alas! alas! and four times alas!
He has cut off his head with his steel cutlass!

Both then march to their places with an air of melancholy. Having reached their places, they run gaily to resume their seats among the company.

44. THE YARD OF LOVE RIBBON.

One or more yards of Love Ribbon may be inflicted as a penalty.

He (or she) who suffers this infliction, must choose out a lady (or a gentleman), lead her (or him) into the middle of the circle, take her hands in his, extend them as far as the length of his arms will permit, and give (or receive) a kiss to (or from) the other. This is repeated with the same person as often as the number of yards of Love Ribbon are inflicted.

45. THE JOURNEY TO CYTHERE.

The person upon whom this penalty is inflicted leads another, of the opposite sex, behind a screen or door. Here the gentleman kisses the lady, and touches any part of her dress which he may choose.

On their return from the journey, they present themselves before all the company in turn, and the gentleman asks each of them what part of the lady's attire he has touched. At each mistake on their part, he kisses that portion of the lady's dress which has been named by them. If, at last, some one of the company guesses correctly, he kisses the lady, or if it is a lady, she receives a kiss from the gentleman.

If, on the contrary, no one guesses rightly, the gentleman names aloud the part of the lady's dress which he has touched, and kisses the lady once more before conducting her to her seat.

46. LOVE'S ARCH.

The gentleman (or the lady) upon whom this penalty is inflicted, proceeds to take a lady (or a gentleman) whom he leads into the middle of the apartment, where both hold their hands entwined, and their arms raised in the form of an arch. Then the lady names a gentleman, and the gentleman a lady; the couple named are to pass together beneath Love's Arch, but when they have passed it, the arms fall, encircling them, and hold them prisoners until the gentleman has snatched a kiss. This done, the arms are raised, the imprisoned pair proceed onward, then pause to form a second arch; the latter summon a third couple, who are forced to pay the same tribute in passing beneath the arch; and who then advance to form a third, and so on as long as there are a gentleman and a lady remaining.

After each pair of the company has formed an arch, all return to their places.

47. THE CONVENT PORTER.

The person paying forfeit places himself at the door of a chamber, which he must open and shut at the proper moment. A gentleman withdraws into this chamber, supposed to be the parlor of a convent. When he has entered and the door is closed, he knocks softly. The porter opens the door, and the gentleman whispers in his ear the name of the lady with whom he desires an interview.

The porter then says aloud, "The brother N—— desires to see sister N——

in the convent parlor." The lady enters, and the door is closed behind her. Some one knocks again, the porter opens the door, the gentleman comes out, and the lady names another gentleman, whom the porter introduces in the same manner. This proceeding is repeated so long as there remains to be called upon a person of a different sex from the one last admitted, unless to abridge the ceremony some one takes it into his head to summon the whole convent at once. Then the porter, who under no pretext has the right to enter, nor even to open the door until some one knocks, can take his revenge by turning the key, and keeping the whole company for a short time prisoners.

48. THE FACE OF WOOD.

The personage condemned to this penalty places himself erect, with his back against a door. In this position he calls up a person of a different sex, who takes her place, face to face in front of him. The latter calls up a third, who takes his position with his back towards her, and so on with all the company, care being taken that the last couple in the file shall be placed back to back.

Then the leader of the game gives a signal, at which all the company must turn and kiss the person in front of whom this movement places him.

The result is, that the person paying forfeit finds himself in front of the *Face of Wood*, upon which he is bound to bestow a kiss as tender as those, the echoes of which he hears repeated behind him.

49. THE DECLARATION OF LOVE.

The gentleman condemned to this penalty must place himself upon his knees before the lady, who is pointed out to him, or whom he loves the best, and declare his passion for her in impromptu verses.

Example.

In spite of your coldness,
I love you, my dear;
If love is a crime,
See the guilty one here.

50. THE COMPARISON.

As a penalty a person is directed to compare any of the company to some object or other, and then to explain in what he resembles this object, and in what he differs from it.

A lady compares a gentleman to a sheet of white paper.

He resembles it in the facility with which he receives first impressions; he differs from it in the readiness with which he receives a crowd of impressions, in succession, which efface each other in their turn.

A gentleman compares a lady to a clock; like this piece of furniture, she adorns the place which she occupies; she differs from it in rendering us forgetful of the hours which it recalls.

51. THE EMBLEM.

It differs from the comparison in this, that it offers an intellectual resemblance only between the person and the object.

A young gentleman names the Salamander as the emblem for a lady. "Why?" asks the latter. "Because you live tranquilly amid the flames which devour all who approach you."

A lady gives a Well as the emblem of a learned man who is somewhat uncommunicative. "It is deep," she says, "but it is necessary to draw from it that which it contains."

52. THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

To perform this penalty it is necessary to execute the reverse of the orders received from the company. Happy the man to whom the ladies say, that they do not wish a kiss from him.

53. THE TRIP TO CORINTH.

A gentleman holding a white handkerchief in his hand is led around the circle by the person paying the forfeit, who holds in his hand a lighted candle.

The gentleman holding the handkerchief kisses all the ladies in turn, and with an air of great politeness, wipes the lips of his guide, who remains an idle spectator of a scene not a little vexatious to him.

54. KISSES AT SECOND HAND.

This penalty should be inflicted upon a lady. She who is directed to perform it chooses a female friend; she then presents herself to a gentleman who kisses her, and she then carries the kiss to her companion. This may be repeated as many times as there are gentlemen in the company.

55. SHOOT THE ROBIN.

This is done by blindfolding the owner of the forfeit, and leading him to a part of the room where a sheet of paper or a handkerchief has been pinned to the wall. He is directed then to shoot the robin, which he must do by starting forwards, extending his right arm, and pointing his finger so as to touch the sheet of paper. Whenever he succeeds in doing so, his forfeit is restored. His finger had better be blackened with a coal, or burnt cork, or something that will leave a mark on the paper.

56. THE STUPID KISS.

Kiss both the inside and the outside of a reticule, without opening it. This can only be done when the drawing-string of the reticule is some distance from the top, and when the lining appears above it. When you kiss the lining of the flaps or scollops at the top of the reticule, then you may be said to kiss the inside; or hang the reticule against the wall, and kiss the side that is out and the side that is in, or next the wall.

GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS is one of the most ancient of known games of skill. Mr. Drummond, a writer on the game of draughts, asserts that draughts is the "elder sister of Chess," which he properly describes as the "thinking game;" but, however that may be, there is indisputable evidence that Chess was known in the most remote periods. Various theories are advanced as to its origin. One account states that the wife of Ravan, King of Ceylon, devised it in order to amuse her royal spouse.

There are at least a dozen claimants for the honor of the invention, but all of the accounts of the origin of the "thinking game" are attended with more or less uncertainty. This much, at any rate, can safely be said: that it originated in the East many hundreds of years before the Christian era, and that, like civilization, it travelled westward. The date of its introduction into Europe is involved in almost as much mystery as its origin.

Some writers suppose it to have been introduced in the twelfth century, while other very respectable authorities inform us that the Emperor Charlemagne, who died in the early part of the ninth century, was a chess-player. The game was much practiced by the monks of old, and one can imagine that it would serve to pass many solitary hours away in a pleasant and beneficial manner. To the monks, by the way, we owe the fact that our chess-boards are still made in the form of books, with the mock-titles of "Rollin's Ancient History,"

"History of China," etc., etc. Chess was forbidden in the monasteries, but the monks, in order that they might clandestinely indulge in their favorite game, and at the same time secure themselves against detection and punishment, concealed their chess-men in these imitations of books.

Another curious fact in connection with history is, that one of the first books (generally thought to be *the* first book) printed in the English language, was a treatise on the game of Chess.

Anything like a history of this game would be out of place in a merely elementary work like the present. Suffice it to say, that Chess—ancient as it is—still holds its own against all new-born gauds." It is still the favorite game among the educated, and is considered an essential accomplishment in most family circles, where, beyond doubt, it is beneficial in assisting the mental development of the young.

The number of writers on the subject is legion. Mr. Walker, in his treatise, which was written in 1832, gives a list of several hundred works in different European languages. Such is the variety of the game that each of these writers has something new and important to say about it. One teaches us how to extricate our men from a most difficult and involved position, when it would appear to an ordinary player as if nothing short of magic could do so.

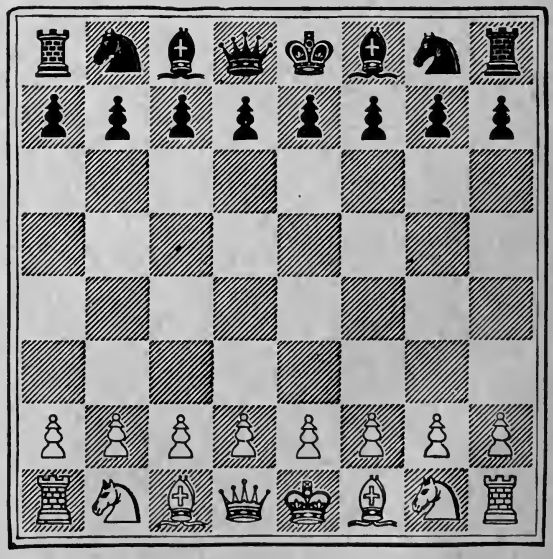
Another unfolds a minute system of calculation by which to entrap the adversary who, in his desire to give checkmate, loses his discretion. Others, like Philidor, show us that we may so place our pawns that they will support one another, while presenting a formidable barrier against the advance of the enemy.

We will now proceed to give the necessary directions for playing the game.

The game is played on a board divided into sixty-four squares, colored alternately black and white. It is the same as that used by Draughts. Eight pieces of different denominations and powers, and eight Pawns, are allotted to each competitor. As a necessary distinction, each set is colored in a different way; one commonly being White, the other Red, or Black.

Every player is provided with one King, one Queen, two Bishops, two Knights, and two Rooks, besides the eight pawns. The accompanying diagram shows the order in which the pieces are placed on the board at the beginning of the game.

BLACK.



WHITE.

ORDER OF THE MEN ON THE BOARD.

In placing the board, care must be taken that a White corner square be at the right hand of each player. It should also be observed that the Queen must be placed upon a square of her own color.

AMUSING GAME OF "ORANGES AND LEMONS."

A SMALL CREATURE FOR SO GREAT A FRIGHT

THE PIECES: THEIR POWERS AND MODE OF ACTION.

The KING can move in any direction—forward, backward, sideways, or diagonally, provided always, of course, that he does not move into check. The King possesses one great prerogative—that of *never being taken;* but by way of counterbalancing the advantage of this exemption, he is restrained from exposing himself to *check*. He can move only one square at a time, except when he *castles*, which he may do once during each game. He may then move two squares. He cannot *castle* when in *check*, nor after he has once moved, nor with a Rook that has been moved, nor if any of the squares over which he has to move be commanded by an adverse piece.

The QUEEN can move either horizontally or diagonally. She combines the powers of the Bishop and the Rook. She can, at one move, pass along the whole length of the board, or, if moving diagonally, from corner to corner. Although she can move and take in the same manner as a Bishop, or as a Rook, she must make the whole of one move in one direction, and cannot combine *in one move* the powers of these two pieces. In other words, she cannot move round a corner at one step.

THE ROOK (sometimes called the Castle) may pass along the entire length of the board at one move. It may move backwards, or forwards, or sideways—but always horizontally, never diagonally.

THE BISHOP can move only in a diagonal direction, but can go any number of squares, from one to eight, or as far as the space be open. The Bishop can never change the color of his square. Thus, the White King's Bishop being on a White square at the beginning, remains so throughout the game. This is a necessary consequence of his move being purely diagonal.

THE KNIGHT has a power of moving which is quite peculiar, and rather difficult to explain. He moves two squares at once, in a direction partly diagonal and partly straight. He changes the color of his square at every move. The Knight is the only piece that possesses what is styled the "vaulting motion." He is not precluded from going to a square between which and his own other pieces intervene.

Thus, instead of moving your King's Pawn two, as your first move, you might, if good play permitted it, move out either of your Knights right over the row of Pawns in front. This power is possessed by the Knight alone, all the other pieces being obliged to wait until there is an opening in front of them before they can emerge. The Knight can move over the sixty-four squares of the board in as many moves. There are many ways of doing this, but Euler's solution, unlike most others, is based on mathematical calculation, and is not a mere experiment.

THE PAWN moves in a straight line towards the adverse party. It cannot move out of its file except in capturing one of the opposing Pawns, or pieces, when it steps one square in a diagonal or slanting direction, and occupies the square of the captured piece. It can only be moved one square at a time, excepting in the first move, when the player has the option of advancing it two squares. The Pawn is the only piece which cannot retreat, and which does not take in the direction in which it moves. For full explanations relative to "Queening the Pawn," and taking a Pawn *en passant*, see instructions on those points.

ABBREVIATIONS.

The abbreviations which are invariably used in Chess publications are the following:

K. for King; Q. for Queen; B. for Bishop; Kt. for Knight; R. for Rook; P. for Pawn; Sq. for Square; and Ch. for Check. The pieces on one side of the board are distinguished from those on the other in the following manner:

Those on the same side as the King are named after him, as K.'s B. (King's Bishop); K.'s Kt. (King's Knight); K.'s R. (King's Rook); while those on the same side as the Queen are named Q.'s B. (Queen's Bishop); Q.'s Kt. (Queen's Knight); Q.'s R. (Queen's Rook). The Pawns are distinguished in like manner. The Pawn occupying the square in front of the K.'s B. is called K.'s B.'s P.; that in front of the K.'s Kt. is called K.'s Kt.'s P.; that in front of the Q.'s R. the Q.'s R.'s P., etc.

TECHNICAL TERMS USED IN THE GAME.

THE MOVE.—Whichever player opens the game by making the first move, is said to have "the move."

CHECK.—When your King is attacked by any piece, he is said to be in *check;* and it is your opponent's duty to give you warning of such an event by crying "check," when he makes th move. You must then put your King out of check by moving him, by taking the checking piece, or by interposing one of your own men between the checking piece and your King, thus "covering" check, as it is termed.

CHECKMATE is the term used when the King is in inextricable check—*i. e.*, when none of the above means avail to place him beyond the range of attacking pieces. When a checkmate is obtained, the game is at an end, that being the sole object.

DISCOVERED CHECK is when the player moves a Pawn or piece from before another piece, thereby opening or "discovering" check—*e. g.*, the Black Rook may be on a line with the opposing King, the only intervening piece being a Black Pawn. The removal of this Pawn "discovers check."

DOUBLE CHECK is when check is discovered as above, the King being also attacked by the piece moved.

PERPETUAL CHECK is when the King of one of the players can be checked almost at every move, and when he has little else to do but move out of check. When the game has reached this stage, the weaker player may demand that checkmate shall be given in a certain number of moves, in default of which it may be declared a drawn game. (See Rule VIII.)

DRAWN GAME.—A drawn game may arise from several causes: 1. *As above.* 2. *Stalemate.* (See "Stalemate.") 3. *Equal play:* "Between very good players" (remarks Philidor), "it sometimes happens that the equipoise in force and position is constantly sustained in the opening, in the intermediate stages, and in the last result; when either all the exchangeable pieces have been mutually taken, or the remaining forces are equal—as a Queen against a Queen, a Rook against a Rook, with no advantage in position, or the Pawns are mutually blocked up." 4. *Absence of mating power—i. e.*, when neither player possesses the force requisite to obtain a checkmate. (See "Mating Power.") 5. *Unskilful use of a sufficiently strong force:* If one player is superior in force to his adversary, and possesses the requisite mating power, the game may still be drawn by the unskilful use of that superiority. If he cannot effect a checkmate in fifty moves it may be declared a drawn game.

STALEMATE describes that state of the game when one of the players has nothing left but his King, which is so placed that, although not in check, he cannot move without going into check.

CASTLING is a double operation, accomplished by moving the King and one of the Rooks at the same time. When the removal of the Bishop and the Knight on the one side, or of the Bishop, Knight and Queen on the other, has cleared the intervening squares, the King may *castle* with either of his Rooks. If it should be done on the King's side of the board, the King is to be placed on the Knight's square, and the Rook on the Bishop's; if in the Queen's section, the King must be moved to the Bishop's square, and the Rook to the Queen's.

In other words, the King, in either case, must move two squares, and the Rook be placed on the opposite side of him to that on which he stood before. It is universally laid down that the King shall not castle when in check, nor when he has previously moved, nor with a Rook that has moved, nor if a square over which he has to pass be commanded by an adverse piece.

EN PRISE.—A piece is said to be *en prise* when under attack.

EN PASSANT (*in passing*).—If your adversary has advanced one of his Pawns to the fifth square, and you move one of your pawns in either of the adjoining files two squares, he is entitled to take your Pawn, *en passant*, as though you had only moved it one square. This peculiar mode of capture can only be effected by Pawns.

RANKS AND FILES.—The lines of squares running from left to right are known as *Ranks*, and those perpendicular to them, running from one player to the other, are called *Files*.

PASSED AND ISOLATED PAWNS.—A Pawn is said to be "passed" when it is so far advanced that no Pawn of the adversary's can oppose it. An Isolated Pawn is one that stands alone and unsupported.

DOUBLE PAWN.—Two Pawns on the same file.

"J'ADOUBE" (signifying *I adjust*, or *I arrange*) is the expression generally used when a player touches a piece to arrange it without the intention of making a move. Perhaps it is not absolutely necessary that he should say "*J'adoube*," but he must at any rate use an equivalent expression.

TO INTERPOSE.—This term explains itself. If your King or one of your pieces is attacked, and you move another of your pieces between the attacking piece and the piece attacked, either for the purpose of covering check, or as a means of protection, or with any other object, you are said to "interpose."

WINNING THE EXCHANGE.—You are said to "win the exchange" when you gain a Rook for a Bishop, a Bishop for a Knight, or in short, whenever you gain a superior piece by giving an inferior.

QUEENING A PAWN.—You are said to "Queen a Pawn" when you advance it to the eighth square on the file. You may then claim a Queen, or any other piece, in exchange for it. Formerly the rule was that you might substitute for it any piece you had previously lost, but, according to the modern game, three or more Rooks, or Bishops, or Knights may be obtained in this way.

GAMBIT.—This term, which is derived from the Italian, describes an opening in which a Pawn is purposely sacrificed at an early stage of the game, in order subsequently to gain an advantage. Several Gambits are distinguished by the names of their inventors, such as the Cochrane

Gambit, the Muzio Gambit, the Salvio Gambit, etc. There are also the Bishop's Gambit, the Queen's Gambit, etc., etc.

MATING POWER.—The force requisite to bring about a checkmate: a King and Queen against King and two Bishops, King and two Knights, King and Bishop and Knight, or against King and Rook, can effect checkmate. King and two Bishops can mate against King and Bishop, or King and Knight. King, with two Bishops and Knight, can mate against King and Rook. King, with Rook and Bishop, can mate against Rook and King. King can always draw against King and Bishop, or King and Knight. King and Rook against either a King and Bishop, or King and Knight, makes a drawn game, etc.

LAWS OF THE GAME.

The following "laws" are in force in all the principal clubs in this country:

I.—If a player touch one of his men, unless for the purpose of adjusting it, when he must say "*J'adoube*" (*see* Law IV.); or it being his turn to move, he must move the piece he has so touched.

[Walker gives the following remarks on this law—"When you touch a piece with the *bona fide* intention of playing it, the saying '*J'adoube*' will not exonerate you from completing the move. A Chessplayer's meaning cannot be misunderstood on the point; and were it otherwise, you might hold a man in your hand for five minutes, and then saying '*J'adoube*' replace it, and move elsewhere!"]

II.—If the men are not placed properly at the beginning of the game, and this is discovered before four moves have been made on each side, the game must be recommenced. If the mistake should not be found out till after four moves have been made, the game must be proceeded with.

III.—Where the players are even, they must draw lots for the first move, after which they take the first move alternately. When a player gives odds, he has the option of making the first move, and the choice of men in every game.

[In giving odds, should it be agreed upon to give a Pawn, it is customary to take the K. B. P. If a piece is to be given, it may be taken from either the King's or Queen's side.]

IV.—If a player should accidentally or otherwise move or touch one of his men without saying "*J'adoube*," his adversary may compel him to move either the man he has touched or his King, provided the latter is not in check.

V.—When a player gives check, and fails to give notice by crying "Check," his adversary need not, unless he think proper, place his King out of check, nor cover.

[If it is discovered that the King is in check, and has been so for several moves past, the players must move the men back to the point at which they stood when check was given. If they cannot agree as to when check was first given, the player who is in check must retract his last move, and defend his King.]

VI.—The player who effects checkmate wins the game.

VII.—Stalemate constitutes a drawn game.

VIII.—If, towards the end of the game, one of the players has what is called the "mating power," his adversary may demand that checkmate shall be given in fifty moves. If this is not accomplished, it shall be declared a drawn game.

IX.—The operation of "Castling" cannot be effected when the King is in check, nor when the King or Rook has been previously moved, nor when the space be

not clear between the King and Rook, nor when any of the squares over which the King has to pass are commanded by the adversary.

X.—So long as you retain your hold of a piece you may move it where you will.

[Great dissatisfaction is sometimes caused by the latitude which this law allows. It has often been said that this law would be improved if it were made compulsory to move the piece in the direction in which it had been inclined, and that when it has been rested on a particular square it should remain there, and the move considered complete. "To finger the squares of the board whilst planning your move," says Walker, "is strictly legal, but a most villanous habit."]

XI.—No limit is fixed to the time allowed for the consideration of each move. Where great delay occurs, a third party may be appealed to; and if he should pronounce the delay vexatious, the player refusing to move loses the game.

[This is a necessary law, but it would often be desirable to come to a mutual agreement as to the time beforehand. No greater bore can be imagined than an excessively cautious player. In matches of consequence the time is generally stipulated.]

XII.—Should you move one of your adversary's men instead of your own, he may compel you to take the piece you have touched, should it be *en prise*, or to replace it and move your King; provided, of course, that you can do so without placing him in check.

XIII.—Should you capture a man with one that cannot legally take it, your adversary may compel you either to take such piece (should it be *en prise*) with one that *can* legally take it, or to move the piece touched; provided that by so doing you do not discover check, in which case you may be directed to move your King.

XIV.—Should you move out of your turn, your adversary may compel you either to retract the move, or leave the piece where you placed it, as he may think most advantageous.

XV.—If you touch the King and Rook, intending to Castle, and have quitted hold of the one piece, you must complete the act of Castling. If you retain your hold of both, your adversary may compel you to move either of them.

XVI.—The game must be declared to be drawn should you fail to give checkmate in fifty moves, when you have

King and Queen against King
King and Rook "
King and 2 Bishops "
King, Bishop, and Kt. "
King and Pawn "
King and 2 Pawns "
King and minor piece "

XVII.—Drawn games of every description count for nothing.

XVIII.—Neither player may leave a game unfinished, nor leave the room without the permission of his adversary.

XIX.—Lookers-on are not permitted to speak, nor in any way express their approbation or disapprobation while a game is pending.

XX.—In case a dispute should arise on any point not provided for by the laws, a third party must be appealed to, and his decision shall be final.

COMPARATIVE VALUE OF THE PIECES.

THE PAWN is always accounted the lowest in value. Its importance, however, like that of all the other pieces, changes as the game progresses. Towards the end of a game its value is considerable.

THE KNIGHT is of more value in the

first attack than in the final struggle. It loses force as the game proceeds. In certain situations the Knight is of incomparable value. Its peculiar *vaulting* power gives it considerable importance in complicated positions. Walker considers it of equal value with the Bishop.

THE BISHOP.—Mr. Walker gives a list of the advantages which the Bishop and Knight possess over each other, and sums up by expressing it as his opinion, "founded on practical experience, that the Bishop is superior to the Knight only in imagination; and that the two pieces should be indiscriminately exchanged by the learner, as being of strictly equal value in cases of average position." Most other authorities, however, maintain that the Bishop is, upon the whole, slightly superior to the Knight.

THE ROOK is reckoned to be about equivalent to a Bishop and two Pawns, or a Knight and two Pawns. It is seldom called into active play at the commencement of a game, but it gradually rises in importance, till towards the close it may almost be said to command the game. In actual play, it is probably oftener instrumental in giving checkmate than any other piece. With the King, a Rook can mate against a King—a power possessed by no piece besides the Queen.

THE QUEEN decreases in power as the game proceeds. Throughout, however, she holds by far the first position in value.

THE KING, though seldom of much use for purposes of attack at the beginning, acquires considerable force as the game becomes narrowed. His power of moving in any direction, and attacking any piece besides the Queen, is often of great value.

The plan of comparing, by means of figures, pieces of which the value varies so considerably, is obviously somewhat impracticable, and the estimate cannot in all cases be relied on. To the learner, however, it may be of some service in conveying to him a vague idea of their realative value. Suppose the Pawn to stand as 1; the value of the Knight may be estimated at rather more than 3; that of the Bishop rather less than 4; that of the Rook at about 5; and that of the Queen at about 7½.

HINTS FOR COMMENCING THE GAME.

To open the game well, some of the Pawns should be played out first. The Royal Pawns particularly, should be advanced to their fourth square; it is not often safe to advance them further. The Bishop's Pawns should also be played out early in the game; but it is not always well to advance the Rook's and Knight's Pawns too hastily, as these afford excellent protection to your King in case you should Castle.

Philidor describes Pawn-playing as "the soul of Chess." When they are not too far advanced, and are so placed as to be mutually supporting, they present a strong barrier to the advance of your adversary, and prevent him from taking up a commanding position. If you play your pieces out too early, and advance them too far, your adversary may oblige you to bring them back again by advancing his Pawns upon them, and you thus lose time.

"The art of playing well at Chess," says Walker, "consists principally in gaining time," so you will see how desirable it is to avoid the necessity of retracing your steps. At the same time, you must not keep your pieces back till you have moved all your Pawns; otherwise you prevent yourself from framing a strong attack. Indeed, you will probably be called upon to defend yourself before your attack is ready. Much

depends upon the particular opening that you choose, and quite as much upon your own judgment.

Do not commence your attack until you are well prepared. A weak attack often results in disaster. If your attack is likely to prove successful, do not be diverted from it by any bait which your adversary may purposely put in your way. Pause, lest you fall into a snare.

Beware of giving check uselessly—that is, unless you have in view the obtaining of some advantage. A useless check is a move lost, which may, particularly between good players, decide the game.

It is generally injudicious to make an exchange when your position is good, or when, by so doing, you bring one of your adversary's pieces into good play. Never make an exchange without considering the consequences. When your game is crowded and ill-arranged, and your position inferior, it is advantageous to exchange. Sometimes, also, when you are much superior in force, it is worth your while to make an equal exchange.

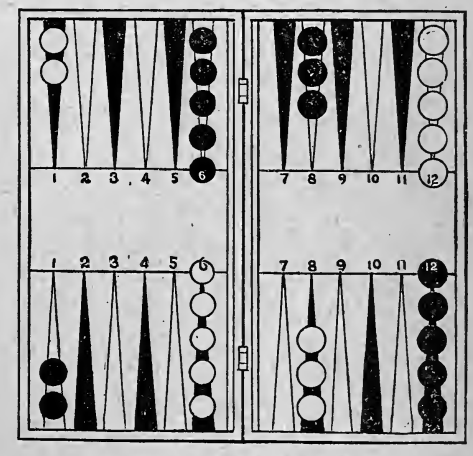
BACKGAMMON.

THE game of Backgammon is allowed on all hands to be the most ingenious and elegant game next to chess. The word is Welch, and signifies *littlebattle*. The origin and antiquity of the game has been accordingly ascribed to the Cambro Britons, although it is claimed also by the French and Spaniards.

This game is played with dice by two persons, on a table divided into two parts, upon which there are twenty-four black and white spaces, called points.

Each player has fifteen men, black and white to distinguish them. If you play into the left-hand table, two of your men are placed upon the ace point in your adversary's inner table; five upon the sixth point in his outer table; three upon the cinque point in your own outer table; and five upon the sixth point in your inner table, and the adversary's men are to be placed so as to correspond with yours in a directly opposite position.

The object of the game is to bring the men round to your own "home," or inner table; consequently, all throws of the dice that tend to this, and impede



BACKGAMMON BOARD.

your adversary in executing the same design on his part, are in your favor. The first most advantageous throw is aces, as it blocks the sixth point in your outer table, and secures the cinque point in your inner table, so that you adversary's two men upon your ace point cannot escape with his throwing either quatre, cinque, or six. Accordingly, this throw is often asked and

given between players of unequal skill by way of odds.

HOYLE'S INSTRUCTIONS.

1. If you play three up, your principal object in the first place is either to secure your own or your adversary's cinque point. When that is effected you may play a pushing game, and endeavor to gammon your opponent.

2. The next best point (after you have gained your cinque point) is to make your bar-point, thereby preventing your adversary running away with two sixes.

3. After you have proceeded thus far, prefer making the quatre point in your own table, rather than the quatre point out of it.

4. Having gained these points, you have a fair chance to gammon your adversary if he be very forward. For suppose his table to be broken at home, it will be then your interest to open your bar-point, to oblige him to come out of your table with a six, and having your men spread, you not only may catch that man which your adversary brings out of your table, but will also have a probability of taking up the man left in your table, upon the supposition that he had two men there. And if he should have a blot at home, it will be then your interest not to make up your table, because if he should enter upon a blot which you are to make for the purpose, you will have a probability of getting a third man, which, if accomplished, it will give you at least four to one of the gammon; whereas, if you have only two of his men up, the odds are that you do not gammon him.

5. If you play for a hit only, one or two men taken up of your adversary's makes it surer than a greater number, provided your table be made up.

TECHNICAL TERMS.

BACKGAMMON.—The entire game won.

BAR.—The division between the two sections of the board.

BAR-POINT.—The point adjoining the bar.

BEARING YOUR MEN.—Removing them from the table after bringing them home.

BLOT.—A single man upon a point.

DOUBLETS.—Two dice bearing the same number of pits.

GAMMON.—To win a gammon is to win two out of the three points constituting the game.

HIT.—To remove all your men before your adversary has done so.

HOME.—The inner table.

MAKING POINTS.—Winning hits.

TO ENTER.—To enter is to place a man again on the board after he has been excluded on account of a point being already full.

LAWS OF THE GAME.

Hoyle appends the following laws of the game to his treatise:

1. If you take a man or men from any point, that man or men must be played.

2. You are not understood to have played any till it is placed upon a point and quitted.

3. If you play with fourteen men only, there is no penalty attending it, because with a lesser number you play to a disadvantage, by not having the additional man to make up your tables.

4. If you bear any number of men before you have entered a man taken up, and which consequently you were obliged to enter, such men, so borne, must be entered again in your adversary's tables, as well as the man taken up.

5. If you have mistaken your throw, and played it, and your adversary have thrown, it is not in your or his choice to alter it, unless both parties agree.

A PLUNGE DOWN THE WATER SHUTE

THE BOAT DESCENDS THE INCLINE SWIFTLY, PRODUCING AN EXHILERAT'NG EFFECT ON THE PASSENGERS, AND THEN PLUNGES 'NTO THE WATER, CREATING EXCITEMENT AND MERRIMENT

POPULAR WINTER AMUSEMENT

CONSIDERABLE SKILL IS REQUIRED TO BALANCE ONESELF ON THE LITTLE SLEDGES, WHICH ARE PROPELLED BY LONG STICKS POINTED WITH IRON. GREAT SPEED IS ATTAINED BY EXPERT SKATERS. THIS IS A WELL KNOWN PASTIME IN GERMANY

LIVING WAXWORKS.

A CAPITAL form of entertainment originating in our own country, but which has now taken firm root in Europe. It was first described, to the best of our belief, in a book entitled "Mrs. Jarley's Far-famed Collection of Waxworks, as arranged by G. B. Bartlett, of Concord, Mass." Readers who are of an imaginative turn, and have a dash of humor in their composition, will easily improve upon Mr. Bartlett's descriptions. The "Mrs. Jarley" referred to is of course the lady of *Old Curiosity Shop* celebrity. She is represented by Mr. Bartlett as being assisted by "Little Nell," also two servants, John and Peter, in livery suits. The figures exhibited comprise, among others, a Chinese giant, a two-headed girl, Mrs. Winslow (of Soothing Syrup celebrity), Captain Kidd the Pirate, and a Lady "Victim," a Maniac, the Siamese Twins, the Babes in the Wood, Blue Beard, a Singing Lady (Signora Squallini), a Cannibal, Little Bo-Peep, Old King Cole, Little Red Ridinghood, the Sleeping Beauty, Robinson Crusoe, Joan of Arc, Robin Hood, the Man with the Iron Mask, and a selection of Shakespearian characters.

There are suggestions for the dressing and arrangement of each figure, also a few sentences of appropriate patter, which the reader may or may not adopt, as he pleases. Some of Mr. Bartlett's jokes are very funny, some are not. The opening instructions are as follows:

"At rise of curtain the Chinese giant stands at back of stage, the other figures being placed on each side of him in a semi-circle. John and Peter are seated on low stools at the left. Little Nell is dusting the figures with a long feather-brush. Mrs. Jarley stands in front and begins her opening speech, directing her men to bring out each single figure before she describes it. John then winds up each one, after it has been described (when it goes through its movements), and when it stops it is carried back to its place.

"If the stage is too small, they may be shown in different groups or chambers, according to the judgment of the manager. After all have been described, the assistants wind up all, and the figures go through their motions all together, to the music of a piano, keeping time to a tune, which gradually goes faster, then all top, and curtain falls."

Mrs. Jarley, dressed in an old black dress, bright shawl, and coal-scuttle bonnet, makes her opening speech, as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you here behold Mrs. Jarley, one of the most remarkable women in the world, who has travelled all over the country with her curious collection of waxworks. These figures have been gathered, at great expense, from every clime and country, and are here shown together for the first time. I shall describe each one of them for your benefit, and shall order my assistants to bring some of them forward, so you can see them to advantage.

"After I have given you the history of each one of this stupendous collection, I shall have each one of them wound up, for they are all fitted with clockwork inside, and they can thus go through the same motions they did when living. In fact, they do their movements so naturally, that

many people have supposed them to be alive; but I assure you that they are all made of wood and wax; blockheads every one. Without further prelude, I shall now introduce to your notice each one of my figures, beginning, as usual, with the last one first.

"This figure (the Chinese giant) is universally allowed to be the tallest figure in my collection. He originated in the two provinces of Oolong and Shang-high, one province not being long enough to produce him. On account of his extreme length, it is impossible to give an adequate idea of him in one entertainment, consequently he will be continued in our next. He was the inventor, projector and discoverer of Niagara Falls, Bunker's Hill Monument, and the Balm of a Thousand Flour 'barrels' (?).

In fact, everything was originally discovered by him or some other of the Chinese. They are a queue-rious people, especially those who live in Peek-in. The portrait of this person, who was a high dignitary among them, may be often seen depicted on a blue china plate, standing upon a bridge which leans upon nothing at either end, intently observing two birds which are behind him in the distance."

"Wind up the Giant."

When wound up, the giant bows low, then wags his head three times, and bows as before; and after a dozen motions slowly stops.

The above will give a fair idea of the general arrangement of the Bartlett show. The writer, in a tolerably large experience as an amateur wax-work showman, has found it expedient to make two or three radical alterations. In the first place, he suppresses Mrs. Jarley, Little Nell and one of the two assistants, all of whom divert the attention of the audience from the show proper, and are much better dispensed with. The showman should be attired in ordinary evening dress, carrying a light rod, wherewith to indicate the figures. The one assistant may wear a fancy costume, if thought desirable, though we prefer the dress of everyday life.

Secondly, the number of figures shown at one time should be much smaller than Mr. Bartlett contemplates. It should be limited to five groups, arranged in a semicircle, in such manner relatively to each other as to produce a maximum of artistic effect. We have found it a good plan to make the show consist of three single figures, and two groups of two, arranged according to the following examples:

Chinese Giant.
Siamese Twins. Blue Beard and Fatima
Bearded Lady. Mrs. Winslow.
Robinson Crusoe.
Babes in the Wood. Captain Kidd and his Victim.
The Singing Lady. The Maniac.

By adopting the above arrangement, the spectators get a much better view of the performance than when the stage is crowded with a score of figures, and the performers can stand still without much difficulty for the space of time (about a quarter of an hour) which the description or "patter" takes in delivery. If the groups are more numerous than this, the patter necessarily takes longer, and standing absolutely still becomes a serious trial of endurance, far too severe, indeed, for the average performer. If it is desired to exhibit a larger number of groups, the curtain should be lowered while the second set take up their positions.

Thirdly, the bringing forward of the figures is quite out of harmony with the character of the entertainment, which should assimilate as closely as possible to a genuine waxwork exhibition. Each figure should be on a raised stand. These

may be empty boxes used two together where necessary, and covered either with red or green baize, Turkey twill, or, if economy be a first consideration, with red dock wall paper. These stands ostensibly contain part of the mechanism of the figures, and to these are screwed the "winding-up" appliances.

It is not necessary to have a winding-up apparatus attached to each figure. The assistant steps to the back of the figure, goes through the motions of winding up the machinery, and at the same time has some simple device that will make a noise like the winding of a clock. As he is partly concealed by the figure, the audience are none the wiser.

The choice of the particular figures represented will depend a good deal on the costumes available. These may range from the sublime to the ridiculous. A group like, say, Romeo and Juliet, or the Sleeping Beauty, may be made as ornamental as you please, and a figure like the Chinese Giant, well got up, is picturesque enough to be interesting without any element of absurdity. But in the majority of cases, like the Singing Lady (Signora Squallini), or the Cannibal, with his war (w)hoop in his hand, the more ridiculous the figures can be made, within due limits, the better. The Babes in the Wood may be effectively represented by a couple of grown men, or tall youths, in the costumes of a very small boy and girl respectively.

The Siamese Twins should be alike in costume (evening dress is as good as anything), the necessary touch of absurdity being imparted by red wigs, red noses, huge white neckties, and a sunflower in the button-hole of each. The mysterious link between them may be the bone of an "aitch-bone" of beef, attached by means of holes drilled in it, and a couple of extra strong safety-pins, to the coat of each on the outside.

Blue Beard and his wife Fatima may be represented in Oriental costume. There is no particular ground for believing that Blue Beard was of Eastern origin, but the costume is effective, and a contrast to other characters. Blue Beard flourishes a scimitar—Fatima kneels on a cushion at his feet, and when wound up, wipes with her handkerchief a (red-cloth) stain on an enormous key (of gilt cardboard), the token, as the showman explains, of her fatal key-uriosity. Blue Beard at the same time sharpens his scimitar on an ordinary butcher's steel.

Mrs. Winslow (always a popular figure, if well got up) should wear a flowery chintz gown, a white cross-over shawl, and a cap with a good deal of frill. Some fun may be occasioned by placing close beside her chair a second bottle, labelled, in bold characters, "Gin," and allowing her, when she has administered the "soothing syrup" proper to the baby (a big doll) on her lap, to take a swig herself from the larger bottle. This is remarked on by the showman as proving the extraordinary naturalness of his figures.

The Singing Lady is a vocal figure. When wound up, she utters a succession of shakes and trills, ending abruptly on a wrong note, as if the mechanism had run down. The Bearded Lady (usually a gentleman in feminine attire) is another very popular figure. She may be made to hold a comb and hand-mirror, and when wound up, to comb her beard, at the same time admiring herself in the glass. The movement should of course be somewhat jerky and mechanical.

Captain Kidd and his Victim form an alternative group for Blue Beard and Fatima, according as the one or the other

pair of characters is the most easily dressed, in view of the resources of the wardrobe. For suggestions as to the treatment of other figures, we may refer the reader to Mr. Bartlett's book, at the same time recommending him not to adhere too slavishly to the instructions there given, but to improve upon them where practicable.

A good "make-up" box, by the way, is indispensable, and it is desirable that at least one member of the troupe should have some little skill in using it.

One last word as to *Rehearsals*. It might perhaps be imagined that the only person needing rehearsal would be the showman, and that if his patter is humorous and well delivered, nothing more is required. There could not be a greater mistake. The performers have one and all to learn to "stand fire," to keep their countenances in spite of the ridiculous appearance of themselves and their fellows, and the absurdities which the showman purposely introduces. The wax figure who smiles is lost. Now, this self-control is purely a matter of practice and repetition. We have found it advisable to have never less than three full-dress rehearsals, and if a fourth can be had before a limited and friendly audience (say some half-dozen friendly people who can't come to the actual show), so much the better.

The first rehearsal may be a sort of "go-as-you-please" affair, being designed mainly to settle positions, movements, etc., but the whole of the patter should be gone through. During this first rehearsal the performers are allowed to laugh as much as they please, and they usually make full use of their liberty. On the second occasion they are expected to keep steady, and they find much less difficulty in doing so. They are becoming hardened to the absurdities of their position, and by the time they have had a third or fourth rehearsal they will stand the showman's most excruciating jokes without a smile—in point of fact they no longer see any fun in them.

Here, by the way, we may give a final caution to the showman. It will often happen that in the thick of the actual show, some new funniment flashes into his mind. The temptation to let it off is almost irresistible, but it must nevertheless be resisted. A new joke at such a moment is a cruel strain on the gravity of the other performers, and if, under such circumstances, the supposed wax figures "give themselves away" by bursting into a general guffaw, the showman has only himself to thank.

CURIOUS PUZZLES.

[For Answers see the Part Following.]

EVER since the days of the Egyptian Sphynx, Puzzles, Paradoxes, Riddles, and other mystifications have been popular sources of amusement. From the simplest Riddle to the most abstruse Paradox, they are all productive of a peculiar and lively pleasure. The youthful mind is by nature analytical and inquiring, and takes delight in searching to the bottom of anything that appears difficult to understand.

Puzzles, therefore, are excellent means for the development of these natural tendencies, combining, as they do, the elements of work and play. They strengthen the memory by exercising it, teach us application and perseverance, enable us to improve the faculty of holding several ideas in the mind at once, and, in short, are highly beneficial to all the more intellectual qualities.

The pleasure of arriving at the correct solution of a difficult problem, after a long and patient study over it, is as great as that arising from any other mental victory, and even the study itself has no small amount of pleasure in it.

The Puzzles in the following pages, have been selected from many sources. The explanations of them have been prepared with much care, so as to render them explicit and easy of comprehension; but our young friends should remember that the pleasure lies in working out the answers themselves, instead of jumping at once to the printed solutions.

1. THE MAGIC SQUARE.

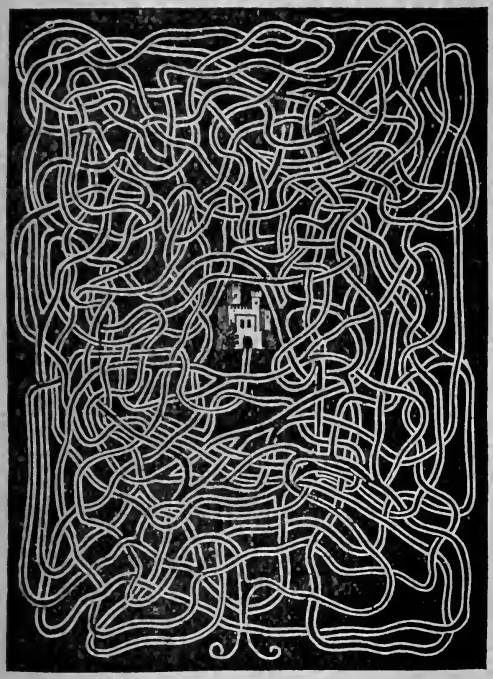
With seventeen pieces of wood (lucifer matches will answer the purpose, but be careful to remove the combustible ends, and see that they are all of the same length) make the following figure:

The Puzzle you propose is—to remove only five matches, and yet leave no more than three perfect squares of the same size remaining.

2. THE TRAVELLER'S MAZE.

The instructions for this fireside amusement are as follows: The Traveller must enter at the opening at the foot, and must pass between the lines forming the road to the Castle in the middle. There are no bars in the route; one road crosses another by means of a bridge, so that care must be taken that, in following the route, the Traveller does not stray from one road to another, and thus lose the track. For instance, on entering, he will have to pass *under* a bridge of another road crossing over his path; in continuing the route he will next pass *over* a bridge crossing another road, and thus continue his course. A little practice will accustom the Traveller to the method of the Maze. It is not a fair test of the merits of the Maze to

commence from the centre ; but the Traveller will be at full liberty, *when* he has



THE TRAVELLER'S MAZE.

entered the Castle, to get out again if he can.

3. THE BLIND ABBOT AND THE MONKS.

To arrange counters in the eight external cells of a square, so that there may always be nine in each row, though the whole number may vary from eighteen to thirty-six.

To give an air of interest to this problem, the old writers state it in the following manner :—A convent, in which there were nine cells, was occupied by a blind abbot and twenty-four monks, the abbot lodging in the centre cell, and the monks in the side cells, three in each, forming a row of nine persons on each side of the building, as in the accompanying figure.

3	3	3
3		3
3	3	3

Fig. 1.

4	1	4
1		1
4	1	4

Fig. 2.

The abbot, suspecting the fidelity of the monks, frequently went round at night and counted them, when, if he found nine in each row, he retired to rest quite satisfied. The monks, however, taking advantage of his blindness, conspired to deceive him, and arranged themselves in the cells as in Fig. 2, so that four could go out, and still the abbot would find nine in each row.

2	5	2
5		5
2	5	2

Fig. 3.

1	7	1
7		7
1	7	1

Fig. 4.

The monks that went out returned with four visitors, and they were arranged with the monks as in Fig. 3, so as to count nine each way, and consequently the abbot was again deceived.

Emboldened by success, the monks next night brought in four more visitors, and succeeded in deceiving the abbot by arranging themselves as in Fig 4.

Again four more visitors were introduced, and arranged with the monks as in Fig 5.

Finally, even when the twelve clandestine visitors had departed, carrying off six

of the monks with them, the abbot, still finding nine in each row, as in Fig. 6,

0	9	0
9		9
0	9	0

Fig. 5.

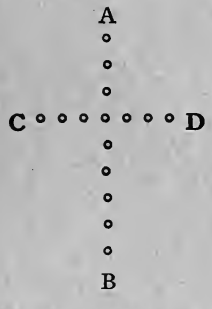
5	0	4
0		0
4	0	5

Fig. 6.

retired to rest with full persuasion that no one had either gone out or come in.

4. THE DISHONEST JEWELLER.

A lady sent a diamond cross to a jeweler to be repaired. To provide against any of her diamonds being stolen, she had the precaution to count the number of diamonds, which she did in the following



manner :—She found the cross contained in length from A to B, nine diamonds ; reckoning from B to C, or from B to D, she also counted nine. When the cross was returned, she found the number of diamonds thus counted precisely the same, yet two diamonds had been purloined. How was this managed ?

5. THE THREE GENTLEMEN AND THEIR SERVANTS.

Three gentlemen and their servants having to cross a river, find a boat without its owner, which can only carry two persons at a time. In what manner can these six persons transport themselves over by pairs, so that none of the gentlemen shall be left in company with any of the servants, except when his own servant is present ?

6. THE DROVER'S PROBLEM.

One morning I chanced with a drover to meet,
Who was driving some sheep up to town,
Which seemed very near ready to drop from the heat,
Whereupon I exclaimed with a frown :

"Don't you think it is wrong to treat animals so?
Why not take better care of your flock ?"
"I would do so," said he, "but I've some miles to go
Between this and eleven o'clock."

"Well, supposing you have," I replied, "you should let
Them have rest now and then by the way."
"So I will, if you believe I can get
There in time for the market to-day.

"Now as you seem to know such a lot about sheep,
Perhaps you'll tell us how many I've got?"
"No, a casual glance as they stand in a heap,
Won't permit of it, so I cannot."

"Well, supposing as how I'd as many again,
Half as many, and seven, as true
As you're there, it would pay me to ride up by train;
Because I should have thirty-two."

7. THE NINE DIGITS.

Place the nine digits (that is, the several figures or numbers under ten) in three rows, in such a way that, adding them together either up or down, across, or from corner to corner, they shall always make fifteen.

8. THE LANDLORD TRICKED.

Twenty-one persons sat down to dinner at an inn, with the landlord at the head of the table. When dinner was finished, it was resolved that one of the number should pay the whole score; to be decided as follows. A person should commence counting the company, and every seventh man was to rise from his seat, until all were counted out but one, who was to be the individual who should pay the whole bill. One of

the waiters was fixed upon to count the company out, who, owing his master a grudge, resolved to make him the person who should have to pay. How must he proceed to accomplish this?

9. THE FIVE ARAB MAXIMS.

Explain the five Arab maxims following:

Never	All	For he who	Every thing	Often	More than
Tell	You may know	Tells	He knows	Tells	He knows
Attempt	You can do	Attempts	He can do	Attempts	He can do
Believe	You may hear	Believes	He hears	Believes	He hears
Lay out	You can afford.	Lays out	He can afford	Lays out	He can afford
Decide upon	You may see.	Decides upon	He sees	Decides upon	He seee

10. A DOZEN QUIBBLES.

(1). How must I draw a circle round a person placed in the centre of a room, so that he will not be able to jump out of it, though his legs should be free?

(2). I can stretch my arms apart, having a coin in each hand, and yet, without bringing my hands together, I can cause both coins to come into the same hand. How is this to be done?

(3). Place a candle in such a manner, that every person shall see it except one, although he shall not be blindfolded, or prevented from examining every part of the room, neither shall the candle be hidden.

(4). A person may, without stirring from the room, seat himself in a place where it will be impossible for another person to do so. Explain this?

(5). A person tells another that he can put something into his right hand, which the other cannot put into his left.

(6). How can I get the wine out of a bottle if I have no corkscrew, and must not break the glass, or make any hole in it or in the cork?

(7). If five times 4 are thirty-three, what will the fourth of twenty be?

(8). What two numbers multiplied together will produce seven?

(9). If you cut thirty yards of cloth into one yard pieces, and cut one yard every day, how long will it take?

(10). Divide the number 50 into two such parts that, if the greater part be divided by 7, and the less multiplied by 3, the sum of the quotient and the product will make 50.

(11). What is the difference between twice twenty-five and twice five and twenty?

(12). Place four fives so as to make six and a half.

11. THE TREE PUZZLE.

Arrange fifteen trees in sixteen rows, with three in each row; also two rows of four trees, and one row of seven trees.

12. THE DISHONEST SERVANTS.

Three gentlemen, with their servants, had to cross over a river in a boat in which two passengers only could be transported at one time. The servants were known to have planned to murder and rob one or more of the masters if two servants were left with one master or three servants with two masters. The question to be decided was how these six persons were to cross so that the boat could be returned, and yet so that the servants on either side of the river should not outnumber the masters.

13. ADDITION BY SUBTRACTION.

To take one from nineteen, so that the remainder shall be twenty.

14. THE FAMOUS FORTY-FIVE.

The number 45 can be divided into four such parts that if to the first 2 is added, from the second 2 is subtracted, the third is multiplied by 2, and the fourth divided by 2:—the total of the addition, the remainder of the subtraction, the product of the multiplication, and the quotient of the division will be the same.

15. NOTHING LOST BY SUBTRACTION.

Forty-five may be subtracted from 45 in such a manner as to leave 45 for a remainder. How can this be done?

16. READING ANOTHER PERSON'S MIND.

You are required to find the number another person is thinking of without his telling you what it is. How will you do it?

17. MAGICAL ADDITION.

Arrange the figures 1 to 9, so that by adding them together they will make 100. How can this be done?

18. THE CLEVER LAWYER.

The following good story has puzzled many: A country attorney was once left executor to a will in which the testator bequeathed his stable of horses to be divided among three persons, in the proportions of half of the horses to A, a third of the horses to B, and a ninth of the horses to C. When the will was made 18 horses were in the stable, but subsequently, and before the death of the testator, one died, leaving but 17. The division according to the will now seemed impossible; but to prevent disputes among the legatees, the lawyer gave a horse out of his own stable, then divided the horses according to the will, and yet received his own back, and all were satisfied. How was it done?

19. NEW WAY OF MULTIPLYING BY 9.

How can you shorten the old way of multiplying any number by the figure 9?

20. THE VEST PUZZLE.

How can you take a man's vest off without removing his coat?

ALPHABETICAL PUZZLES.

The Alphabetical Puzzle, though simple in its construction, affords an opportunity for the riddler, not only to display his ingenuity, but also to quicken his perception of sound. The puzzle consists in the choice of a word, the sound of which when uttered, shall be comprised in the naming of one or more letters of the alphabet. The word chosen should then be briefly described or defined, the number of letters forming the word stated, together with the number of letters that, when uttered, give a sound similar to the sound of the chosen word, thus:

A word denoting a volume of water, spelt with three letters, but that can be expressed with one. *Answer:* Sea, C.

This simple example will make the above description perfectly clear; and we now give some other examples in order to set forth the variety that may be introduced into this kind of amusement.

Words containing three letters which can be expressed in one:

21. An insect.
22. A river.
23. A bird.
24. A garden vegetable.
25. A Chinese beverage.
26. A tree.

Words containing four letters which can be expressed in two:

27. An adjective.
28. A prophet.
29. Repose and comfort.

Words containing five letters which can be expressed in two:

30. An exertion of mind or body.
31. Decrepitude.

32. An English county.
33. To surpass.
34. A lady's Christian name.
35. A lady's Christian name.
36. Plural of a species of leguminous plant.
37. To lay forcible hands on.
38. Requires replenishing.

Words containing five and six letters which can be expressed in three:

39. A tax.
40. A flower.
41. A plaintive poem.

Words containing six and seven letters which can be expressed in two:

42. A superfluity.
43. A species of pepper.

Words containing six and seven letters which can be expressed in three:

44. A likeness.
45. A state of being.
46. To pardon.
47. Dissolution.

GUESSING STORIES.

This is a word puzzle entertainment, into which the riddler may, if by a judicious display of imagery, description and humor, he only properly sets about his work, introduce much genuine amusement and fun.

The puzzle is best explained by an illustration which is given below, and which can be taken as a model on which other "Guessing Stories" may be constructed.

48. I am the child of the night, and the child of the day. Some dread me, some hate me, some find me a good companion. I have walked for many a mile, but no one ever heard my footfalls. Sometimes my master sends me on before him, but as he travels as quickly as I do, he sends me back sometimes, and I have to follow in the rear. I have hands and feet, head, shoulders, and body. It is impossible to estimate my exact height. Nobody has ever looked into my eyes; nobody has ever incurred my anger. I sometimes in my haste run over people, and am sometimes trampled under foot by them. When my master writes, I always hold a pen by his side; and when he shaves, I generally take a razor too. I have travelled a good deal, and am very old. When Adam walked in Eden, I, too, was there, and when any new member of Congress goes to Washington, I nearly always accompany him. Robinson Crusoe was disturbed by my approach when I visited him on the Island of Juan Fernandez; and on one occasion I was the means of defeating an army. Although I have no eyes, I could not live without light. I am of very active habits, although I have not the will or the ability to move. Tell me my name.

49. What words are described in the following lines?

There's a word you'll agree, commencing with B
That expresses a cool pleasant shade;
But remove letter B and substitute C,
Apprehensively shrinking 'tis made;
Take away letter C, replace it by D,
It will name what's bestowed on a bride;
Thus far very well, now substitute L,
We are going down now you will say;
Letter L shall be gone, and M be put on,
There's a man cutting grass to make hay;
But when M shall have fled put P there instead,
It will name what is mentioned of steam;
Pray just now P erase, put R in its place,
There's a man gliding down with the stream;
But now take R away, put S there, we say.
That a farmer at work then it names.

50. What words are described in the following lines?

What is pretty and useful, in various ways,
Though it tempts some poor mortals to shorten their days;
Take one letter from it, and then will appear
What youngsters admire every day in the year;
Take two letters from, and then, without doubt,
You are what that is, if you don't find it out.

51. The most celebrated enigma ever written is the following, which is attributed to Lord Byron. What is the answer?

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas mutter'd in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd.
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
'Tis seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder;
'Twas allotted to man from his earliest breath,
It assists at his birth, and attends at his death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
In the heap of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every birth it must bound,
It prays with the hermit; with monarchs is crowned;
Without it the soldier and seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch that expels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience 'tis sure to be heard,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned;
'Twill soften the heart, though deaf to the ear,
'Twill make it acutely and constantly hear;
But in short, let it rest—like a beautiful flower,
Oh, breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

52. Find the answer to the following, which is from the pen of Lord Byron:

I am not in youth, nor in manhood, nor age,
But in infancy ever am known;
I'm a stranger alike to the fool and the sage;
And though I'm distinguished in history's page,
I always am greatest alone.
I am not in earth, nor the sun, nor the moon;
You may search all the sky—I'm not there.
In the morning and evening—though not in the noon—
You may plainly perceive me; for, like a balloon,
I am midway suspended in air.
Though disease may possess me, and sickness and pain,
I'm never in sorrow nor gloom.
Though in wit and in wisdom I equally reign,
I'm the heart of all sin, and have long lived in vain,
Yet I ne'er shall be found in the tomb.

53. To the pen of Germany's celebrated poet, Schiller, we are indebted for the following expressive Enigma:

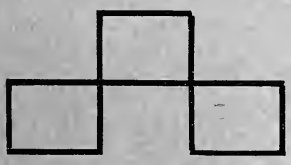
A bridge weaves its arch with pearls
High over the tranquil sea.
In a moment it unfurls,
Its span unbounded, free.
The tallest ship with swelling sail
May pass 'neath its arch with ease;
It carries no burden, 'tis too frail,
And when you approach, it flees.
With the flood it comes, with the rain it goes,
And what it is made of nobody knows.

ANSWERS TO CURIOUS PUZZLES.

[The Puzzles, Riddles, Enigmas, etc., the Answers to which follow, are found in the Part preceding this.]

1. ANSWER TO THE MAGIC SQUARE.

This seeming impossibility is rendered easy by removing the two upper corners on each side and the centre line below, when the three squares will appear thus:—



This ingenious device is the best problem for parlor magicians we are acquainted with.

2. KEY TO THE TRAVELER'S MAZE.

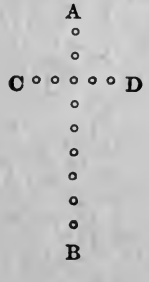
On entering the Maze, pass to the left, leaving the road to the right (which is a feint). In following up the course, after some windings, we fall into a cross road, a little below on the left of the Castle. Turning to the right we come to a fork, close to the entrance of the Castle. Take the *lower* road, *leading to the left*, which passes close over the flagstaff of the Castle. We then fall into a branch road up and down, close under a bridge; take the road down, and this will lead you to a point, or meeting of

four roads. Take the road leading to the right of the Castle, and by following it up, we pass close to the right corner of the Castle. A little further on the road again separates into two, under a bridge; come down, and avoiding the road leading to the left of the Castle, we come to a fork a little to the left of the entrance. By taking the lower road, and avoiding the road to the right, the Castle will at once be reached.

3. ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM OF THE BLIND ABBOT AND THE MONKS.

It is almost needless to explain in what manner the illusion of the good abbot arose. It is because the numbers in the angular cells of the square were counted twice; these cells being common to two rows, the more therefore the angular cells are filled, by emptying those in the middle of each band, these double enumerations become greater; on which account the number, though diminished, appears always to be the same; and the contrary is the case in proportion as the middle cells are filled by emptying the angular ones, which renders it necessary to add some units to have nine in each band.

4. ANSWER TO THE DISHONET JEWELER.

The jeweler arranged the diamonds thus:

5. ANSWER TO PUZZLE OF THE THREE GENTLEMEN AND THEIR SERVANTS.

First, two servants must pass over; then one of them must bring back the boat, and repass with the third servant; then one of the three servants must bring back the boat, and stay with his master whilst the other two gentlemen pass over to their servants; then one of these gentlemen with his servant must bring back the boat, and, the servant remaining, his master must take over the remaining gentlemen. Lastly, the servant who is found with the three gentlemen must return with the boat, and at twice take over the other two servants.

6. ANSWER TO THE DROVER'S PROBLEM.

Ten in the flock; ten, as many again; five, half as many; seven besides; total, thirty-two.

7. ANSWER TO THE NINE DIGITS.

15	6	7	2	
15	1	5	9	
15	8	3	4	
15	15	15	15	

8. ANSWER TO THE LANDLORD TRICKED.

Commence with the sixth from the landlord.

9. ANSWER TO THE ARAB'S MAXIMS.

Read the first and second alternately. "Never tell all you may know, for he who tells everything he knows, often tells more than he knows." Then the first and third, first and fourth, first and fifth.

10. ANSWER TO A DOZEN QUIBBLES.

(1.) Draw it round his body.

(2.) Place the coin on the table, then, turning round, take it up with the other hand.

(3.) Place the candle on his head, taking care that no mirror is in the room.

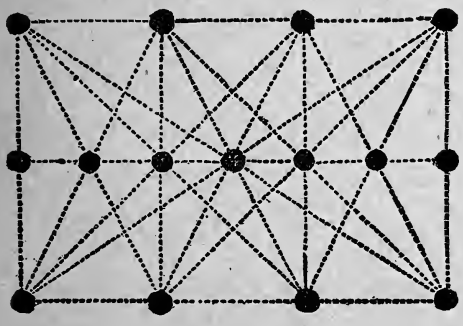
(4.) The first person seats himself in the other's lap.

(5). The last persons left elbow.

(6.) Push the cork into the bottle.
(7.) 8¼.
(8.) 7 and 1.
(9.) Twenty-nine days.
(10.) 35 and 15.
(11). Twice twenty-five is fifty; twice five, and twenty, is thirty.
(12.) $5\frac{5}{5}$.5.

11. ANSWER TO THE TREE PUZZLE.

Arrange the trees in the following manner.



12. ANSWER TO THE DISHONEST SERVANTS.

The following is one of the several ways in which the difficulty might have been overcome: Two servants go over first, one returns; two servants go over again, one again returning with the boat; two of the masters next go over, and a master and one of the previously taken servants returns; then two of the masters again go over, and the servant already crossed takes the boat back, leaving the three masters safely crossed; the servants are left to come over in any manner they choose.

13. ANSWER TO ADDITION BY SUBTRACTION.

See how it is done: XIX (nineteen), by taking away the one that stands between the two tens (XX.) twenty will remain.

A similar catch is to write down nine figures, the sum of which is 45, from that number to take away 50, and to let the remainder be fifteen. The numerals should be added together thus: 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 + 9 = 45, or XLV, from which take away L. (50), and there will be left XV. (15).

14. ANSWER TO THE FAMOUS FORTY-FIVE.

The first part is	8, to which add 2, and the total will be	10
The second is	12, from which subtract 2, and the total will be	10
The third is	5, which multiply by 2, and the result will be	10
The fourth is	20, which divide by 2, and the result will be	10
	45	

15. ANSWER TO NOTHING LOST BY SUBTRACTION.

Arrange the following figures, add the rows together, and each row will be 45, subtract the bottom row from the top row, and the sum of the result added together will also be 45.

9+8+7+6+5+4+3+2+1=45
1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8+9=45

8+6+4+1+9+7+5+3+2=45

16. ANSWER TO READING ANOTHER PERSON'S MIND.

Ask a person to think of a number; then tell him to subtract 1 from that number; now tell him to multiply the remainder by 2; then request him again to subtract 1, and add to the remainder the number he first thought of, and to inform you of the total. When he has done this, you must mentally add 3 to that total, and then divide it by 3, and the quotient will be the number first thought of. This is

an excellent arithmetical pastime, examples of which we give below :

10	15	18	23
1	1	1	1
9	14	17	22
2	2	2	2
18	28	34	44
1	1	1	1
17	27	33	43
10	15	18	23
27	42	51	66
3	3	3	3
3)30	3)45	3)54	3)69
10	15	18	23

17. ANSWER TO MAGICAL ADDITION.

The following is a peculiar arrangement of the figures 1 to 9, so that by adding them together they make 100 :

15
36
47
98
2
100

18. ANSWER TO THE CLEVER LAWYER.

It was done in the following manner:—

A received the half of 18, namely		9 horses.
B " third "		6 "
C " ninth "		2 "
		17
The lawyer's horse returned		1
		18

19. ANSWER TO NEW WAY OF MULTIPLYING BY 9.

Suppose it be required to multiply the following figures by 9, the result may be obtained in the following as well as in the ordinary way. In the first example the ordinary method has been pursued; the new way consists in adding a 0 on the right-hand side of the figures, and subtracting the number to be multiplied.

467543	4675430
9	467543
4207887	4207887

20. ANSWER TO THE VEST PUZZLE.

This puzzle is almost good enough to be included among conjuring tricks, but as there is neither magic nor sleight of hand involved, there is no alternative but to place it here. The puzzle seems ridiculous and unreasonable, as in performing it neither the coat nor vest may be torn, cut, or damaged, nor may either arm be removed from the sleeve of the coat. The puzzle cannot always be performed, as it depends upon the size of the coat-sleeves allowed by the fashions of the day, though as a rule a coat with suitable sleeves will be found in most households.

The person whose waistcoat has to be removed should be the wearer of a coat the sleeves of which are sufficiently large at the wrist to admit of the hand of the operator being passed up and through them. Any person undertaking to perform the puzzle in a drawing-room should first request some one of the company to remove his evening coat, and to replace it by a light spring overcoat; this being done, it will be easy to carry out the following instructions: The waistcoat should first be unbuttoned in the front, and then the buckle at the back must be unloosed.

The operator standing in front of the person operated upon, should then place his hands underneath the coat at the back, taking hold of the bottom of the waistcoat, at the same time requesting the wearer to

extend his arms at full length over his head. Now raise the bottom part of the waistcoat over the head of the wearer (if the waistcoat be tight it will be necessary to force it a little, but this must not be minded so long as the waistcoat is not torn); the waistcoat then will have been brought to the front of the wearer, across his chest.

Take the *right* side bottom-end of the waistcoat, and put it into the arm-hole of the coat at the shoulder, at the same time putting the hand up the sleeve, seizing the end, and drawing it down the sleeve; this action will release one arm-hole of the garment to be removed. The next thing to be done is to pull the waistcoat back again out of the sleeve of the coat, and put the *same end* of the waistcoat into the *left* arm-hole of the coat, again putting the hand up the sleeve of the coat as before, and seizing the end of the garment. It may then be drawn quite through the sleeve, and the puzzle is accomplished.

ANSWERS TO ALPHABETICAL PUZZLES.

21.	Answer:	Bee	B.
22.	"	Dee	D.
23.	"	Bird	J.
24.	"	Pea	P.
25.	"	Tea	T.
26.	"	Yew	U.
27.	"	Wise	Y Y.
28.	"	Seer	C R.
29.	"	Ease	E E.
30.	"	Essay	S A.
31.	"	Decay	D K.
32.	"	Essex	S X.
33.	"	Excel	X L.
34.	"	Ellen	L N.
35.	"	Katie	K T.
36.	"	Peas	P P.
37.	"	Seize	C C.
38.	"	Empty	M. T.
39.	"	Excise	X I I.
40.	"	Peony	P N E.
41.	"	Elegy	L E G.
42.	"	Excess	X S.
43.	"	Cayenne	K N.
44.	"	Effigy	F E G.
45.	"	Entity	N T T.
46.	"	Excuse	X Q Q.
47.	"	Decease	D C C.

48. ANSWER TO GUESSING STORY.

A Man's Shadow.

49. ANSWER TO WORDS DESCRIBED.

Bower; Cower; Dower; Lower; Mower; Power; Rower; Sower.

50. ANSWER TO WORDS DESCRIBED.

Glass; Lass; Ass.

51. ANSWER TO CELEBRATED ENIGMA.

The letter H.

52. ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

The letter I.

53. ANSWER TO SCHILLER'S ENIGMA.

The Rainbow.

DRAMATIC PROVERBS.

PROVERB I.

"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY, THEN THE MICE WILL PLAY."

CHARACTERS.

PATRICK O'HOLOHOOLAN, *a Coachman.*
BRIDGET FOLEY, *a Cook.*
MEHITABLE COFFIN, *a Chambermaid.*
BOB, *a Page, in buttons.*
MR. GARNETT, *a wealthy housekeeper, master of the above servants.*
MRS. GARNETT.
MIKE HENNESSY, SANDY M'CULLODEN, MRS. RAFFERTY, MISS DOLLOP *and other servants belonging to neighboring families.*
A POLICEMAN. A THIEF.

SCENE—*A drawing-room in* MR. GARNETT'S *house.*

PATRICK, BRIDGET, *and* BOB.

PAT. Shure, thin, Miss Foley, an' it's a good time we'll be afther havin' wid our parthy. Things is comed round convaynient intirely.

BRIDGET. Yis, honey. It's mesilf was thinkin' that same, jist. Troth, an' I was mighty afeard that the master and missus would niver be afther a-goin' in the counthry. Shure it's the only vacation pore servants has, when the fam'lies is out of town.

PAT. Bob, have yez given out all the invites?

BOB. Yes. They're all coming, 'cept the two Flanagans.

PAT. Bad luck to them. It's common folk they are, thin, and onfit for the company of daycint people. I'm glad they're not comin'

BRIDGET. An' it's the blessed thruth ye're tellin.' Them Flanagans hain't got no manners, and in consekence, no eddication. Go see what time it is, Bob.

BOB. Don't you wish I would!

PAT. What d'ye mane, ye spalpeen, talkin' to yer betthers afther that fashion? Where's yer manners, ye little roosh-light!

BOB. I don't care. I ain't the servants' servant. Master's away now, and I'm jest as good as anybody. I only went round with the invitations 'cause you promised me some of the ice-cream.

BRIDGET. Did I iver see sich an upstart! Go at onst, sir, an' see what time it is!

BOB. (*mockingly, making a face at her.*) Ya-a-a.

[*Runs off, with* PATRICK *after him.*

PAT. (*coming back.*) Shure, the imperence of these underlings is awful, Miss Foley! (*Bell rings.*) There's the bell—some of the company must be afther arrivin'.

BRIDGET. Yis, machree; jist step an' let 'em in. That gossoon will niver answer the bell.

PAT. Well, Miss Foley, I don't think it's quite the coachman's place to be runnin' to the doore.

BRIDGET. No more it isn't the cook's.

PAT. But shure, ma'am, it's more of a woman's bisness than a man's.

BRIDGET. Misther O'Holohoolan, I'm dressed for the parthy, sir, an' I decline

agoin' to the doore, if it isn't opened to-night.

[*Bell rings.*

PAT. Och, smithereens! Here, Bob.

[*Calling.*

Enter BOB.

BOB. What d'ye want?

BRIDGET *and* PAT. Don't yez hear the bell, shure?

BOB. Yes, I hear it.

BRIDGET. Well, it's the company.

BOB. Oh, is it!

PAT. Yis, an' they wants to come in.

BOB. Oh, does they?

BRIDGET. Go to the doore, Bob, there's a honey!

PAT. Go to the doore, ye thafe of the world!

BOB. Do you want the door opened, you two?

PAT *and* BRIDGET. Av coorse. [*Bell rings.*

BOB. Well, you'd better open it, then.

[*Runs off.*

PAT. Shure an' I see I'll have to be afther bemanin' my station by openin' the doore mesilf. (*Looking reproachfully at* BRIDGET.) Some folks is too mighty proud intirely. I won't open it agin, though.

BRIDGET. *I'll* niver tend a bell.

PAT. Shure thin, I'll jist lave it ajar, an' when they rings agin, I'll tell 'em to come right in, of thimselves. [*Exit.*

Enter MEHITABLE COFFIN.

MEHITABLE (*pertly*). Ah, Miss Foley, hasn't nobody come yet?

BRIDGET. Yes; Misther O'Holohoolan is gone down to let 'em in. Is the wine iced, Miss Coffee?

MEHITABLE. Miss Coffin, if you please, marm. I don't know anythin' about the wine, marm, I never was brought up to use spirituous things.

BRIDGET. Och, darlint, an' it's a mighty dale of good a little dhrop does, now an' thin.

MEHITABLE. I wouldn't tech a glass for the world, marm. I knowed two very likely young fellers, down to hum, in Kennebec, who commenced with wine, marm, and drinked theirselves into their grave, in ten years, marm.

Enter PATRICK, *with* MIKE HENNESSY *and* MRS. RAFFERTY.

PAT. Mike, this lady is Miss Coffin—one of our family.

MIKE (*bowing awkwardly*). My respects to yez, Miss Muffin.

MEHITABLE. Miss Coffin, if you please, Mr. Mike.

MIKE. Mr. Hennessy, if you plaze, Miss Coffin.

[*During this introduction* MRS. RAFFERTY *shakes hands with* BRIDGET, *and takes off her bonnet and shawl, which she throws on a chair.*]

BRIDGET. Good evenin' to yez, Misther Hennessy—how is the childher?

MIKE. Comf'able, mum, bad luck to 'em (PAT *introduces* MEHITABLE *and* MRS. RAFFERTY, *at back of stage, where they stand talking*), barrin' that little Joe has the fayver, and Cathrun stuck a fork in her fut, yisterday. Och, mum, it's hard work, it is, intirely, to take care of the poor orphlings, an' I think I'll have to be lookin' afther another wife, shure! [*Bell rings.*

BRIDGET. Patrick—Misther O'Holohoolan—there's some one ringin'!

[PAT *goes to window, puts his head out, and shouts.*

PAT. Come right up, shure! The doore's left ajar for yez!

[BRIDGET *and* MIKE *retire to back of stage talking, and* MEHITABLE *and* MRS. RAFFERTY *come forward.*

MEHITABLE. Yes, marm, I'm uncommon fond of parties. The gals and fellers allers

has great times down in Kennebec, to corn shuckin's and parin' bees.

MRS. R. Och, honey, ye should jist be over in the ould counthry, onst, and have a taste o' Donnybrook Fair! Shure, that's the place for coortin', an' dancin', an' singin', and fightin', and gittin' comfortably dhrunk!

Enter SANDY MCCULLODEN *with* MISS DOLLOP.

PAT. Ah, it's you, is it, Misther McCulloden? How are yez?

[*Shaking hands.*

SANDY. Weel, I canna say I'm in sic bad health as I ha' seen. Miss Dollop, Mr. O'Holohoolan. Miss Dollop is the chambermaid at our house.

MISS DOLLOP (*looking savagely at him*). I attend to the dormitories, and I hope I'm not ashamed to say so.

PAT. Troth, it's all one. Sandy's fren's is my fren's, an' I'm glad to see 'em.

SANDY. Hoot, girl! ye need na fly aff the handle sae! It's na disgrace to ken how to mak' a bed or hantle a broom! Gang yonder to Miss Foley, an' let her tak' off yer duds.

[MISS DOLLOP *goes to* BRIDGET, *and takes off things.* MEHITABLE *and* MRS. RAFFERTY *join them, and they talk apart.* SANDY *sits down on* MRS. R's *bonnet without seeing it, and taking out a pipe, fills it.* PAT *and* MIKE *also get pipes, and sit down with* SANDY.

MIKE (*looking suspiciously at* SANDY'S *chair*). Troth, Mr. McCulloden, I think ye're afther a-sittin' on something.

SANDY (*getting up and holding smashed bonnet out at arm's length*). Ay, fecks! I think I ha' doon some damage!

[*The women come forward*, and MRS. RAFFERTY *sees the bonnet.*

MRS. R. Och! murther! look at me hat—me bran-new hat! Its kilt and spiled entirely; ochone, wirristhroo! an' all along of that great awkward baste of a Scotchman! ochone!

MEHITABLE. Law sakes! you might know *she* wasn't brought up to havin' good clothes! she takes on more about a bunnet than I would about a silk gownd!

SANDY. Tush, woman, dinna mak' sic a hue-and-cry. I'm sair fashed aboot it!

[MRS. R. *snatches the bonnet, and threatens* SANDY *with her fist; all crowd about, and all speaking at once, a terrible confusion ensues.*

PAT (*speaking at the top of his voice.*) Be quiet, will yez! (*Jumps up on chair, and shouts to the party.*) Och, be quiet, I say, an' we'll hush the matther up, over a bottle o' wine or sperits! We'll have something to drink! I say! D'yez hear! (*They suddenly become silent.*) There, thin, I knowed I could settle the difficulty, aisy enough. Come out o' the way, Sandy, for a minnit, an' help me bring in the refrishments. [*Exit, with* SANDY.

MISS DOLLOP. I guess no man wouldn't sit on my hat more than once!

MEHITABLE. Nor on mine; but I wouldn't get so cantankerous, and raise Cain so, about no cheap bonnet like that ere!

MRS. R. Bad luck to ye, do ye call that a chape bonnet, when it cost me five shillin's sterlin' in ould Ireland, and I haven't worn it but two year come next Michaelmas will be a month!

BRIDGET *and* MIKE. Now, thin, don't be afther worryin' anny more.

Enter PAT *and* SANDY *with trays, bottles, etc., which they place on table.*

PAT. Now, fall to, good luck to yez all! Mrs. Rafferty, will ye thry a little bog-

poteen? Miss Foley, plaze do the hanners of the table.

BRIDGET. Thank ye, sir, I'm not a waiter.

PAT. Och, wirra! and it's mighty unobleegin' yez are, to be shure. (*Takes glass, and tries to fill it from bottle, but finds it empty.* Shure, somebody's bin at the refrishments! (*Lifts cover from dish, and finds it empty also.*) Och, an' the ice-crame's all gone, too! [*Runs out.*

MRS. R. This is a mighty pretty parthy, now, isn't it Mike Hennessy, where a body's things is spiled an' ruined intirely, an' there's nothin' to ate or dhrink, barrin' empty bottles an' dishes?

BRIDGET. Good enough for the likes of you, Misthress Rafferty!

[*Another confusion begins to arise, when* PAT *appears, dragging* BOB *by the collar.* BOB *has his mouth full, a very red face, and drops apples, cakes, etc., all over the stage.*

PAT. Ochone! Haven't I caught ye, now, ye murtherin' little thafe o' the world—ate up all the ice-crame, an' poun' cake, an' dhrink all the sherry—will ye?

BOB (*trying to talk with his mouth full*) Blob-blob, glob, glog, blog-lob.

MIKE. Shure, now—

SANDY. Hoot, mon!

MRS. R. Well, now—

MEHITABLE, Law sakes! du tell.

BRIDGET. Och! the gossoon!

MISS DOLLOP, Deary me!

[*They all run to table, and examine dishes.* BOB *slips away and runs out. All talk at once, louder and louder, till nothing can be heard but a perfect uproar.*

Enter BOB, *with his face pale, and his hair on end, looking much terrified.*

BOB. Thieves! thieves! help! murder!

[MISS DOLLOP *throws herself into* SANDY'S *arms, and pretends to faint.* MRS. RAFFERTY *throws herself upon* MIKE, *and nearly upsets him. The rest stand back alarmed.*

PAT. Thaves? Where?

BOB. Somebody's carried off the spoons. from the dining-room, and a whole lot of things!

ALL. Oh! oh!

BRIDGET. It was all along of your lavin' the front door open, Pat. Shure, it's just like yez!

[*While all stand aghast, the door opens, and* MR. *and* MRS. GARNETT *enter.*

MRS. G. Whew! faugh! tobacco smoke!

MR. G. What's all this? By Jove, here are pretty goings on! Patrick!

PAT (*looking very sheepish*). Yes, sir.

MR. G. Bridget.

BRIDGET. Yes, sir.

MR. G. Who are all these people, carousing and smoking here in my drawing-room?

PAT. Shure, sir, an' they're only a few fren's as dhropped in to—

MR. G. *Dhropped* in, did they? Well? they can *dhrop* out again now, the sooner the better. Do you hear, you people, Go—leave—vanish!

[*All draw back towards the door.*]

MRS. G. Oh! my poor carpet is ruined.

MRS. RAFFERTY. Och, mum, an' so is me poor hat!

Enter POLICEMAN, *holding* THIEF *by the arm.*

POLICEMAN. Mr. Garnett!

MR. G. Hallo! who have you got there, Brown?

POLICEMAN. A well-known hall thief, sir, and he had a lot of spoons marked with your name. I caught him just around the corner here, sir, and thought I'd see who he had been robbing.

[*Gives spoons to* MRS. GARNETT.

Mr. G. You are a good officer, Brown; here, take this (*giving him money*), and help me to clear these wretches out of the house.

ALL. Oh! oh!

MR. G. Go, every one of you! Patrick, you and Bridget may pack up your things as soon as you can, for I can tell you that you shall not stay another day in my service. Now, Brown, clear the room!

The POLICEMAN *draws his club, the party make a rush for the door, and tumble out in confusion.*

POLICEMAN. They're a nice set, sir. It's a mercy they hadn't burned the house down before now.

MRS. GARNETT. Just to think of such a company drinking and smoking in my parlor!

MR. GARNETT. My dear it is always the way. These people are never to be trusted, only when one's eyes are upon them. I will leave it to any of our matronly friends here (*turning to audience*), if their servants do not "worry the lives out of them."

When we're at home, they're steady as you please—
But when we go away, they take their ease;
My coachman's faithless—

MRS. GARNETT. So are cook and maid. I'm out of patience!

MR. GARNETT. And our proverb's played.

CURTAIN.

PROVERB II.

"IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS."

CHARACTERS.

JACK THOMPSON, *his friend.*
PAUL SMITHERS.
MR. SIMPSON, M.C.
MRS. BOBBIDGE.
POSTMAN, WAITER, *etc.*

SCENE—*An attic bed-room. A table R C., upon which are a quantity of MS., an inkstand, letters, etc.*

Enter PAUL SMITHERS, *shabbily attired, examining a large rent in the side of his coat.*

PAUL. Just my luck! must go and tear my coat coming up those confounded stairs. —I never saw such a tear.—I haven't any needle and thread, neither have I any money to get it mended. I am an unlucky fellow! Hallo! here are one or two letters that have been left during my absence in search of money. I wonder what my creditors have to say to-day. (*Takes up letter and opens it.*) Ah, the old story—wants his money. I'll be bound he don't want it any more than I want to pay him. Its no use reading any more, they're all alike, I know,—yet I may as well look over the signatures, and see who they are from. (*Opens three letters.*) Let me see, Packer, that's my tailor,—you can go there (*throws it into waste-paper basket that is at side of table*). Benson—eh, he's my bootmaker, you can go there (*throws it into waste basket*). Now for the last,—who's this? Smith,—Smith, I don't know anybody of the name of Smith. I'll read the letter.

"Sir:—Some time ago you recommended a friend of yours to me as a boarder; no doubt you will recollect it; telling me at the time that you would be responsible for his board. Now, sir, he has gone away in my debt, amounting in all to fifteen dollars. Will you please forward it to me, or shall I call upon you?

"Yours obediently,
"JOHN SMITH.

"P.S.—Your friend's name was Jackson."

Did you ever see anything like it? I have not spoken to Jackson for fifteen months, and now Smith comes down upon me for fifteen dollars:—charged a dollar a month for not seeing a fellow! (*A knock heard at the door.*) Come in.

Enter JACK THOMPSON.

JACK. Hallo! Paul, how goes it?

PAUL. Shocking.

JACK. Sorry to hear it. Things are pretty bad with me just now. I say, old fellow, can you lend me five dollars?

PAUL. Do what?

JACK. Lend me five dollars. I've got into a deuce of a scrape,—must get it somewhere.

PAUL. I'm surprised at you.

JACK. Where should I go to borrow money, if not to you?

PAUL. You misunderstand me, old boy, I'd lend it you, if I had it; but I haven't a penny in the world.

JACK. It's always the way, whenever I want to borrow money, I never can get it.

PAUL. It's the same with me. I've been half over town to-day. And couldn't raise a red. I am nearly worried to death. I haven't been so hard up for months.

JACK. You don't say so?

PAUL. But I do say so; and I'm being dunned for money hourly.

JACK. You must expect that; you know misfortunes never come singly.

PAUL. Yes, indeed; misfortune must be married and have a numerous family, if I can judge by the number of times she and hers have visited me, for I am sure she would be tired out with the number of calls she makes at my abode.

JACK. Can't we raise the wind somewhere?

PAUL. I've got nothing.

JACK. No more have I—only some collars, and they won't lend anything on half worn-out collars.

PAUL. I say, Jack.

JACK. What?

PAUL. Ain't it a pity that we haven't a rich old uncle, somewhere or other, who would turn up just now—like they do in plays—give us a lot of money, say "Bless you, be happy!" and make us marry his rich ward?

JACK. Ah, don't I wish I had such an uncle! But I must be off. I've got to raise that money before two. Good bye.

PAUL. Good bye—good luck to you!

JACK. Hope so. Keep up your pluck; I'll call again shortly. [*Exit* JACK.

PAUL. No news yet from that article I sent on to the *Pacific Monthly* the other day; anybody else would have had the money by this time, and have spent it. Well, this won't do; I must go to work, anyway. (*Goes to table, and begins to arrange papers.*) It's fortunate that I have some ink and paper left; if I hadn't those, I should be in a plight. (*Knocks inkstand over.*) Goodness gracious! how careless! There, it's going all over my papers. No, it's no good—I can't get any of it up. That's nice paper to write on (*shows paper covered with ink*). Now I'm in a nice condition: no ink, no paper, and no money to buy any with. I've half a mind to—(*a knock is heard at the door*)—Come in.

Enter MRS. BOBBIDGE.

MRS. BOBBIDGE. Mr. Smithers, I've come for my rent.

PAUL. I am very sorry, Mrs. Bobbidge, but I can't pay you to-day.

MRS. BOBBIDGE. But I must have my money.

PAUL. I haven't any money, Mrs. Bobbidge.

MRS. BOBBIDGE. If you haven't any money, what made you take my room?

PAUL. When I took your room, I had money; you know I paid you regularly for the first six months.

MRS. BOBBIDGE. You haven't paid me regularly for the last three.

PAUL. I shall have a lot of money soon, then I'll pay you.

MRS. BOBBIDGE. I want my room, Mr. Smithers; and if you don't pay me to-day you must leave.

PAUL. How unreasonable you are, Mrs. Bobbidge. A man must live somewhere, and I may just as well run into your debt as anybody else's.

MRS. BOBBIDGE. It don't make much difference to you, but it does to me; so, if you please, Mr. Smithers, get a room elsewhere.

PAUL. But, Mrs. Bobbidge——

MRS. BOBBIDGE. Don't Mrs. Bobbidge me, if you please, sir. If you don't let me have the room to-night, I'll lock up the door to-morrow, mind that.

[*Exit* MRS. BOBBIDGE.

PAUL. Was there ever such an unfortunate fellow! Where's that penny,—here it is. I'll toss up and see whether I shall kill myself or not. It's no use living; I shall never have any good fortune again. Here goes. Heads—death; tails—live. (*He tosses a penny up in the air, and catches it, at that moment a knock is heard at the door.*) Come in.

Enter a WAITER.

WAITER. Is this Mr. Smithers' room?

PAUL. Yes; are you from the restaurant, across the way?

WAITER. Yes, sir.

PAUL. Where's that dinner I ordered?

WAITER. If you please, sir, master says he can't let you have any more, till you pay up.

PAUL. What!

WAITER. Master says, he can't let you—

PAUL. I know what your master said. Go away, you make me hungry to look at you.

WAITER. Very well, sir. [*Exit* WAITER.

PAUL. Was there ever,—no matter, what do I want with a dinner, when I'm going to kill myself. Let me try again. Heads—death; tails—live. (*He spins penny again, a knock is heard at the door*). Confound that door! Come in.

Enter POSTMAN, *with rather a large letter in his hand.*

POSTMAN. Mr. Paul Smithers.

PAUL. That's me.

POSTMAN. Two cents to pay.

PAUL (*offering to take the letter*). I'll owe it you.

POSTMAN. No, you don't. You owe me twenty-four cents already.

PAUL (*giving him penny*). There's a penny on account, now let me have it.

POSTMAN. No, I shan't, till you give me the other penny.

PAUL (*aside*). It's a large package, I shouldn't be at all surprised if it contained a remittance from the *Pacific Monthly*. (*Aloud.*) Postman, I must have that letter.

POSTMAN. But you shan't till you pay me the other penny.

PAUL (*turning up the sleeves of his coat*). Postman, give me that letter.

POSTMAN. I'll call again to-morrow with it (*going*).

PAUL (*seizing him by the coat-tail*). Stay! I am sure that letter contains money; let me open it, then I'll pay you.

POSTMAN. I won't.

PAUL. You won't! then I'll take it. (PAUL *and the* POSTMAN *struggle. The* POSTMAN *drops letter*, PAUL *picks it up triumphantly*).

POSTMAN. Very well, you, Mr. Smithers,

I'll have you up for robbing the United States Mail. [*Exit* POSTMAN.

PAUL. Confounded rascal! wouldn't leave the letter without the money, but I've done him this time. Now, then, for the contents. (*Begins to open letter.*) I'm sure it contains money. It must be from the *Pacific Monthly*. Hullo! whatt's his,—my letters to Julia,—what can be the meaning of this;—here's a letter, perhaps that will explain it.

[*The letter contained a package of letters, which he holds in his hand; he opens one.*

"SIR: Herewith you will receive the letters that you have, from time to time, addressed to my daughter Julia. You will oblige all of us by not sending any more, till you hear from us again. I remain, yours obediently, JOHN JONES." That's a nice letter to receive, instead of money! So Julia is lost to me for ever. Oh! fickle, cruel-hearted Julia! No matter. Where's that cent? Heads—death; tails live. Dear me, where can it have got to? I remember now, that wretched postman has taken it, and I have not even the mournful satisfaction left me, of tossing up a copper for life or death. (*A knock is heard at the door.*) Come in.

Enter SIMPSON.

SIMPSON. Is your name Smithers—Mr. Paul Smithers?

PAUL. It's no good your coming here; I have no money.

SIMPSON (*smiling*). But——

PAUL. I tell you it's no good.

SIMPSON. My dear sir.

PAUL. I can't pay you; I haven't any money.

SIMPSON. I do not want—

PAUL. You are the most indefatigable man I ever saw in my life. It's no use dunning me; I'll pay you when I have the money.

SIMPSON. Will you listen to me?

PAUL. Yes, I'll listen to you, but you're wasting your time; I haven't any money.

SIMPSON. I don't want any money.

PAUL. Why didn't you say so before? I am extremely glad to see you.

[*Shaking him by the hand.*

SIMPSON. I have come on a more pleasant errand, I assure you.

PAUL. Indeed! well, anything for a change.

SIMPSON. I have come from my friend, Mr. Elliott, whom you know, I believe.

PAUL. Then you want that money he loaned me.

SIMPSON. On the contrary, I have come to offer you a situation under government.

PAUL. You don't say so?

SIMPSON. Mr. Elliott has such a high appreciation of your talents, that he has obtained for you the position of secretary to the ambassador of Otaheite.

PAUL (*delighted*). My dear sir—

SIMPSON. Will you accept it?

PAUL. With pleasure.

[JACK *pokes his head in at the door.*

JACK. Can I come in?

PAUL. Yes, certainly.

JACK (*entering*). Well, I've been successful. Bateman lent me the money, and he gave me this note for you (*hands note to* PAUL). He has been out of town, and only returned this morning.

PAUL. Excuse me, Mr.—Mr.—

SIMPSON. Simpson. Certainly.

PAUL. (*Opens letter.*) Hurrah! Bateman has sent me the twenty dollars, and apologizes for not sending it before. Bateman's a brick!

JACK. Isn't he?

PAUL. Fortune has changed, Jack. Mr.

Simpson has just offered me a situation under government.

JACK. Bravo! I congratulate you.

SIMPSON. I hope Mr. Smithers will find it pecuniarily to his advantage.

[*A knock is heard at the door.*

PAUL. Come in.

Enter MRS. BOBBIDGE.

MRS. BOBBIDGE. If you please, Mr. Smithers,——

PAUL. I know what you want,—you want your money.

MRS. BOBBIDGE. I should like it, but here's a letter for you. [*Gives letter.*

PAUL. Another letter,—a dun I suppose. (*Opens letter and reads.*) Hurrah! Mrs. Bobbidge, let me hug you. (*Attempts to embrace* MRS. BOBBIDGE, *who repulses him.*) Congratulate me, Jack. Mr. Simpson, you're a trump; no, I beg pardon, you're a,—you're a,—I don't know what you are.

[*Shakes hands with them violently.*

JACK. What's the matter, old boy?

PAUL. The Pacific has accepted my story, and has sent me on a draft for a hundred and fifty dollars. Hurrah!

[*Waves draft and dances frantically about the stage.*]

SIMPSON. You seem to be fortunate, Mr. Smithers.

PAUL. Fortunate! This morning I thought I was one of the most unfortunate men in the world; now I think I am the most fortunate.

JACK. Well, you're in luck old fellow.

PAUL. In luck! I should rather say I was. It reminds me of the old adage. It —— what is it, do you know? I have forgotten it.

JACK. No,—yes,—let me see. It—— oh, I don't know it.

PAUL. Do you know the proverb, Mr. Simpson?

SIMPSON. No, I do not.

PAUL. You know it, Mrs. Bobbidge?

MRS. BOBBIDGE. No, Mr. Smithers, it is such a long while since I went to school, that really I do not remember it.

PAUL. What shall we do? None of us remember it. Oh! I have it, (*to audience.*) We must leave it to these ladies and gentlemen. And if any here remember the proverb, we shall only be too happy for them to tell us it.

PAUL *and* MR. SIMPSON, *centre.* JACK, *right.* MRS. BOBBIDGE, *left.*

CURTAIN.

PROVERB III.

"THERE IS NO ROSE WITHOUT THORNS."

CHARACTERS.

JACK UPSON, *a wealthy young lawyer.*
ROSE THORNE, *a young lady engaged to* JACK.
MR. THORNE, *father to* ROSE.
KATE, ROSE'S *waiting-maid.*

SCENE—*A parlor in* MR. THORNE'S *country house on Staten Island.*

JACK UPSON, ROSE THORNE.

JACK. I say, my dear, it is too bad. The boat is all out of order—leaks dreadfully—torn sail—pump broken—everything topsy-turvy! We can't have our sail this afternoon, that is plain.

ROSE. Oh! never mind it, Jack. You shall stay and read Tennyson to me instead.

JACK. I was afraid you had set your

THE GAME OF GRYLLO

THIS CAPITAL GAME IS PLAYED ON THE PRINCIPLE OF DOUBLE-WICKET CRICKET, BUT THE BATTING, FIELDING AND BOWLING ARE DONE WITH A LAWN TENNIS RACKET INSTEAD OF THE HANDS

HORSELESS VEHICLES

THE AUTOMOBILE HAS GROWN RAPIDLY INTO FAVOR. IT AFFORDS A QUICK AND EASY MODE OF LOCOMOTION AND IS NOT ONLY SUITABLE FOR RECREATION, BUT FOR MANY PRACTICAL USES

heart upon the sail, and would be angry. I might have known better, though, you're always so kind and good-natured.

ROSE. How could you think I would ever be angry with *you?* Now, Jack, go and bring Tennyson, and read aloud to me by this window.

JACK. Umph! My dear!

ROSE. What is it?

JACK. I'm afraid——

ROSE. Of what?

JACK. It is too bad that you should be disappointed again!

ROSE. Disappointed! How, dear Jack?

JACK. Why, I left my volume of Tennyson in the city last night. I took it up to the office to show Paul a passage we were disputing about, and when I returned I was in such a hurry that I forgot all about it.

ROSE (*pettishly*). Dear me. (*Very blandly.*) Well, well, I'm sorry, but it cannot be helped. We will find some other amusement.

JACK. Oh! you are so good-tempered! Shall I sing you a song?

ROSE. Yes, do; and accompany yourself with the guitar. [*Rings bell.*

JACK. I am a little hoarse to-day, but I guess I can sing something.

Enter KATE.

ROSE. Katie, child, go to my room and bring down the guitar.

KATE. Yes 'm. (*Aside*). How mighty soft-spoken she is before her husband that is to be. He said he was "a little hoarse," but I think he's a little donkey if he marries her. [*Exit.*

JACK. What shall I sing, dear?

ROSE. Oh! anything. All your songs are sweet to *me.*

JACK. But which do you like best?

ROSE. Do you know, "I Love but Thee?"

JACK. Well, I didn't *know* it positively, but I'm very glad to hear it.

ROSE. No, no! I mean the song of that name.

JACK. Oh! no. I never heard it; but here is Kate with the instrument.

Enter KATE, *with guitar.*

KATE. Here it is 'm.

ROSE (*with affected sweetness*). Give it to Mr. Upson, Katie, child.

KATE (*aside*). Oh, my! Butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.

[*Gives guitar to* JACK, *and exit.*

JACK (*trying guitar*). Oh! it is terribly out of tune.

[*Begins tuning it, and breaks string.*

ROSE. Oh! How that frightened me!

JACK. Too bad again, I declare! The E string has snapped, just in the middle! The ends are too short, and that is the end of our music!

ROSE (*aside*). How awkward! (*Aloud*). What a pity! Well, I suppose we must find something else to pass away the afternoon.

JACK. Yes. I'll go into the garden for some flowers, and you shall arrange a bouquet. [*Exit.*

ROSE. The stupid fellow! I have no patience with him! Here are three disappointments within an hour, and all his fault. I could almost cry.

Enter MR. THORNE.

THORNE. Well, Rosie, I have a pleasure for you.

ROSE (*pouting*). I don't want any pleasures!

THORNE. You don't. You're a strange girl!

ROSE. I'm not a strange girl!

THORNE. Don't be foolish, Rosie. I have got some tickets for the Academy of Music,

to-night. Don't you want to go with Mr. Upson and myself? We can take the six o'clock boat, and get to the city just——

ROSE. No! I won't go! I hate the opera! I hate Mr. Upson!

THORNE. But, my dear child, you must not be so unreasonable. What has happened?

ROSE. Nothing has happened! I'm not unreasonable! Mr. Upson has insulted me—he won't do anything for me—he won't take me out sailing, and he won't read to me, and he won't sing for me, and I don't care a pin for him. I believe he is ashamed to be seen with me, because my bonnet is so old! There now!

THORNE. Nonsense! He is too sensible a young man for that, and besides, I have just brought your new bonnet from the milliner's. You shall wear it to-night. Here, Kate! [*Calling.*

Enter KATE.

KATE. What, sir? Did you call?

THORNE. Yes. Bring the bandbox from the sitting-room table. [*Exit* KATE. Now then, here are the tickets for the opera—Lucia di Lammermoor is to be performed.

ROSE. I won't go!

THORNE. Then Mr. Upson and I will go alone, and you may stay at home!

ROSE. I won't stay at home! You shan't go away and leave me!

[*Snatches tickets, and tears them to pieces.*

THORNE. Rose! What do you mean? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

Enter KATE *with bandbox in one hand and a bonnet in the other.*

KATE. Oh! it is *such* a beauty, mum—a real love of a bonnet!

ROSE. Give it to me this instant! What right have you to open my bandbox, and handle my new bonnet with your great coarse paws? [*seizes bonnet from* KATE.

THORNE. Daughter! I am really ashamed of you!

ROSE (*looking at bonnet*). There's a pretty thing, now isn't it? Why, I wouldn't be seen in such a miserable, cheap affair! It looks like a coal-scuttle!

THORNE. Cheap! It cost thirty dollars! I guess if you had to earn your own money, you would be very glad to get as good a one! Try it on, and say no more about it.

ROSE. I won't try it on. I won't be seen in it! It isn't half so nice as Miss Jones's bonnet, and she is only a poor school-teacher.

THORNE. I wish to goodness your temper was half as good as Miss Jones'! But I tell you, you shall wear that or your old one. I'm determined to give you a good lesson. Do you hear?

ROSE. I'll never wear it as long as I live! I'll tear it to pieces first!

THORNE. I command you to wear it, you ungrateful girl!

ROSE. And I say I won't!

[*Tears bonnet to pieces and tramples it under foot.*

THORNE. Stop! Here, Rose, you—— (*She runs off sobbing.*) Was there ever such a frightful temper in the world? [*Exit.*

KATE. Goodness gracious me! What a flighty creature? Now how much better it would have been to have given *me* that bonnet! (*Picks up the torn bonnet.*) Just to see—the flowers all torn out of it—was there ever!—the crown all jammed in. Who would think to look at her—hallo!

Enter JACK UPSON, *with bunch of roses.*

JACK. What's that you're saying?

KATE. Nothing, sir, only Miss Rose

seems to be a little out of humor—she is troubled about something.

JACK. Poor soul! she has had enough disappointments to vex a saint. It is a wonder to me how she keeps her temper!

KATE. Yes; but she *can't* keep her temper!

JACK. I don't know how you can say that. To me, she seems the most unwaveringly good-humored girl I ever saw.

KATE. Yes, sir; that's very likely, *to you.*

JACK. What do you mean?

KATE. Hush! here she is—I must go.

[*Exit* KATE.

Enter ROSE.

ROSE. Dear me! I declare I never was so put out in all my life. I could—(*seeing* JACK). Oh! my dear, Jack! what a beautiful bouquet you have got!

JACK. Yes, dear; but what were you saying when you came in?

ROSE. Nothing, I was only speaking to Kate.

JACK. Here, take these roses, and arrange them. Put this white one in your hair. (*She takes the roses and admires them.*) Did you see your father.

I met him in the garden a moment ago, as he came up from the boat.

ROSE. No—yes—that is, yes, I saw him only a moment.

JACK. Did he tell you that we were all going to the Opera to-night?

ROSE (*aside*). What shall I say? What a fool I was to destroy the tickets! (*Aloud.*) Yes, he told me; but I cannot go.

JACK. You cannot? How is that?

ROSE. I—I don't feel well enough. I think I have a headache.

JACK (*half laughing*). You *think* you have? Don't you know?

ROSE. I mean I am afraid I shall have one. (*Aside.*) What does he mean by laughing at me? Never mind! when we're once married, I'll let him laugh, if he feels like it then!

JACK. Well, well; make up your bouquet, and if you feel like it, we will go. Now excuse me a moment—I wish to see your father. [*Exit.*

ROSE (*sitting down and spreading flowers out on her lap*). Let me see—I want some thread to tie up these roses. (*Rings bell.*) If I could only keep my temper until I am Mrs. Upson, I wouldn't care, but these odious people do provoke me so that I don't know what I'm doing. The idea of papa buying me that horrible bonnet, and then expecting me to go the Opera in it! (*Rings bell with great violence.*) Where is that huzzy Kate, I wonder? She never answers the bell!

Enter KATE.

KATE. Did you ring, mum.

ROSE (*mimicking her.*) Did you ring, mum? Of course I rang? Why can't you attend to your duties? What are you hired for, I should like to know?

KATE. Indeed 'm, I came just as quick as ever I heard the bell.

ROSE. I don't want you to talk—I don't want any of your impertinence. If you can't attend to my wants, I must find a girl who can. Go and get me some thread—some white thread.

KATE. Yes'm.

[*Goes towards door.*

ROSE. Here, Kate!

KATE (*stopping*). What'm?

ROSE. Go, this instant; do you hear? (*Exit* KATE, *angrily.*) Seems to me, everybody conspires to abuse and neglect me!

[*She sorts out the flowers,*

Enter MR. THORNE, *with* JACK UPSON.

MR. THORNE. Yes, I dare say—ah, here is Rosie. Now, then, daughter, have you quite recovered?

ROSE (*looking daggers at him, but speaking very softly*). Yes, papa, dear, my headache is quite gone.

Enter KATE.

KATE. Please'm, I—I can't find any thread at all, but here's some string.

[*Shows a quantity of tangled strings of all sizes.* ROSE *stamps her foot and starts up, but recollecting herself, becomes calm, with an apparent effort.*

ROSE. Never mind, Katie, child, I'll go and look for it myself. [*Exit.*

JACK. I'm glad her headache is gone—we shall have a fine time at the Opera.

THORNE. Eh?

JACK. I say we will have a fine time at the Opera, to-night.

THORNE. Oh, ah!—the Opera; yes.

JACK. Certainly—didn't you tell me that you had reserved some seats?

THORNE (*much embarrassed*). Yes—reserved seats, to be sure. (*Aside.*) What shall I say? How can I tell him the tickets are destroyed? Never mind, I'll be honest, and tell him all—even if Rose should lose him for ever.

JACK. What is the matter, sir?

THORNE. Just this: I haven't got any Opera tickets.

JACK. No! how is that?

THORNE. I had, but they were destroyed—torn to pieces!

JACK. Explain yourself. By whom?

THORNE. By my daughter—by Rose!

[KATE *laughs, and* JACK *looks more and more puzzled.*

JACK. I don't understand you, sir!

THORNE. My daughter, sir, has a most ungovernable temper—she is a regular virago. There, now!

KATE. There never was a truer word, sir!

JACK. But—you—you astound me! Have I not seen her undergo a dozen disappointments to-day—a dozen vexations, without a sour look or a cross word?

KATE. But ah, sir, you should have seen her pitch into me when you were away!

THORNE. Hush, Kate! It is too true, my young friend, that she has so far concealed her temper before you, for obvious reasons, but believe me, you will see it, when it is too late to avoid the consequences.

JACK. What, she, who seems so equable, so kind, so forbearing?

KATE. So fiddle-stick!

JACK. So evenly good-natured—in short, such an angel? No; I can't believe it before I see it. I beg your pardon, Mr. Thorne, for the suspicion, but I do not understand your motives for setting me against your daughter—you may have some reason—you—

THORNE. My dear boy, you do me an injustice, believe me! I have told you this for your own good, although the confession has greatly pained me. Rose is a spoiled child, and unworthy of you.

JACK. But, sir, I must not be too hasty. I have found her always the same——

KATE. When you was present!

JACK. And I never expect to find her otherwise.

KATE. It is easily tested. Step behind this window-curtain, and when she comes in, you shall hear her.

THORNE. Yes. That will prove it. I hate to humiliate my own daughter thus, but I do not wish to be responsible for your future misery.

JACK. It is hard to play the spy upon one's own betrothed, but I owe it to her and myself, so here goes.

[*Conceals himself behind curtain.*

KATE. Just in time, for here she comes!

Enter ROSE, *with thread.*

ROSE (*glancing about.*) Where is that Mr. Upson?

THORNE. Humph,—he is—he—is—

KATE. In the garden 'm?

ROSE. Ah! he is always here when I don't want him, and away when I do! I want him to help me wind this thread. (*To* KATE.) Now, then, where were your eyes? You seem to be blind as well as deaf! The thread was in my basket, on the table, right in plain sight, and anybody but an idiot would have seen it! Here, help me wind it—no, you're too clumsy for anything—go about your business!

[*Picks up flowers, and arranges them.*

THORNE. Daughter! that temper of yours is getting you into trouble.

[KATE *laughs.*

ROSE. What do you want to talk to me so much about my temper for? Do you expect me to put up with everything? Now see that good-for-nothing girl laughing! Get out of my sight! Go, or I'll box your ears!

[KATE *laughs still louder.*

THORNE (*ironically*). Go on—go on! Don't mind her, Kate. You are making a very pretty exhibition of yourself, Miss Rose.

ROSE (*extravagantly angry*). Do you take sides against your own daughter, with a common servant-girl? My conscience! I shall faint—hold me! (*Tears bouquet to pieces, and throws flowers at* KATE *and* MR. THORNE.) I won't stay in the house—I won't!

THORNE. Would you like Mr. Upson to see you now?

ROSE. Who cares for him? He's a good-for-nothing, hateful, odious old——

JACK (*coming from behind curtain*). Old what?

[ROSE *screams and throws herself backward.* MR. THORNE *catches her.*

KATE *and* THORNE. Are you satisfied?

JACK. Yes; and more, too. I beg leave to wish Miss Rose a very good evening, and to thank you, Mr. Thorne, for having so generously undeceived me. It was well I should know all. Good bye. [*Exit.*

ROSE (*raising her head*). Where is he?

THORNE. Gone, and for ever.

KATE. And I shall follow his example, to-morrow.

ROSE (*suddenly springing up*). Well, let him go! What do I care for him? (*Looking at her hands.*) I'm only sorry that he gave me those roses; I have torn my hands all to pieces with the thorns. (*To* KATE.) What are you staring at there? Go along!

KATE (*turning to audience*). I'm wondering what all these good folks think of you?

THORNE (*to audience*). Ladies and gentlemen, you must excuse my daughter. She is a good girl at heart; but she has *such* a temper?

CURTAIN.

PROVERB IV.

"'TIS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD."

CHARACTERS.

JOHN BONIFACE, *landlord of a country hotel.*
MICHAEL, *an Irish waiter.*
MR. CRŒSUS.
PAUL EDMONDS.
MRS. MYRTLE.
FANNIE MYRTLE, *her daughter.*

SCENE—*A parlor in a hotel on the Hudson. Window at back.*

BONIFACE *discovered looking out of window.* MICHAEL *dusting chairs, &c.*

BONIFACE. Hullo! there's another pleasure party landing. Of course they're not coming here. Oh, no, there's a carriage waiting for them. Of course they're going to the Belle Vue House, top of the hill, nobody ever comes here. Well, there's one consolation, we're going to have a shower soon, and as it's an open carriage, they'll get wet through before they get there.

MICHAEL. And who'll be afther gettin' wet, sur?

BONIFACE. Those carriage folks. Yes, there it goes along the road, past my house, of course. Michael, you may as well shut up the house, nobody ever comes here.

MICHAEL. Aisy now about shuttin' up the house;—do you think I'd be afther losing my place now. Git out wid you.

BONIFACE. Here it is at last; bless me how it comes down. Did you ever see such rain? Michael, go and shut the up-stairs' windows.

MICHAEL. An' shure I will, sur.

[*Exit* MICHAEL.

BONIFACE. Well, here I am, with ruin staring me in the face. There never was such an unlucky fellow. I've tried all manner of dodges to draw customers. I've had sea serpents, and wild women out of number, yet they won't draw. I've half a mind to open a free hotel, and get rid of my stock that way.

Enter MICHAEL, *hurriedly.*

MICHAEL. I knew they'd be afther comin' this time, anyhow.

BONIFACE. Who's coming?

MICHAEL. Why them folks, who passed by just now, here in a carriage.

BONIFACE. What! coming here?

MICHAEL. Yis, an' didn't I till yez so intirely?

BONIFACE. Here they are; now Michael, bustle about, and get things in order. I'll go out and receive them. [*Exit* BONIFACE.

MICHAEL. Sure now, it's a mighty nice piece of luck that shower was, that's bringin' those jintale people here, where there's plinty, and niver a bit of stint.

Enter BONIFACE, *followed by* MR. CRŒSUS, PAUL EDMONDS, MRS. MYRTLE *and* FANNIE. *The gentlemen have their coat collars turned up. The ladies have their handkerchiefs over their bonnets.*

BONIFACE. This way, ladies.

CRŒSUS. What a sudden shower! I am afraid you got wet, ladies.

[*The ladies brush the rain off their clothes; the gentlemen do the same.*]

MRS. MYRTLE. Not very! It was fortunate we were so near shelter.

PAUL. Exceedingly so. Can I assist you, Miss Myrtle?

FANNIE. Thank you.

[*Hands* PAUL *her handkerchief, with which he wipes her mantilla.*

MRS. MYRTLE (*taking the handkerchief from* PAUL). Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Edmonds—I'll assist my daughter.

BONIFACE. There's a dressing-room upstairs—would the ladies like to go to it?

MRS. MYRTLE. Yes, if you please.

BONIFACE (*calling off*). Mary, show these ladies to the dressing-room.

MRS. MYRTLE. Come, Fannie.

[*Exeunt* MRS. MYRTLE *and* FANNIE.

CRŒSUS. I say, Edmonds, we may as well lunch here—eh?

EDMONDS. It was merely a passing shower—see, it is holding up already.

BONIFACE. We have every accommodation, sir.

MICHAEL. Sorra bit of a lie is that.

CRŒSUS. This seems a comfortable place, and we shall have another shower directly, so I think we had better stay where we are.

MICHAEL. My sintimints to a T.

EDMONDS. As you like. I am agreeable to anything.

CRŒSUS. Landlord, can we have lunch here?

BONIFACE. Certainly, sir.

CRŒSUS. Well, then, prepare us a nice lunch for four.

MICHAEL. Good luck to ye. May the hair of your head be hung with diamonds.

BONIFACE. Come with me, Michael, I shall want your assistance.

MICHAEL. Arrah, now, an' ain't I the boy to help you?

[*Exeunt* BONIFACE *and* MICHAEL.

CRŒSUS (*looking out of window*). They seem to have nice grounds here. It has left off raining—let us take a stroll round.

PAUL. Well, I have no objection.

[*Exeunt* PAUL *and* CRŒSUS.

Enter MRS. MYRTLE *and* FANNIE.

MRS. MYRTLE. It is of no use talking, Fannie; I am exceedingly angry with you.

FANNIE. But, mamma!

MRS. MYRTLE. I have noticed it, all the way from New York. You let Mr. Edmonds pay you a great deal too much attention.

FANNIE. But I can't help it, mamma.

MRS. MYRTLE. Yes, you can; you ought not to receive them. The idea of letting Mr. Edmonds wipe your mantilla. Why didn't you let Mr. Crœsus do it?

FANNIE. Mr. Crœsus never offered to.

MRS. MYRTLE. Well, then, why didn't you make him? You know that Mr. Edmonds hasn't a penny in the world, and that Mr. Crœsus is as rich—as—as—oh, you know he is ever so rich; yet you go on in this way,

FANNIE. I am sorry, mamma, and I'll try not to let Mr. Edmonds wipe my mantilla again.

MRS. MYRTLE (*kissing her*). There's a good child. Now go and see if you can find Mr. Crœsus in the garden, and be agreeable to him.

FANNIE. Very well, mamma. (*Aside.*) Oh, what will Paul say? [*Exit* FANNIE.

MRS. MYRTLE. Now, if Fannie only plays her cards well, she will in all probability, be Mrs. Crœsus, and ride in her own carriage. Of course, I shall live with her. Yes, that's settled—I'll live with her.

Enter CRŒSUS.

MRS. MYRTLE. Ah, Mr. Crœsus, have you seen, Fannie?

CRŒSUS. No, I have not.

MRS. MYRTLE. She this moment went into the garden. Ah, Mr. Crœsus, you have no idea what a good girl she is.

CRŒSUS. I am extremely happy to hear it.

MRS. MYRTLE. I hardly know what I shall do when I lose her; for I suppose some of you naughty men will be soon robbing me of her.

CRŒSUS. When daughters are handsome, Mrs. Myrtle, we must expect such things.

MRS. MYRTLE. She is so kind, so considerate, she never gives me a moment's uneasiness. (PAUL *and* FANNIE *are seen through the window crossing the stage, talking earnestly together.* (*Aside.*) With that Mr. Edmonds again! I must put a stop to that. (*Aloud.*) There goes my dear child. Excuse me for a minute, Mr. Crœsus. [*Exit* MRS. MYRTLE.

CRŒSUS. Strange woman that; what in the world can she be driving at? However, I'll go and see how the landlord is getting on with the lunch.

[*Exit* CRŒSUS.

Enter PAUL.

PAUL. Confound that Mrs. Myrtle. I can't be alone with Fannie a moment but she must poke her stupid old head in, and spoil our *tete-a-tete*. I've half a mind to—no, I hav'n't—yes—no——.

[*Rests his chin upon his hand as though lost in meditation.*

Enter CRŒSUS, *who walks up to* PAUL *and taps him on the back.* PAUL *starts.*

CRŒSUS. What's the matter, Edmonds, my boy? What are you dreaming about? Are you in love or in debt, which?

PAUL. Ah! yes—no. Excuse me.

[*Walks off rapidly.*

CRŒSUS. Hullo! what's the matter with the man, I wonder? He's in love, I suppose; but it's nothing to do with me. There's one consolation though—lunch is coming on finely. Really that fellow has a capital idea of what's good. We must patronize him for the future.

Enter MRS. MYRTLE *and* FANNIE.

MRS. MYRTLE. You here, Mr. Crœsus? I thought you were in the garden. Fannie and I have just been taking a walk round the grounds.

FANNIE. Yes, and we have seen such a dear little lot of pigs. Such tiny ones, no bigger than kittens.

CRŒSUS. Indeed! they must be interesting. But where is Edmonds; have you seen him in the garden?

MRS. MYRTLE (*aside*). A good excuse to leave them together. (*Aloud.*) I will go and see if I can find him.

FANNIE. Shall I come too, mamma?

MRS. MYRTLE. No, my dear; the ground is damp, and you may catch cold. I shan't be long. [*Exit* MRS. MYRTLE.

CRŒSUS. We are going to have—by the way, I had nearly forgotten it; I must mix the salad myself. Excuse me, Miss Myrtle. [*Exit* CRŒSUS.

FANNIE. I wonder where Paul can be; he has kept away from me all day. I'll be quite angry with him when I see him, and tell him that mamma says I am to have nothing more to do with him.

Enter PAUL, *with his hands in his pockets, looking extremely dejected. On seeing* FANNIE, *he runs forward, takes her by the hand and shakes it.*

PAUL. My dear Fannie!

FANNIE. There, there, that will do; you need not shake my hand off, sir. Where have you been all this while, sir?

PAUL. I have been looking for you, Fannie.

FANNIE. A pretty excuse, indeed! You could not have looked very far.

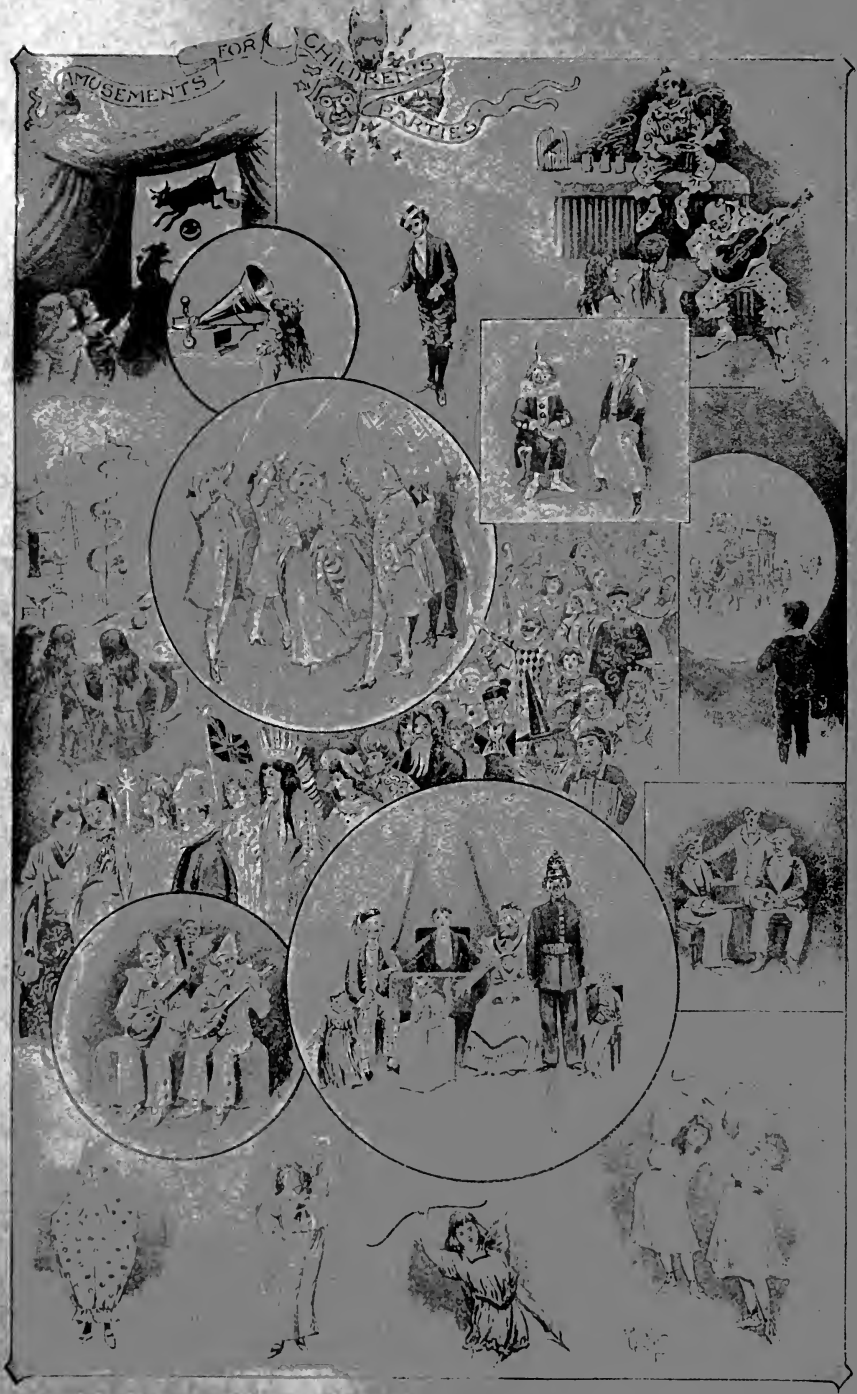
PAUL. Do not be angry, Fannie.

[*Endeavors to take her hand.*

FANNIE. Leave my hand alone, sir. You have shaken hands with me once already.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES SUGGESTED FOR CHILDREN IN JUVENILE ENTERTAINMENTS

1. LADY OF THE MANOR 2. THE MERRY CHINESE 3. THE WORK BASKET 4. QUEEN OF GOLDEN HAIR 5. MARCHIONESS DRESS (LOUIS IX) 6. IRISH BOY 7. FOLLY 8. SIR WALTER RALEIGH 9. SPANISH BULL-FIGHTER 10. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD



CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES SUGGESTED FOR CHILDREN IN JUVENILE ENTERTAINMENTS

PAUL. Why are you so cool, Fannie? Why do you speak this way to me?

FANNIE. Mamma says I must not talk to you so much.

PAUL. Oh! I see how it is: I'm poor, Mr. Crœsus is rich.

FANNIE. That is an unkind remark, sir. Hush, here comes mamma.

PAUL. May I hope?

FANNIE. While there's life there's hope.

Enter MRS. MYRTLE.

FANNIE. Ah, mamma.

MRS. MYRTLE. Where's Mr. Crœsus?

FANNIE. He just this moment left the room.

PAUL. Yes, he left the room this moment.

Enter MICHAEL.

MICHAEL. Where will ye be havin' it laid, here or in the garden?

MRS. MYRTLE. Having what laid?

MICHAEL. Shure, an aint it the tablecloth I mane?

PAUL. Oh! you mean the tablecloth?

MICHAEL. Wisha, now, d'ye see that? As though ye did'nt know it.

PAUL. What do you say, ladies?

MRS. MYRTLE. What does Mr. Crœsus say?

PAUL (*aside*). Confound Mr. Crœsus.

MICHAEL. He bade me ask the ladies; and bless 'em! says Michael O'Grady.

FANNIE. Let us lunch here, mamma; this is a very pleasant room.

MICHAEL. Pleasant! by the powers, it's a perfect paradise, now your ladyship's in it.

PAUL. We can dispense with compliments, my good fellow; so look sharp, and lay the cloth.

MICHAEL. Yes, sur, I'm the boy that'll do it immadiately. [*Exit* MICHAEL.

FANNIE. What a strange man he appears to be.

PAUL. Yes; if he hadn't a brogue, I should have known him for an Irishman, by the compliments he paid you, ladies.

Enter CRŒSUS.

CRŒSUS. Well, lunch is nearly ready, and really, I must beg your pardon, ladies, but I have countermanded your order, and lunch will be served in a room overlooking the river. A much pleasanter room, I assure you.

MRS. MYRTLE. Anywhere you like, Mr. Crœsus.

PAUL. Suppose, while we're waiting for lunch, we pass the time with a dance.

FANNIE. Oh, that will be nice.

CRŒSUS. A capital idea. Mrs. Myrtle, will you allow me the pleasure?

[MRS. MYRTLE *courtesies, and he takes her for partner.*

PAUL. Fan—I beg pardon, Miss Myrtle, will you honor me with your hand?

[*She gives it.*

MRS. MYRTLE. Sir!

PAUL. For the dance, I mean.

MRS. MYRTLE. Oh!

[*The music strikes up, and they form themselves for a quadrille. As they are dancing,* MICHAEL *enters, with a tray of plates, dishes, etc. He looks at them a minute, then drops the tray, rushes into the midst of them, and begins an Irish jig. They disperse in confusion.*

Enter BONIFACE, *who, on seeing* MICHAEL *dancing, runs up to him, and after some slight difficulty stops him.*

BONIFACE. What are you doing? what do you mean by this conduct?

MICHAEL. Mane, is it? Aint I entertainin' the illegant company for you?

BONIFACE. You rascal! if you don't

finish setting that table, I'll discharge you this instant.

MICHAEL. Och! be asy now, an' aint it miself, that's going to do it?

[*Picks up tray and broken crockery, and exit.*

BONIFACE. I hope, ladies and gentlemen, you are not offended at my servant's rudeness.

CROESUS. Not at all, at least I am not. But I certainly should advise you to get a waiter who wasn't quite so eccentric.

FANNIE. Shall we finish our dance?

PAUL. By all means. Come.

Enter MICHAEL.

MICHAEL. If ye plaze, leedies and jintilmen, lunch is ready.

BONIFACE. This way, if you please.

[BONIFACE *leads the way,* CROESUS *offers his arm to* FANNIE. PAUL *offers his arm to* MRS. MYRTLE, *and exeunt.*

MICHAEL. Faith, and troth, it's an illegant company we've here to-day. Och! mavourneen, what a purty face the young lady has, an' her bright eyes do you good to look on 'em.

BONIFACE (*calling off*). Michael, Michael, where are you?

MICHAEL (*calling*). Isn't it here I am?

BONIFACE (*calling off*). Come here.

MICHAEL. Yes, sur, I'm comin'.

[*Runs off.*

Enter FANNIE.

FANNIE (*looking about stage*). Where can my handkerchief be, I wonder? I am sure I had it when I was dancing.

Enter PAUL.

PAUL. What are you looking for?

FANNIE. My handkerchief.

PAUL. I have also lost something.

FANNIE. What?

PAUL. My heart!

FANNIE. Your heart?

PAUL. Yes, Fannie, my heart. Oh! Fannie, I cannot—cannot go on this way any longer. Tell me,—pray, tell me,—yea, I implore you to tell me that I am not indifferent to you.

FANNIE. Who said you were?

PAUL. Nay, do not trifle with me.

FANNIE. Well then,—well then,—you are not indifferent to me.

PAUL. What rapture!

MRS. MYRTLE (*calling off*). Fannie,—Fannie!

FANNIE. Hush! here's mamma. I wonder where my handkerchief can have got to?

[PAUL *and* FANNIE *look about the stage, anxiously.*

Enter MRS. MYRTLE.

MRS. MYRTLE. What are you doing, Fannie? Lunch is waiting.

FANNIE. I am looking for my handkerchief, mamma.

Enter CROESUS.

CROESUS. Here you all are,—eh? I have come to look after you. Lunch has been waiting for you this last quarter of an hour.

Enter BONIFACE, *followed by* MICHAEL.

BONIFACE. Really this is too bad; as a man who takes an interest in his business, I protest against it. Here, the lunch has been waiting more than twenty minutes, and everything is getting cold.

MICHAEL. Yis, an' so is the champagne.

CROESUS. We can understand your feelings upon the subject, Mr. Boniface, and appreciate the manner in which you have attended to us. So much so indeed, that for the future, we shall always come here, and recommend our friends to do the same.

BONIFACE. If the shower has robbed the Belle Vue House of some customers, it has done me some good.

CROESUS. How?

BONIFACE. Did it not drive you here for shelter, and have you not promised me your patronage for the future?

MICHAEL. Arrah! good luck to the shower, that sent ye here.

PAUL (*aside*). And so say I; I have gained a wife by it.

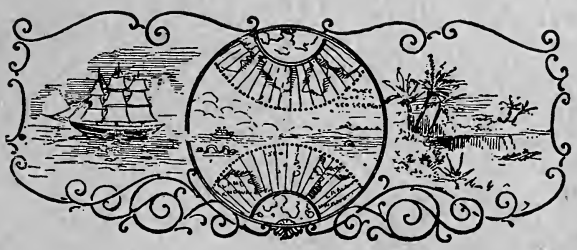
FANNIE (*aside*). And mamma has lost a daughter.

CROESUS. Come, let us give the lunch another trial.

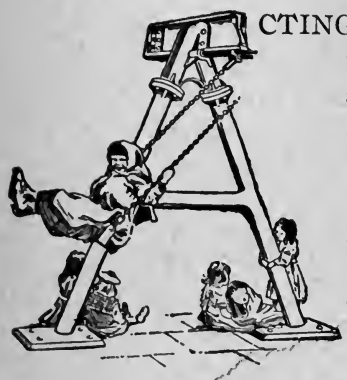
[BONIFACE *goes off, followed by* PAUL, FANNIE, CRŒSUS, *and* MRS. MYRTLE.

MICHAEL (*to audience*). Leedies and jintilmen, would ye oblige me, by laving me your address. Long life to you, I know ye will. The rason I wants to know, my darlints, is, in case I should lave this situashun. For isn't it thrue to all of ye, that I make a fust rate sarvent, an' any of ye would employ me?

CURTAIN.



ACTING CHARADES.



CTING Charades is a very popular amusement: All persons know how Charades are got up,—old clothes, hats, shawls, etc., serving for costumes; chairs, tables, etc., with or without scenery and accessories. These Charades are of various kinds: those performed entirely in dumb show, are called Pantomime Charades: Acting Charades, when the speakers either study the words of their several parts, or give them impromptu; and little plays and farces, Proverbs, Burlesques, or Dramas.

We give specimens, though it is by no means necessary to follow out our model too strictly. Clever folks can make plays for themselves. In the Charade, a word of two or more syllables is acted, either in pantomime or by dialogue, each syllable forming a scene. The players choose a word or sentence, each part of which should have a separate meaning, and when they have played it out, the audience guess its interpretation.

When the Charades are short, new actors can be selected from the company, and at the conclusion the word represented is guessed at in the same way as an ordinary riddle.

We subjoin a list of words appropriate for either Acting or Pantomime Charades:

Ad(d)-dress.
A-gin-court.
Air-gun.
Air-pump.
Alarm-bell(e).
Ant-e-lope.
Arrow-root.
Back-gammon.
Back-ground.
Balling-tub.
Band-box.
Bank-quet(wet).
Before-hand.
Bell-man.
Break-fast.
Bride-cake.
Bull-rush.
Cab-i-net.
Cap-rice.
Cat-call.
Chap-fallen.
Club-foot.
Court-ship.
Cross-bow.
Cross-patch.
Crumb-cloth.
Dead-level.
Dice-box.
Dog-ma-tic.
Dog-rose.
Draw-bridge.
Drop-stone.
Eye-glass.
Eye-lash.
Fag-end.
Fan-light.
Fare-well.
Farm-house.
Father-in-law.
Fish-slice.
Foot-man.
Foot-pad.
Free-hold.
Game-cock.
Game-keeper.
Garden-stuff.
Grand-child.
Grand-father.
Hard-ware.
Heads-man.
Heir-at-law.
Heir-ioom.
Horse-chest-nut.
Horse-man-ship.
I-doll(idol).
Imp-pas, I-bell.
In(n)-different.
Jack-boots.
Jack-pudding.
Jew-ill (jewel).
Kid-napper.
King-craft.
Lady-bird.
Lady-day.
Leap-frog.
Livery-man.
Love-apple.
Mad-cap.
Make-peace.
Mar-gate.
Mar-shall.
Melting-pot.
Mend-I-can't.
Milk-maid.
Miss-under-stand.
News-monger.
Night-in-gale.
Night-shade.
Novel-ties.
Out-pour.
Out-rage.
Out-side.
Over-shadow.
Pack-cloth.

Pack-thread.
Paper-maker.
Pen-man-ship.
Penny-weight.
Pen-wiper.
Pop-gun.
Powder-box.
Quarrel-some.
Quarter-staff.
Quick-witted.
Rabbit-warren.
Rain-bow.
Rap-sc(a)ullion.
Rope-walk.
Rope-yarn.
Safe-guard.
Sail-maker.
Sauce-box.
Sweet-bread.
Sweet-heart.
Table-talk.
Tea-board.
Tell-tale.
Ten-an-try.
Tide-waiter.
Toll-house.
Tow-line.
Up-braid.
Up-roar.
Up-shot.
Up-start.
Vat-i-can.
Waist-coat.
Walking-stick.
War-den.
Watch-guard.
Watch-man.
Water-butt.
Water-fall.
Way-bill.
Wheel-bar-row.
Yoke-fellow.
Young-ster.
Youth-full.
Zebra-wood.

MIS(S)-CELL-ANY.

A PANTOMINE CHARADE IN FOUR ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN.
A YOUNG LADY, *his daughter.*
TWO BOYS, (*his sons, aged about ten and twelve*).
A YOUNG GENTLEMAN (*their tutor*).
A FASHIONABLE-DRESSED PICKPOCKET.
A POLICEMAN. A JAILER. A SHOPWOMAN.

Costumes.—Modern, suited to Characters,

(R) for right entrance ; (L) for left ; (C) for centre.

ACT I.—MISS.

Scene : Supposed to represent a country lane.

Enter (L).—TUTOR and his two PUPILS, with drawing materials. Under their Tutor's direction the boys commence sketching. The Tutor then seats himself on a stile or rustic seat, and becomes absorbed in a book. The boys cease sketching, play about a little while, and then observing Tutor's abstraction, they exit (R) leaving drawing materials on the ground.

Enter YOUNG LADY (R) in walking costume ; she carries a large bouquet in her hand. Tutor looks up from his book, appears pleased at seeing Young Lady, and rises. Both advance and shake hands cordially. Tutor expresses admiration of flowers, and Young Lady selects one from her bouquet and carefully commences to place it in the button-hole of his coat. Tutor places his right hand lovingly on young lady's shoulder. While they are in this position—

Enter OLD GENTLEMAN (L) ; he observes attitude of his daughter and Tutor, and appears highly incensed, and strikes the end of his cane savagely on the ground. The young folks start asunder, and the flower falls to the ground. The Old Gentleman then fiercely motions the Young Lady to retire, which she does (L), gazing beseechingly at Tutor. The Old Gentleman paces stage, takes snuff savagely, and blows his nose with large silk handkerchief. He then observes drawing materials, and angrily dispatches the Tutor (R) to look after his pupils. He then shakes his cane, and gesticulates wildly after his daughter and the Tutor alternately. As he is doing so—

Enter PICKPOCKET (R), who abstracts Old Gentleman's handkerchief from his coat-pocket, as he passes, and goes out (L) unseen by Old Gentleman, who now takes snuff again, sneezes, feels for handkerchief, misses it, feels all his pockets, takes

out his snuff-box, spectacles, long purse, etc., shakes his head, repockets articles, hurriedly placing his purse in coat-tail pocket, and goes out (R).

Re-enter TUTOR and PUPILS (R.)—Tutor evidently annoyed, signs to boys to collect their drawing apparatus, which they do, and *exeunt* (L).

Re-enter OLD GENTLEMAN (R.) with POLICEMAN.—He indicates to Policeman that his handkerchief has been stolen. Policeman looks wise, and scratches his head mysteriously. Then—

Re-enter PICKPOCKET (L).—He starts on seeing the Policeman, but commands himself, saunters leisurely forward, and, in dumb show, inquires the way. As Policeman is pointing (R), the Pickpocket abstracts a plate, knife, fork, and a huge piece of cold meat from Policeman's pockets.

The Pickpocket then, apparently, makes further inquiries. Old Gentleman points off (R), and as he does so, the Pickpocket steals the Old Gentleman's purse, but lets it fall accidentally on the ground. Ludicrous incident of the Pickpocket holding cold meat, etc., behind him with one hand, and, as he keeps up a dumb-show conversation, making futile attempts to pick up the purse, unseen by its owner or Policeman. He is at last, however, obliged to bow himself off backwards (R), leaving the purse where he had dropped it.

The Old Gentleman and the Policeman then return to their deliberations. The Policeman holds out his hand, indicating that money will be required, to enable him to find the thief. The Old Gentleman feels for his purse, misses it, turns out all his pockets rapidly in succession, and walks stage wildly. Policeman feels his coat-pockets, and looks exceedingly chapfallen at the loss of his provisions.

The Policeman then sees the purse on the ground, draws the Old Gentleman's attention to it, picks it up, hands it to him, and signifies that he must have dropped it accidentally. The Old Gentleman strongly repudiates this notion. Then Policeman looks off (L), points, places his finger on his lip, takes purse, and replaces it on the stage, after which both steal back hurriedly and hide themselves.

Enter TUTOR (L), looking on the ground for the flower which was dropped early in the scene; he spies purse, and hastily picks it up. The Policeman and the Old Gentleman come quickly down, and seize the Tutor, who, somewhat annoyed and astonished, flings them off. A scuffle ensues, during which—

Enter PICKPOCKET (R).—Policeman beckons him to assist; he does so, and the Tutor is overpowered and handcuffed. The Pickpocket then adroitly places the Old Gentleman's stolen handkerchief in the Tutor's pocket.

Enter YOUNG LADY (L).—She rushes to the Tutor, starts back on seeing the handcuffs, and looks inquiringly at her father. The Tutor signifies that he was looking for the flower, which he now sees and picks up. Policeman pockets the purse, which the Pickpocket abstracts, the Tutor meanwhile gesticulates his innocence. The Old Gentleman forcibly draws his now weeping daughter aside. The Policeman, at the instigation of the Pickpocket, searches the Tutor, and produces the handkerchief, which the Old Gentleman recognizes as the one stolen.

Tableau.—Scene closes.

Positions: (R) YOUNG LADY, OLD GENTLEMAN, TUTOR,
POLICEMAN, PICKPOCKET, (L).

ACT II.—CELL.

Scene: A prison cell; everything has a bare and mean appearance; a three-legged table and stool on the stage.

The TUTOR is discovered seated (C) on a low stool, his elbows resting on his knees, and his face buried in his hands. Enter Jailer, bearing the traditional jug of water and loaf, which he places on the table.

The Tutor looks up for a moment, and the Jailer signs to him that some one is coming to see him. The prisoner resumes his former attitude, and the Jailer goes out, locking the door after him.

After a short pause, the door is reopened, and Young Lady rushes in. The Tutor rises, and clasps her in his arms. She gently releases herself as her Father enters, followed by Jailer, Policeman, and Pickpocket handcuffed. The Policeman smiles, points to the open door, and then to the Tutor, signifying that he is free. Then he scowls, exhibits purse, and points to handcuffed Pickpocket, indicating that this is the real criminal. The Old Gentleman shakes hands with the Tutor, and then joins the hands of his daughter and the injured innocent.

Tableau.—Scene closes.

Positions:—(R) OLD GENTLEMAN, YOUNG LADY, TUTOR.
JAILER, POLICEMAN, PICKPOCKET, (L).

ACT III.—ANY.

Scene: A school-room; maps on the wall, etc.

The released Tutor and his two pupils are discovered at work. The elder works steadily on, but the other pushes his book aside, and stares idly around him. Their father enters, nods kindly to the Tutor, and then, by signs, urges the idler to resume his work; but he only pouts, and pushes his work farther from him. The Old Gentleman and the Tutor look extremely annoyed.

The elder boy having now finished his task, brings his work to Tutor, who examines it, and expresses his approval by patting his pupil's head. The Old Gentleman goes out, and returns immediately, with a plate of oranges. The disobedient pupil reaches out his hand for one, but his father shakes his head, and offers the plate to his eldest son, who deliberates as to which of the oranges he ought to take. His father signifies, by gesture, that he may take any he chooses. He then takes one, and

Scene closes.

ACT IV.—MIS-SELL-ANY—(MISCELLANY).

Scene: Interior of a bookseller's shop. Books, papers, etc., displayed on an improvised counter, for which an oblong table may do duty.

A pert YOUNG SHOPWOMAN is discovered behind the counter. Enter the Old Genman and his diligent son. The Old Gentleman signifies that he requires a book as a present for his son. The Shopwoman shows him an assortment. [Any books from the library will do.] He puts on his spectacles, examines them, and despairing of making a selection, refers, by signs, to the Shopwoman, as to which she recommends. She points to the books, indicating that he must make his own choice.

The Old Gentleman then brings his son forward, to allow him to choose for himself. The youth immediately pounces on a volume, and waves it over his head gleefully. The Old Gentleman takes out his purse, and pays the Shopwoman, as

Scene closes.

L. of C.

MEND-I-CANT.

AN ACTING OR DIALOGUE CHARADE IN FOUR ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. EDWWARD SEYMOUR.
COLONEL SEYMOUR.
MRS. EMILY SEYMOUR.
MARIA, *her maid.*
BROWN, *the butler.*

ACT I.—MEND-.

Mrs. Seymour's dressing-room. Flowers and greenhouse plants ranged about. Maria seated on a low stool, repairing a torn lace veil.

MARIA.—Well, people may talk as they will about black slaves. Slaves, indeed! look at me; expected by my lady to do everything for her. Did ever anybody see such a jagged rent as this? and she will expect to see the veil look as good as new; and then to get her lunch, wash the lap-dog, renew the flowers, and get the carriage properly heated. Well, mend I can't, nor won't. A pretty bargain Mr. Seymour made when he married her for the money she is always telling him about. But he is as bad as she is, with his fine talk. And don't I see that while they are both as smooth as oil with their grand, rich, old uncle, they wish him in his coffin! Ah! here he comes.

Enter COLONEL SEYMOUR.—Where's my niece—my pretty gentle Emily? I wish to bid her good morning before I set out on my ride.

MARIA.—My lady never rises so early as this, sir.

COL. S.—Very bad plan: people should always rise with the sun. There—there goes my glove. Mend it, my good girl. I would not trouble you, but I am in a hurry to be out, but whew (*whistles*) how can you live in this atmosphere? I can't stand this heat; I must open the window, my little woman. (*Opens a window.*)

MARIA.—Oh, sir, how refreshing the air is! but I fear my lady will be displeased. She insists on the window being at all times shut.

COL. S.—Poor thing!—poor thing! quite a mistake! I must see her doctor. (Maria *sighs deeply*), Why do you sigh, my good girl? Have you any fears about my dear niece's health?

MARIA.—Oh, no, sir; she is in exeellent health, I am sorry I sighed, sir,—I was only thinking about my unhappy self. I ask your pardon, sir. I only wish there were more like you; and sew your glove I will, that I am determined, though I should be discharged on the spot for not having finished mending her veil. I know very well what she will say, sir, if she orders a thing to be done, and it isn't done.

COL. S.—Well, that is certainly a vexation; but you need not dread her words, child they are so few—so soft and sweet.

MARIA.—No doubt she can be sweet enough when it pleases her; and you, sir, have little chance of seeing her as I see her.

COL. S.—I am sorry to hear this from you, young woman; I could not have suspected it. If her words are unkind to those beneath her, what pain it must give to my virtuous and philanthropic nephew! for his every thought, word and act are for the good of his fellow-creatures.

MARIA.—To speak the truth, sir, I think Mr. Seymour is the worst of the two, for he talks like an angel about his feelings, and never does one good deed; but I can see through them both, sir; I can see how they dupe you, and I made up mind to

speak and tell you; for it is a sin to let such a kind-hearted gentleman be cheated. There's your glove, sir.

COL. S.—You have shocked me very much, girl; I must think over this; and I will certainly find out the fact. (*Gives her money.*) *Exit.*

MARIA.—There, now! I have gone and done it! See if I don't lose my place for my prattling; but after all, I feel as if I had done right, though I haven't finished mending the veil. I must go and see what the cook can send up for my lady's lunch. (*Exit.*)

ACT II.—I.

The same dressing-room. Maria at work.

Enter MRS. SEYMOUR.—Oh, bless me! who has taken the liberty to open my windows?

MARIA.—It was I that did it, madam. I was near fainting with the heat, and I thought——

MRS. S.—I have no wish to hear your thoughts. You know I never suffer the air to be admitted here; I am nobody—no one cares for me! Who was that trotting the horses beneath my windows?

MARIA.—Colonel Seymour, setting out for a ride.

MRS. S.—Colonel Seymour! I hate to hear his name. How selfish of Edward to bring that old vulgar, East Indian uncle of his to my house! Now tell Mr. Brown to give out some of the rich old Madeira, the same as we had yesterday. I choose to have some for my lunch. (*Exit* Maria *with a curtesey*). The mulled Madeira may perhaps restore the circulation which has been quite checked by the chill occasioned by that selfish young woman opening the windows. Servants think only of themselves.

Enter MARIA.—Please, ma'am, about the wine—Mr. Brown——

MRS. S.—What does the girl mean? What has Brown to do with my lunch?

MARIA.—Here he comes, madam.

Enter BROWN *in a cotton jacket.*

MRS. S.—What is the meaning of this? Am I to be insulted by all my servants?

BROWN.—Please, ma'am, Miss Maria was so *premtery*, insisting on having the wine directly; and I was quite out of my head, and never thought of my jacket. Mr. Seymour ordered me, *strict*, to keep the Madeira—only one dozen of it left—to keep it all for the Colonel, who is *remarkable* fond of that Madeira.

MRS. S.—The contents of the wine cellars are mine; you are my servant; and *I* order you to keep the wine for *me*. I shall have some of the wine every day as long as it lasts; because I like the wine, and I choose to be obeyed. Go immediately, and give out the wine. *Exit* BROWN.

ACT III.—CAN'T.

The dressing-room. Mrs. Seymour seated at a table.

MRS. S.—Edward is abominably selfish. I'm glad I insisted on having the Madeira.

Enter MR. SEYMOUR.—My sweet Emily! what is this that Brown tells me, that my Emily wishes the bin of Madeira to be reserved for her? My angel must surely have perceived the pure and holy motive which induced me to set it apart for our rich, worthy, and respected uncle.

MRS. S.—You know perfectly well, Edward, that I have no respect for the vulgar old fellow; and I see no reason why he should have the wine. I can't do without it in my state of health.

MR. S.—I bow to my martyrdom.

MRS. S.—But I have no desire for the glory of martyrdom, and I do not see yet

why I should give up any of my few comforts to please this exacting old uncle of yours.

MR. S.—My Emily knows I wish not this Madeira for myself.

MRS. S.—Certainly not; because you always drink port.

MR. S.—It is indeed my painful duty to do so; the pure water from the spring—would supply all my wants; but Dr. Wiseman, as you know, my dear, says imperatively, "Drink port," so I can't do without it; but I am resigned, my love.

MRS. S.—I pray, Edward, cease your preaching. You can have bread and water if you desire it; but *I* can't live on it myself, so shall go down to lunch. (*Exit.*)

MR. S. (*holding up his hands*).—Unfortunate woman! (*Exit*).

ACT IV.—MENDICANT.

The dressing-room. Maria arranging the wig of Col. Seymour, disguised as an old Beggar.

MARIA—That will do excellently; now step into this closet till I can introduce you, and you will probably hear your own character. [Col. Seymour *enters the closet:* Maria *sits down to her work*].

Enter MR. *and* MRS. SEYMOUR.

MRS. S.—How painful to me is this miserable life! I cannot comprehend, Edward, how you can be so barbarous as to compel me to tolerate the provoking eccentricities of that ill-bred, unfeeling, vulgar old man. When will he go away?

MR. S.—I venture to hope, my love, that he may never leave us. I hope he will live and die here. In short, my love, I caution you not to be alarmed if he should be suddenly carried off by apoplexy.

MRS. S.—I should not be the least alarmed to hear that he was dead, but I cannot allow him to die in my house; it would be most unpleasant.

MR. S.—Emily, how can you be blind to the fact that were he to leave us, he might be induced to alter his will. He has left all to us—a beautiful arrangement of Providence! Already I feel in possession of his coffers, which might then be truly inscribed, "Treasury of the Poor."

MRS. S.—Mr. Seymour, you are mistaken. (*Sharply.*) What does that ragged old mendicant want here?

Enter MARIA, *introducing* OLD MAN.

MARIA (*putting on Mrs. Seymour's shawl*).—Please, ma'am, Brown begged me to bring up this old man, who had said he must see you immediately on a case of life or death.

MR. S.—What can he want? Perhaps some accident has happened to the Colonel, my dear. Speak, old man.

OLD MAN.—I am the poorest of the poor; for I have been rich, and I feel more keenly the cold and deadly pressure of poverty and famine.

MR. S.—Do you belong to our parish? I know nothing of you.

OLD MAN.—I am a stranger; and alas! sir, my wife and child are prostrated by an attack of fever. I cannot even pay for a shelter for their dying bed. Encouraged by your noble sentiments, I come to ask of you some assistance.

MRS. S.—Send him away, Edward; he may have brought infection; I may take a fever.

MR. S.—Go away, good man; I subscribe largely to all benevolent societies, those blessed fountains for the support of the respectable poor; what more can charity require from me? Depart in peace, old man, you can be received into a spacious

and commodious union-house; go, without delay.

MRS. S.—Why do you waste your words on such a wretch? Send him to prison if he will not leave.

MR. S.—Strict principle forbids me to bestow money on unknown mendicants. I give you my prayers. Go! or I shall be reluctantly compelled to commit you as a vagrant.

OLD MAN.—Will you not bestow a shilling on me?

MRS. S.—Carry him off, girl, before the Colonel comes up. I would not have such a miserable object seen in my apartment.

MR. S.—Be careful to take him through the back yard; not a moment longer, stubborn and importunate offender; be grateful for my leniency, and go quickly.

OLD MAN.—Farewell, admirably-mated pair! And in taking the liberty of removing my night-cap in your ladyship's luxurious abode (*throwing off his disguise*) I will drop into it the P. P. C. card of Colonel Seymour. I have other nephews and nieces, whom I shall now seek, and whom I trust have neither your selfishness or falsehood.

Scene closes.

KING-FISHER.

PANTOMINE CHARADE IN FOUR ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE KING. COURTIERS.
FIRST MINISTER. GUARDS.
GOLD STICK IN WAITING. FISHERMAN.
BIRD, &C.

ACT I.—KING.

Scene: Representing Grand Hall of Audience.

THE KING is discovered, sitting in state, in a large arm chair; he leans back with an affectation of mock dignity, and puffs out his cheeks; one of his feet is placed on a stool, and in his right hand he holds a poker, as a sceptre; in his left, an orange. On his head a decanter-stand supplies the place of a crown, and over his shoulders he wears a shawl or cloak, as a robe of state. The courtiers keep bowing before him, while the first minister, kneeling, presents him with a roll of paper. *Witty questions may here be put, and answers given.* A flourish of trumpets is heard (produced in any way you can): *exit* king, strutting consequentially, followed by his courtiers.

[Music,—"Old King Cole."

ACT II.—FISHER. (A FISHERMAN.)

Scene: The Sea-side.

Enter a FISHERMAN with a broom handle over his right shoulder, on which is suspended a net, made of a net shawl, or a veil; in his left hand he carries two fishes, made of two snuffer-trays, suspended by a string. He seats himself on a stool. (*A comic scene may here be introduced by one of the actors putting comic questions to him*). Fisherman rises, and *exit* slowly.

[Music,—"I'm a jolly Fisherman."

ACT III.—KINGFISHER.

Scene: Representing the banks of a river.

The KINGFISHER is seen on a rock, with his bill, made of a short stick, poking forward. He dives on the carpet, in imitation of the bird catching its finny prey, which he seems to devour with a most comfortable appetite; he then flaps his arms, instead of wings and *exit as much as possible like a bird.*

[Music,—Any lively air.

PHAN-TOM.

DIALOGUE CHARADE IN FOUR SCENES.

CHARACTERS.

MR. DEBIT, *a merchant.*
TOM HIGHDON, *his clerk.*
JULIUS, *a colored servant.*
MRS. REEVES.
ELLEN REEVES, *her daughter.*

PHAN—

SCENE I.—*An office in Wall street. A desk* L., *and a table* R. C.

DEBIT *is looking over some letters at table.* TOM HIGHDON *is writing at desk.*

DEBIT. Oh, Highdon!

TOM (*looking round*). Sir.

DEBIT. Did you send off those charges to Pluckem & Co.'s?

TOM. Sent them by yesterday's post.

DEBIT. That's right.

[*A pause* TOM *resumes his writing.*

DEBIT. Oh, Highdon!

TOM. (*looking round*). Sir.

DEBIT. Has the "Charmer" been heard of yet?

TOM. I called at the Underwriters' this morning, and nothing has been heard of her.

DEBIT. Confound it!—and I am not fully insured! Has Bradbury been here this morning about that sugar?

TOM. Yes, sir. He'll meet you on 'Change at twelve o'clock.

DEBIT. That's right. (*A pause.* TOM *resumes his writing;* DEBIT *gets up, changes his coat, and puts on his hat.*) Copy this out in time for to-day's post, will you?

[*Gives him paper.*

TOM. Yes, sir.

DEBIT. I'm going on 'Change now.

TOM. Very well, sir. (*Exit* DEBIT.) I thought he never would go out. (*Throws down pen, rises, and comes forward.*) And the advertisement says between eleven and twelve. Where's the *Herald?* (*Goes to* DEBIT'S *table, and gets newspaper.*) Let me see: "Dear Brown, call and see me. Julia." That ain't it. I wonder if Brown will go and see his Julia? "Wanted, two thousand five hundred dollars"—ah, who don't want two thousand five hundred dollars?—that ain't it. Here it is: "Found, in a Broadway car, a lady's fan. The owner can have it by applying at No. 796 Wall street, between the hours of eleven and twelve." If I am not mistaken, the young lady who left the fan in the stage was handsome. I hope she'll come for it herself. (*A knock is heard at the door.*) Come in.

Enter MRS. REEVES *and* ELLEN.

MRS. REEVES. Is this 796 Wall street?

TOM. Yes, madam.

MRS. REEVES. My daughter had the misfortune to lose a fan the other day, in a Broadway car.

TOM. Oh, then, you have called about that fan?

MRS. REEVES. Yes. Seeing an advertisement in the *Herald*, to the effect that a fan had been found, and might be had by applying here, we have called to see if it is the fan that my daughter lost.

TOM. What kind of a fan was it?

MRS. REEVES. You had better describe it, Ellen.

ELLEN. Very well, mamma. It was an ivory fan, carved, with a landscape painted upon it, and trimmed with marabout feathers.

TOM (*goes to desk and gets fan*). Is that it?

ELLEN. Oh, yes! How glad I am to get it back again! It was given me as a present, and I wouldn't lose it for the world.

TOM. I am happy to have been the means of returning it to you.

MRS. REEVES. Pardon me, sir, but what have we to pay you?

TOM. I paid fifty cents for the advertisement.

MRS. REEVES. Will you not allow us to pay your carriage hire as well?

TOM. Thank you, no. I left the advertisement on my way up town.

MRS. REEVES. You are very kind. Dear me, I have not my purse with me! Ellen, have you any money with you?

ELLEN. No, mamma.

MRS. REEVES. How careless of me! Really, sir, I am extremely sorry, but——

TOM. It is no matter, I assure you.

MRS. REEVES. Would it be troubling you too much to get you to call at our house?

TOM. Not at all. (*Aside.*) A capital chance to make love to the daughter.

MRS. REEVES. There is our address, sir.

[*Gives card.*

TOM. Thank you.

ELLEN. I am sure, sir, we are sorry to put you to so much trouble.

TOM. It's a pleasure, I assure you.

MRS. REEVES. Any time you are passing, we shall be happy to see you. Come, Ellen. Good morning, sir.

TOM. Good morning.

ELLEN. Good morning.

[TOM *bows, the ladies courtesy, and exit.*

TOM. What a beautiful creature! And how fascinating the mother is! Tom Highdon, you're a lucky dog! (*Strikes himself upon the chest.*) Hullo! here comes old Debit.

[*Runs to desk, sits down, and begins to write.*

Enter DEBIT.

DEBIT. Highdon.

TOM. Sir.

DEBIT. What did those ladies want that I met on the stairs just now?

TOM. They—they—wanted to know the price of cotton.

DEBIT. Strange creatures these women,—did you tell them?

TOM. Yes, sir.

DEBIT. That's right. Here, copy this out, and take it round to Jones's when it's finished.

[*Gives paper to* TOM, *then goes to table, and sits down.*]

[*Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*A parlor in* MRS. REEVES'S *house.*

—TOM.

Enter JULIUS.

JULIUS. Now, it 'pears to me dar is suffin' wrong 'bout dis house. Miss Ellen is in lub, dat's what it is. She don't eat nuffin', and am as malancolly as a rooster on a wet day. Now, when I was in lub, I felt mi'ty bad, too. My gal didn't behave prop'ly to me at all. Dem gals do make fools of us poor cullud folks. Golly! don't dis child 'member de song she used to like to hear. I 'member,—it went dis way. [*Sings.*

AIR: "*A little more, Cider, too.*"

I'll tell you all about my lub, my heart goes pity-patter;
She was as sweet as sugar-cane, her heart was soft as batter;
Her eyes were brack as eberything—her voice as clear as nuffin'
Her har was like a blue-jay's nest—her nose was like a muffin!

CHORUS.

I lubbed Miss Dinah so,
I lubbed Miss Dinah so,
She was as gay as Christmas day—and—
Yah ha ! I lubbed her so !
[*Kisses his hand with a loud noise.*

One day we went out walkin' by de margin ob de ribber,
De wind was blowin' kinder fresh, and made Miss Dinah shibber ;
She shibber so, I thought she'd fall, an' in my arms I caught her,
When de wind cum up an' blowed so hard, it blowed us in de water !

CHORUS.

I lubbed Miss Dinah so,
I lubbed Miss Dinah so,
She was as gay as Christmas day—and—
Yah ha ! I lubbed her so ! [*Kisses hand*

Miss Dinah she went in hed first, an' I went in hed foremost ;
An' tho' I froze my nose an' toes, my heart was still de warmest ;
We sank rite down into de waves—de people thought us drownded—
Miss Dinah she was raked ashore, but I was nebber founded !

CHORUS.

I lubbed Miss Dinah so,
I lubbed Miss Dinah so—
She was as gay as Chris'mas day—and—
Yah ha ! I lubbed her so !
[*Kisses hand.*

Hello ! dar's old missus a-comin' !

Enter MRS. REEVES.

MRS. REEVES. Did you leave that note I gave you ?

JULIUS. Yes, missus.

MRS. REEVES. Did they give you any message for me ?

JULIUS. 'Pears not, missus ; nebber said nuffin' to me.

MRS. REEVES.. You may go. (JULIUS *hesitates.*) Why do you stand there ? You can go.

JULIUS. Beg pardon, missus, but may dis boy go out to-morrow ?

MRS. REEVES. What do you want to go out for ? You had a holiday last week.

JULIUS. Well, missus, Clementina,—dat gal's my cousin,—goin' to be married to-morrow.

MRS. REEVES. And you want to go to the wedding ?

JULIUS. Please, missus ; de party couldn't get on nohow widout Julius. I'se one of de bridesmaids.

MRS. REEVES. One of the groomsmen, I suppose you mean.

JULIUS. Yas, dat's what it is. I gibs de bride away.

MRS. REEVES. If you give the bride away, I suppose you can go, Julius.

JULIUS. Tank you, missus. Golly ! won't dis boy Julius hab some fun !

[*Cuts a pigeon's wing, and exits.*

MRS. REEVES. I can hardly understand the feeling Ellen entertains toward Mr. Highdon. I must speak to her about it, and see that the connection with that gentleman is severed.

Enter ELLEN.

ELLEN. Oh ! mamma, Tom is coming here to——

MRS. REEVES (*interrupting her*). Tom ! who are you speaking of,—a cat ?

ELLEN. Oh, no, mamma ; Tom is Mr. Highdon.

MRS. REEVES. Do you know it is very improper, my dear, to call gentlemen by their Christian names ?

ELLEN. But Tom don't mind it, mamma.

MRS. REEVES. I do. Mr. Highdon was kind enough to return your fan when you lost it ; we would have paid him for his trouble, if he had allowed us ; because he would not, I see no reason why we should be on such familiar terms with him.

ELLEN. But, mamma, Tom likes me to call him Tom.

MRS. REEVES. I do not. We must let

Mr. Highdon understand that we no longer desire him to visit us.

ELLEN. But, mamma, you won't be so unkind!

MRS. REEVES. Unkind! My dear, Mr. Highdon is only a clerk in a merchant's office down town, so it would be wrong of us to let him entertain hopes, that would ultimately have to be destroyed.

Enter JULIUS.

JULIUS. Please, missus, dat young woman dat was here dis mornin', called agin.

MRS. REEVES. Very well, Julius; I'll come and see her.

[*Exeunt* MRS. REEVES *and* JULIUS.

ELLEN. I wonder what Tom will say, when I tell him that mamma don't like him to come here. I am sure it is very unkind of mamma, just because his name is Tom, not to let him come here any more.

Enter TOM.

TOM. My dear Ellen! how do you do to-day?

ELLEN. How do you do, Mr. Highdon?

TOM. Mr. Highdon! Why don't you call me Tom?

ELLEN. Mamma says I am not to.

TOM. Why not?

ELLEN. I don't know; she says you mustn't come here any more.

TOM. Not come here! If I don't see you I shall go mad.

ELLEN. Don't go mad; I don't like mad people.

TOM. Well, then, dearest, for your sake I won't.

ELLEN. Thank you, Tom.

TOM. There's a darling; always call me Tom. I will see your mamma; tell her how much I love you, and ask her to let you be my wife.

Enter MRS. REEVES.

MRS. REEVES. You here, Mr. Highdon?

TOM. Yes, madam. I have come to ask the hand of your daughter in marriage.

MRS. REEVES (*aside*). Oh, oh! It's time I thought of putting a stop to it. (*Aloud.*) Indeed, sir, and do you love my daughter?

TOM. Most devotedly!

MRS. REEVES. And Ellen loves you?

ELLEN. Yes, mamma.

MRS. REEVES (*aside*). This has gone farther than I thought. (*Aloud.*) Mr. Highdon, will you come with me to the library; there I will speak to you upon the subject.

TOM. Certainly, madam.

[*Exit* MRS. REEVES; TOM *kisses* ELLEN'S *hand, and hurries after her.*

ELLEN. Mamma looks so cross, I am sure Tom will be disappointed, and I know I shall be. Oh, dear! oh, dear! why are mammas so cruel?

[*She sits upon chair, and covers her face with handkerchief.*

[*Scene closes.*

PHANTOM.

SCENE III.—*The same as Scene II.*

Enter JULIUS.

JULIUS. Nohow he can fix it—I won't let him in. He am been here two or three times, but missus says, Julius, says she, if massa Highdon comes here, don't let him see Miss Ellen. An' dis nigger won't. (*A clock strikes twelve.*) Dar's twelve o'clock, missus can't be long, anyway.

Enter TOM, *with a sheet wrapped round him.*

JULIUS. Oh! Lor' a massy

[*Crouches behind a chair in terror.*

TOM (*in a sepulchral voice*). Julius, Julius, Julius, I want you.

JULIUS. Go 'long; don't know you; dis man neber seed you afore.

TOM. Come here, Julius.

JULIUS. Julius am gone out.

TOM. Ha, ha, ha! Tellest thou an untruth?

[*Goes to* JULIUS, *takes him by the collar, and drags him to front of stage.*

JULIUS (*falling on his knees*). Go 'way, white man, dis cullud pussun don't know you.

TOM. Where is——

JULIUS (*interrupting him*). Where's dat sherry?

TOM (*suppressing a laugh*). Yes, where is that sherry?

JULIUS. I only took two bottles; one I gub to a yaller gal, the udder dis boy had for roomatiz.

TOM. Sayest thou so? Begone, and wait for me in the basement.

JULIUS. Lor' a massy, massa, dat I will.

[*Exit* JULIUS *in extreme trepidation.*

TOM. Ha, ha, ha! (*Resumiug his natural voice.*) Love laughs at locksmiths, they say. Love laughs at negroes, say I. He was terribly frightened, but it was the only way I could get him to leave here. But how am I to see Ellen? I am almost as far from that as ever.

Enter ELLEN.

ELLEN (*screams*). What's that?

TOM (*throwing away sheet*). My dearest ELLEN, it is only I.

ELLEN. Oh, Tom, how you frightened me, I took you for a ghost.

TOM. No dear, no phantom, but your own Tommy in the flesh.

ELLEN. What will mamma say, if she knows it?

TOM. But she won't know it. I have frightened Julius, thanks to that sheet, so there is no fear of his returning.

ELLEN. How indiscreet of you, Tom.

TOM. Can you expect me to be discreet, and not see you? It is impossible!

ELLEN. Did you see my letter in to-day's Herald?

TOM. Yes, dear.

ELLEN. Isn't it delightful that we can correspond in that way, without anybody being a bit the wiser.

TOM. It's charming. (*Aside.*) But very expensive. (*Aloud.*) I have good news for you, darling; old Debit is going to take me into partnership.

ELLEN. That's splendid!

TOM. Isn't it? Ever since your mother forbade me the house I have been indefatigable in my attention to business; so much so, that old Debit has offered me a share in the business. When that's settled we may enter into a different kind of partnership. Eh, Ellen?

ELLEN. Oh, Tom.

Enter MRS. REEVES.

MRS. REEVES. This is pretty conduct, sir, entering my house in this manner. What have you to say in palliation?

TOM. Simply, that I love your daughter.

MRS. REEVES. Nonsense! I should have thought Mr. Highdon had more pride than to intrude himself where his presence is obnoxious.

TOM. I have reason to think, only to one person, madam.

MRS. REEVES. If I were to give you my consent, how could you support a wife? My daughter has been used to luxuries which I am sure you with your income could never afford.

ELLEN. But, mamma, Mr. Debit has taken Tom into partnership.

MRS. REEVES. Is that so?

TOM. Yes, madam, I am happy to say it is.

MRS. REEVES. Humph! (*Aside.*) Mr. Debit is one of the richest men in Wall

street. (*Aloud.*) Mr. Highdon, Ellen, come here. (*Takes* ELLEN'S *and* HIGHDON'S *hands and joins them together.*) Take her, Mr. Highdon, but mind, if you are deceiving me about the partnership, I shall withdraw my consent.

TOM. Then my happiness is secured.

MRS. REEVES (*ringing bell*). Now I will have a talk with Julius. You will excuse me, Mr. Highdon, but I am about to scold Julius for admitting you.

TOM. It was—

Enter JULIUS.

JULIUS. Yas, missus. (*Seeing* TOM.) Lor' a massy, dare's massa Highdon!

MRS. REEVES. Yes, and how came you to admit Mr. Highdon?

JULIUS. Dis boy neber, 'mitted massa Highdon.

MRS. REEVES. How did he get into this room, then?

TOM. I will explain that. Knowing that you had forbidden me the house, I had recourse to a lover's stratagem; I put on that sheet, and frightened Julius into the belief that I was a phantom.

JULIUS. An' was you de spook?

TOM (*pointing to sheet*). Yes, and there is my ghostly garment.

JULIUS (*aside to* TOM). Don't say nuffin' bout de sherry.

MRS. REEVES. I see how it is, so I suppose I must forgive all of you.

ELLEN. If you please, mamma, and (*to audience*) ladies and gentlemen, will you be kind enough to give a helping hand to the new partnership?

ELLEN *and* TOM *centre.* MRS. REEVES left and JULIUS *right.*

CURTAIN.

PARLOR MAGIC.

PEGASUS IN FLIGHT.

HERE is one of the few balancing toys which may be readily made, and which will afford much amusement to all, and wonder to those who have not taken the pains to understand the principle on which it is constructed. It furnishes a solution of a popular mechanical problem or paradox, viz., "how to prevent a body, having a tendency to fall by its own weight, from falling, by adding to its weight on the same side on which its tendency is to fall."

PEGASUS IN FLIGHT.

The Pegasus in Flight when complete is fairly represented in the accompanying illustration. It should be made out of a small toy figure of a horse in which the centre of gravity is found in, or very near to, the middle of the body. The wings, which are merely added for the sake of adornment, and to make the toy resemble in appearance the fabled charger after which it is named, should be attached to the figure at a point just behind the shoulders; the wings should be of equal weight and so adjusted as to keep the balance of the figure true. They may, however, if desired, be entirely dispensed with, or any other addition, according to fancy, may be put upon the horse's back.

A wire bent to a curve, to the end of which a small leaden ball has first to be attached, is to be fastened to the middle of the under part of the horse. Upon the hind feet of the horse being then set at rest on the edge of a table, and in such a position that the leaden ball is beneath the edge of the table, the animal may be made to rock to and fro without any fear of its being upset, and the longer the wire, provided only the proper curve is given to it, the longer will be the distance that the toy will sway upwards and downwards.

This toy is also sometimes known by the name of the Mechanical Bucephalus, but it should then be made minus the wings, as is also the case when it is simply exhibited under the still more common description of the Prancing Horse.

PITH DANCER.

The Pith Dancer is a very pleasing dancing toy, and possesses the great merit of being easily made. It is a little figure made of cork, pith, or some other equally light material. At one end of the substance cut out a head and bust, and at the other end stick in four hog's bristles of equal length, so that the figure will stand erect thereon. To make the figure effective in appearance, paint the face, put a little cap on the head, add a pair of arms, and dress it in a cloak which may be made

of some light stuff like tissue paper. When the figure is completely made and equipped, stand it on the bristles upon the sounding board of a piano, and play some brisk and lively tune. The vibration of the piano will then make the figure dance with much spirit, vivacity, and originality.

HYDRAULIC DANCER.

Make a little figure out of a piece of cork, pith, or some equally light material ; place in the figure a small hollow cone of thin leaf brass; then set the figure on any water-jet or small fountain, and it will remain suspended on the top of the water, and will jump, dance, and move about in a very amusing manner. A hollow ball of thin copper, placed on a jet or fountain in a similar way, will remain suspended, turning round and spreading the water gracefully about it.

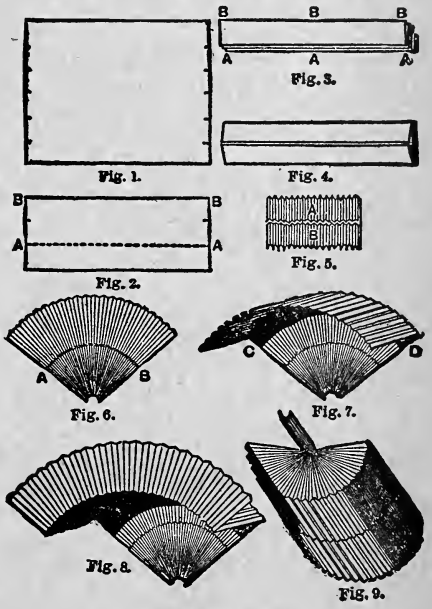
IMMOVABLE CARD.

Upon the face of it, and on first thoughts, it would appear to be the easiest possible thing to blow over an ordinary visiting card placed on a table, provided it be not secured in any mechanical manner. If a visiting card is neatly turned down at the narrow edges, about a quarter or a third of an inch, so that the edges turned down are at right-angles with the remainder of the card, and the card be then placed on the turned down edges, the feat would seem to be still more easy than if the card were simply placed flat on the table. The contrary, however, is the case, and unless let into the secret one may blow at a card so placed for hours without being able to overturn it.

To accomplish the feat, the blowing must be done on the table, not on the card, and at some distance from the card.

MAGIC FAN.

The description of several paper toys appears in this section of the book, but of them all the Magic Fan is the most ingenious, its varieties being so numerous. It is known by the names of the "Magic Fan," "Japanese Fan," "Puzzle-Wit,"



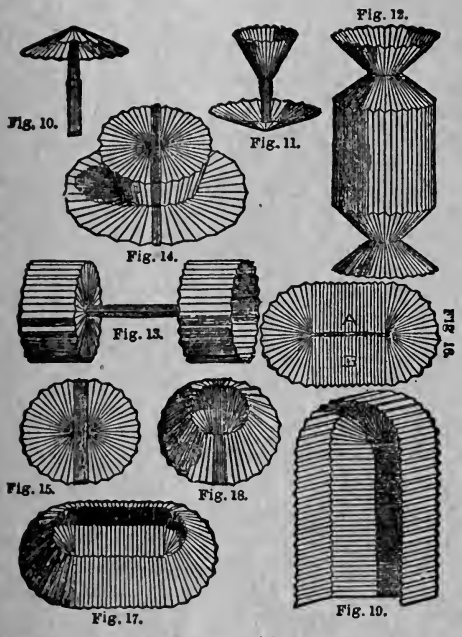
MAGIC FAN.

and "Trouble-Wit," and is often exhibited for profit in the public streets of populous places by members of that class of people who prefer living by their wits to working hard. As a toy, however, to be made at home, it is well worth something more than a mere superficial acquaintanceship.

In its manufacture a piece of good stout paper will be required in size twenty-four inches by nineteen, or proportionately larger or smaller. The paper is to be measured into six equal parts, the divisions being marked on the margin, as shown in Fig 1. Double the paper in half, as shown in Fig. 2. Fold the uppermost half outwards, making the fold as shown in same figure by the letters A A.

Turn the paper over and fold the other half in precisely the same way, thus making the paper as shown in Fig. 3.

Upon examining the edge A A A, two openings between the folds will be seen, whereas at the edge B B B, three openings will be found. The hand has next to be inserted into the middle of these latter openings, and the paper folded outwards to the right and left, and turned over, when it will show as in Fig. 4. Then



MAGIC FAN.

pinch the paper from end to end in plaits like a ruff, three-eighths of an inch in depth, so that when it is all pinched it will be in small compass, as in the Fig. 5.

The Magic Fan is then complete, and all that remains is to learn how to produce its variety of shape. It is said that as many as from sixty to seventy varieties have been produced; a few only will, however, be here indicated, as by attention to the directions now given it will be a comparatively easy matter to ring the changes on the kinds specified. It must always be remembered that every time the form of the fan is changed, the paper must be again well pinched together, in order that the folds of the plaits may remain plainly and strongly marked. Unless the folds are kept in order the Fan cannot be properly worked.

To produce the first form, the common-shaped fan, Fig. 6, catch the folded paper, Fig. 5, at the bottom with both hands, pinch it in and then spread out the top. For Fig. 7, insert the fingers at A and pass them around to B, raising the paper. To turn Fig. 7 into Fig. 8, insert the fingers at C and pass them round to D.

For the next change catch the paper by the part now uppermost, pinch that part well together, and the paper takes the form of a scoop (Fig. 9), the upper part of the fan, Fig. 8, becoming the handle of the scoop. Pinch the paper again into the form of Fig. 5, lift up the upper part A, bring the lower plaits, B, well together, and with one hand arrange the upper part, so as to form the head of a mushroom (Fig. 10).

A new form may be got by raising part of the double head of the mushroom. For Fig. 11, reverse the paper and spread out the lower part, so that it may represent the body of a wine-glass, that which in Fig. 10 was the head of the mushroom will soon appear as the foot of the glass. To make the Chinese lantern, Fig. 12, open out all the paper and twist it round; catch it now by the central part, and by compressing the central folds well together, something like two of the enormous wheels of a steam stone-crusher will be produced (Fig. 13). The butter cooler, Fig. 14, is obtained by opening the paper out again and catching it at the two ends.

The original form, Fig. 5, must then be again reverted to, and a fresh start may be

made by catching the paper at both ends and folding it so as to represent Fig. 15. By drawing it out the table mat, Fig 16, will next be shown. Raising up the paper at the letters A and B of Fig. 16, and, there will appear a dish in the form of Fig. 17. Fig. 18 is obtained by then pressing the paper inwards. The sentry box, Fig. 19, comes by drawing the paper out, and letting it loose at the foot.

And so on, many shapes not here set forth may be obtained. Experiment freely on the Magic Fan; if spoiled it costs nothing but a little patience and a few minutes of time to remake, and a dexterous lad will produce staircases, sofas, chairs, flower-pots, windows and window-blinds, night-caps, boxes, &c., &c., &c.

MAGIC FIGURE.

This is an amusing and easily made toy. Its peculiarity lies in this, that however it may be knocked about, so long as it remains whole, it rises of its own accord to its feet and retains its balance with a gently swaying motion. The figure should be cut out of cork or pith, or something equally light, and may be clothed by gumming on to it some silk floss or other similar substance; to its base, but hidden as much as possible, should be fastened the half of a leaden bullet, with the semi-circular side undermost. The weight of the pedestal will then be sufficient to secure the recovery of the figure immediately after being made to lie prostrate.

MAGIC FLUTE.

The magic flute is made out of a good sound and unused cork, which has in it neither holes or cracks. Place the cork against the teeth, holding it tightly between the lips, and play upon it with the handles of two prongs or forks or the bowls of two spoons. An imitation of the piccolo or small flute will thus be produced, and almost any simple quick air may be played upon it.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

The toy known as Jack-in-the-Box is familiar to all, and is always the source of much fun; it may be readily made by any ingenious lad who will carefully follow the accompanying description:

The toy consists of a box containing a figure of some comical shape. Inside the figure a piece of wire, known as the spring, is coiled up, corkscrew-wise, like the spring within a carriage candle lamp. The box should be made so that when the lid is closed the wire or spring within the figure is compressed; on the removal of the pressure from the lid the wire regains its original form, and out springs the figure. The figure is sometimes secured to the bottom of the box, and sometimes attached to the side by a long piece of string, and then when the lid is suddenly unfastened, Jack will spring out of his hiding-place and fly up high into the air.

BIRD WHISTLES.

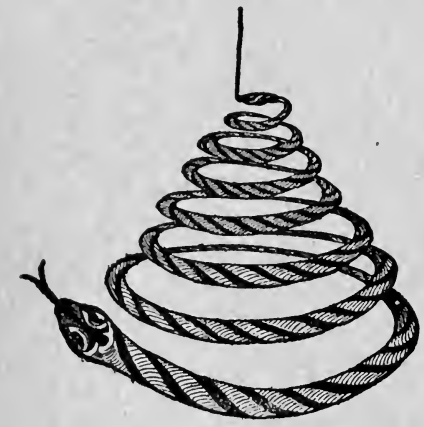
Whistles to imitate the songs of birds may be readily made in different ways. Remove the spout from a small toy teapot, make a whistle at the lower end of a quill, and fit that end to the hole of the teapot left upon the spout being removed, then fill the teapot rather more than half full of water, blow the whistle, and clear bird-like notes will be sounded.

Another form of bird whistle may be made out of a piece of elder or willow. Make in the middle of a piece of either of these woods a whistle, the wood being, of course, first hollowed out. Place one end of the whistle so made in the mouth, and

the opposite end just under the surface of a glass of water. By then blowing, the bird-like notes, as with the quill and the teapot, will be obtained. These whistles may be made of metal or glass as well as wood.

ANIMATED SERPENT.

The animated serpent is a simple and pretty toy. To make it, obtain, if possible, a piece of thin sheet copper or sheet brass, and if not, a piece of card of firm substance, but not too thick. Draw upon



ANIMATED SERPENT.

the material the form of a coiled-up serpent; cut out the serpent with the point of a sharp pen-knife, and fasten a thread through the tip of the tail. When this is done, fasten to the mantelpiece, or to some board to be placed thereon, the other end of the thread, taking care that the stove register is open.

The weight of the serpent's body and head will cause the coils and head to fall below the suspended tail, and then, as a current of air is always passing up an open chimney, the serpent will revolve with more or less rapidity, according to the strength of the draught of air. It is well that the serpent when made should be striped green, black, and yellow, and should have glass beads to represent eyes. Any situation in which there is a draught of air will be suitable, as well as the chimney-piece, in showing off the toy when made.

CAMERA (MINIATURE).

The materials required to make this toy are a small pill-box, a small piece of broken looking-glass about half an inch square, and a little piece of beeswax. Bore a small hole in the centre of the lid of the pill-box, and another hole in the side of the box; then, by means of the beeswax, stick the bit of looking-glass across the bottom of the box, at an angle of forty-five degrees.

By looking now through one of the holes in the box the reflection of objects passing behind will be seen. In making a miniature camera it is not necessary that the materials used should be so small as those here set forth, but even of such materials as those mentioned an effective little toy may be easily constructed, and more ambitious cameras are to be made on just the same principle.

ÆOLIAN HARP.

This interesting little toy is best if made on a long box of very thin deal wood, about four or six inches deep, a circle an inch and a half in diameter, in which some small holes are to be drilled, being marked on the upper side of the box. Bridges, like the bridge of an ordinary violin or fiddle, are to be fastened on to each end of the upper side, and over these bridges are to be passed a number of strings of very fine cat-gut. The strings at one end are to be secured in the framework of the box, and at the other on screw pins, which are themselves fastened to the box.

The strings can be relaxed or tightened, as desired, by turning these pins, and the notes emitted by the different strings altered and arranged according to fancy. The instrument so made should be blown upon or placed in a current of air where the wind can pass freely over it, and then, according to the degrees of strength with which the strings are blown upon, different sounds will be produced.

TO MAKE A LIQUID WHICH FEELS COLD TO THE TOUCH, BUT WHICH RENDERS THE HANDS AND FACE LUMINOUS.

Immerse a piece of phosphorus, about the size of a pea, in an ounce or so of ether. After a time, portions of the phosphorus will dissolve, yielding an ethereal solution of that substance. If the hands and face be rubbed with this solution, which is perfectly innocent, the operator will seem on fire, and will pass for a very respectable ghost.

TO MAKE BEAUTIFUL TRANS PARENT COLORED WATER.

The following liquors, which are colored, being mixed, produce colors very different from their own. The yellow tincture of saffron, and the red tincture of roses, when mixed, produce a green. Blue tincture of violets, and brown spirit of sulphur, produce a crimson. Red tincture of roses, and brown spirits of hartshorn, make a blue. Blue tincture of violets, and blue solution of copper, give a violet color. Blue tincture of cyanus, and blue spirit of sal ammoniac colored, make green. Blue solution of Hungarian vitriol, and brown lye of potash, make yellow. Blue solution of Hungarian vitriol, and red tincture of roses, make black; and blue tincture of cyanus, and green solution of copper, produce red.

DANCING HIGHLANDER.

The Dancing Highlander, like the Apple Woman and a few other imitations described among the toy games, is really a hand performance supplemented by a few accessories. For the performance of the Dancing Highlander, get an old glove and cut off the tops of the first two fingers down to about the second joint; next will be required a very small pair of baby's socks, which are to be painted some plaid pattern, and fitted to the first and second fingers. Draw on the glove, then pull the socks on the first two fingers, padding out that for the first finger so as to be equal in length to that for the second.

The figure of a Highlander in his national costume, which should have been first prepared out of cardboard and appropriately colored, is then to be pasted on to the back of the glove; the tops of the two first fingers of the gloves should do duty for shoes, and the uncovered portions of the performer's fingers will show as the bare knees of the kilted Scot, who may then be made to dance or perform any of those wild antics usually attributed to the Highlander when his foot is on his native heath.

THE VIAL OF THE FOUR ELEMENTS.

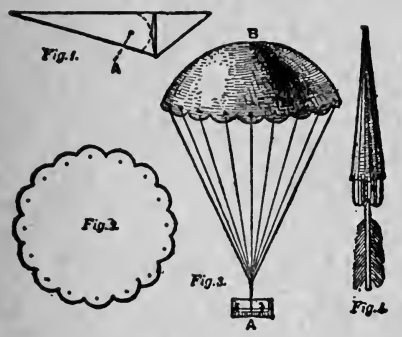
Take a phial, six or seven inches long, and about three quarters of an inch in diameter. Into this phial put, first, glass coarsely powdered; secondly, oil of tartar per deliquium; thirdly, tincture of salt of tartar; and lastly, distilled rock oil.

The glass and the various liquors being of different densities, if you shake the phial, and then let it rest a few moments, the three liquors will entirely separate, and each assume its place; thus forming no indifferent resemblance of the four elements,

earth, fire, water, and air; the powdered glass (which should be of some dark color) representing the earth; the oil of tartar, water; the tincture, air; and the rock oil, fire.

PAPER PARACHUTE.

To make a toy paper parachute, take a square piece of tissue or other light paper, and fold it from corner to corner into a triangular shape; fold it again from corner to corner, and again a third time fold it in the same way, and then double it so as to give it the appearance shown by Fig. 1 in the accompanying diagram. Cut with a sharp penknife through all the folds of the paper, shown by the dotted lines, and pierce a hole at the point marked A quite



PAPER PARACHUTE.

through; then, when the paper is opened out, it will be found to be as shown in Fig. 2.

Fasten threads, all of which are to be of the same length, through each hole; bring the loose ends of the thread to a point, fasten them there together, and attach to them a piece of cardboard or folded paper as ballast. The whole toy will then be complete, as shown in Fig 3. If the parachute be then taken into the open air, and when a good breeze is blowing, the air will soon catch under the toy and carry it up to a considerable height.

In the absence, however, of a wind, it requires some dexterity to set the parachute off successfully, and it may be much aided by the use of an arrow and a common bow. A small hole is cut in the top of the paper, in which the point of an arrow is inserted and fixed to the end by a little paste or gum. The ends of the thread should then be tied at about halfway down the shaft of the arrow, and, when complete, it will have very much the appearance of a closed parasol (*see* Fig. 4).

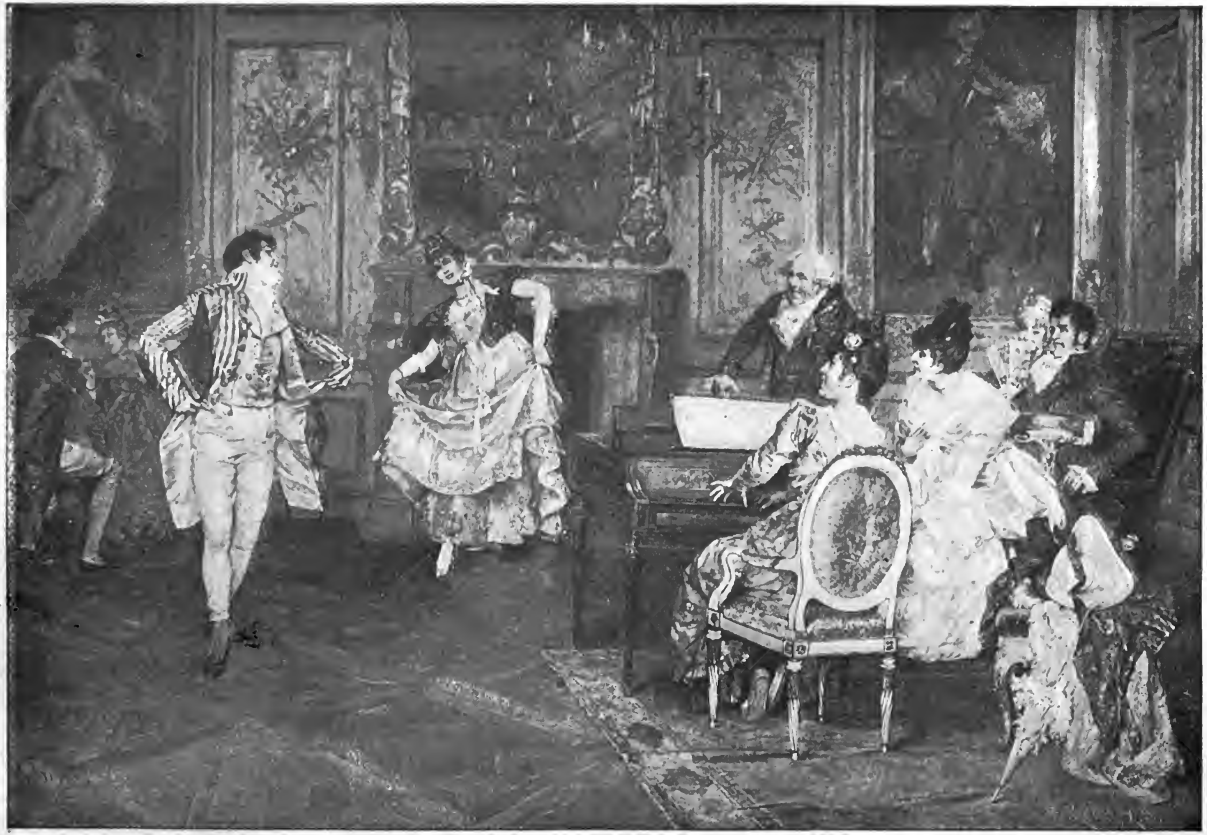
If the arrow is then placed on the string of the bow and shot into the air, the parachute will on coming down open out and sail away gracefully, and more or less swiftly according to the current of air into which it may be propelled from the bow.

THE MAGIC TUMBLER.

The air which for about forty miles surrounds our earth has a definite weight; and although we can neither see nor feel it, we are conscious of its presence by the momentary operation of breathing. The weight of a column of air one inch square, and forty miles high, is about fifteen pounds. The reason why we are not crushed down by this enormous weight is, because we are surrounded on all sides by it, and as the pressure or weight is equal all around, it becomes, as far as we are personally concerned, insensible.

That the air *does* exert a definite pressure, in consequence of its weight, may be easily proved by any one with the above simple apparatus—only a tumbler and a sheet of paper. Fill a tumber quite full of water, and carefully draw over its top a sheet of clean letter paper, and be careful to see that there are no bubbles of air in the water; place your hand over the paper while inverting it, and when the glass is mouth downwards the water will be kept

THE TURNING POINT IN THE GAME



AN OLD-TIME MINUET

in, until the paper becomes wet through. The air pressing against the mouth of the tumbler is of greater weight than the contained water, and so until some air can get in, to supply the place of the water, it cannot fall out.

EXPERIMENTS IN GALVANISM.

Electro-magnetism, that is, magnetism produced by electricity, is a brilliant discovery of the present century. Dr. Franklin believed a connection to exist between electricity and magnetism, from the circumstance that the poles of the compass-needle had been frequently reversed during thunder storms, and that the same effect could be produced by electrical discharges. To determine this connection, Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen, made some experiments in the year 1807; but he did not complete the discovery until 1820.

The terms Galvanism and Voltaism are also given to electricity under a peculiar form; these being derived from Galvani and Volta, the discoverers. Chemical electricity would, however, be a fitter term for galvanism and voltaism, as well as for electro-magnetism, since the galvanic or electro-magnetism is excited by chemical agency, that is, by the action of acids on metals; and the electric power by friction, or by induction from the atmosphere.

Coat the point of your tongue with tin-foil, and its middle part with gold or silver leaf, so that the two metals touch, when a sourish taste will be produced. This simple effect is termed "a galvanic tongue."

Galvanic experiments may be made with the legs of a frog. A live flounder will answer nearly the same purpose. Lay the fish in a plate, upon a slip of zinc, to which is attached a piece of wire, and put a quarter dollar upon the flounder's back; then touch the quarter dollar with the wire, and at each contact strong muscular contraction will be produced.

Place a thin plate of zinc upon the upper surface of the tongue, and a half dollar or a piece of silver on the under surface. Allow the metals to remain for a little time in contact with the tongue before they are made to touch each other, that the taste of the metals themselves may not be confounded with the sensation produced by their contact. When the edges of the metals, which project beyond the tongue, are then suffered to touch, a galvanic sensation is produced, which it is difficult accurately to describe.

Place a silver teaspoon as high as possible between the gums and the upper lip, and a piece of zinc between the gums and the under lip. On bringing the extremities of the metals into contact, a very vivid sensation, and an effect like a flash of light across the eyes, will be perceived. It is singular that this light is equally vivid in the dark, and in the strongest light, and whether the eyes be shut or open.

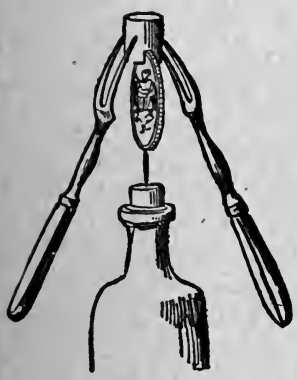
Put a silver cup or mug, filled with water, upon a plate of zinc on a table, and just touch the water with the tip of the tongue; it will be tasteless so long as the zinc plate is not handled, for the body does not form a voltaic circle with the metals. Moisten your hand well, take hold of the plate of zinc, and touch the water with your tongue, when a very peculiar sensation, and an acid taste, will be experienced.

Take a piece of copper of about six inches in width, and put upon it a piece of zinc of rather smaller dimensions, inserting a piece of cloth, of the same size as the zinc, between them; place a leech upon the piece of zinc, and though there appear nothing to hinder it from crawling away, yet it will not pass from the zinc to

the copper, because its damp body acting as a conductor to the fluid disturbed, as soon as it touches the copper it receives a galvanic shock, and of course retires to its resting place.

THE BALANCED COIN.

This engraving represents what seems to be an astounding statement, namely, that a quarter or other piece of money can be made to spin on the point of a needle. To perform this experiment procure a bottle, cork it, and in the cork place a needle. Now take another cork and cut a slit in it so that the edge of the coin will fit into the slit; next place two forks in the cork, as seen in the engraving, and placing the edge of the coin on the needle, it will spin round without falling off.



BALANCED COIN.

The reason is this, that the weight of the forks, projecting as they do so much below the coin, brings the centre of gravity of the arrangement much below the point of suspension or the point of the needle, and therefore the coin remains perfectly safe and upright.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

This is glorious fun for the long evenings, and will be found a valuable addition to the amusements provided at evening parties. In a room with folding doors, which will be the best suited to the purpose—or otherwise it must be suspended from the ceiling—strain a large sheet across the partition. In the front room place the company, who will remain in comparative darkness, and in the back room put a bright lamp or candle, with a looking-glass reflector, or a polished tin one if it be convenient, on the ground. When an individual stands between the light and the sheet, his reflection, magnified to immense proportions, will be thrown forward on the screen, and when he jumps over the light, it will appear to the spectators in front, as if he had jumped upwards through the ceiling.

Some amusing scenes may thus be contrived with a little ingenuity. Chairs and tables may be called down from above by simply passing them across the light; a struggle between two seeming combatants may take place, and one be seen to throw the other up in the air on the same principle. A game at cards, with pieces of cardboard cut out so as to represent the pips, may be played out, and beer poured from a jug into a glass, sawdust giving the best shadowy imitation of the fluid, may be imbibed during the game with great effect. Care should be taken to keep the profile on the screen as distinct as possible, and practice will soon suggest some highly humorous situations.

THE WATCH TRICK.

If a person will tell you the hour he means to dine, you can tell him the hour he intends to get up that morning. First ask a person to *think* of the hour he intends rising on the following morning; when he has done so, bid him to place his finger on any hour he pleases on the dial of your watch, and to remember the hour he first thought of.

To the hour his finger is on you now mentally add 12, and request him to retrograde, counting the number of hours you mention, whatever that may be, but that

he is to commence counting *with* the hour he thought of *from* the hour he points at; for example, suppose he thought of rising at 8, and places his finger on 12 as the hour of dinner, you desire him to count backwards 24 hours, 12 he calls 8 (that being the hour he thought of rising), 11 he calls 9, 10 he calls 10, and so on (mentally but not aloud) until he has counted 24, at which point he will stop, which will be at 8, and he will express his surprise to find that it is the hour he thought of rising.

HOW TO PUT AN EGG INTO A SMALL-NECKED BOTTLE.

Steep the egg in vinegar for some time, when the shell will become perfectly soft and pliable. It can then be forced into the bottle. If water be afterwards poured into the bottle, the egg will regain its proper shape and constituency, and will puzzle many as to how it got into the bottle.

THE "TWENTY-CENT" TRICK.

This ingenious deception, which appears so marvellous to the eyes of the uninitiated, is thus performed. Borrow twenty cents from the company, which display on a plate, having previously prepared five cents in your left hand, which you keep concealed. Then take the cents from the plate in the right hand, and mixing them with the concealed five, give them to one of the company to hold. Ask the possessor to return five to you, which he will do, supposing he then retains only fifteen, although, in reality, he of course has twenty.

Now, have another cent palmed in your right hand, so that when giving the five cents to another person to hold, you may mix it with that sum, and place the *six* cents in his hand. You may now ask him as before to return *one;* when you take it remind him he has only four and you must now proceed with the most marvellous part of your illusion. Taking the one cent you have just received in the right hand, palm it, and pretend to place it in the left. Then striking the left hand with your magic rod, bid it fly into the closed hand of the person holding five, or, as he supposes, the *four* cents. On unclosing the hand, the cents will of course appear to have been transferred thither, and great amazement will result.

Now taking the five cents, make a more dexterous pass into the left hand, whence you bid them fly into the closed hand of the person holding the supposed fifteen, and whom you now ask to return you the full sum of twenty cents, much to his own wonder and that of the company. If executed with care and dexterity, no illusion can be more effective.

THE VANISHING DIME.

This is a clever trick, and may be done with good effect in the following manner:—Previously stick a small piece of white wax on the nail of your middle finger, lay a dime on the palm of your hand, and state to the company that you will make it vanish at the word of command, at the same time observing that many persons perform the feat by letting the dime fall into their sleeve, but to convince them that you have not recourse to such deception, turn up your cuffs.

Then close your hand, and by bringing the waxed nail in contact with the dime, it will firmly adhere to it. Then blow upon your hand and cry "begone;" and suddenly opening it, and extending your palm, you show that the dime has vanished. Care must be taken to remove the wax from the dime before restoring it to the owner, if it should have been borrowed from one of the company.

THE DISAPPEARING COIN.

To place a small coin in a pocket handkerchief, and wrap it carefully up; then to unfold the handkerchief, and make the coin disappear. To perform this seemingly impossible feat, all you have to do is take a half-dime and privately place a piece of soft wax on one side of it; then spread a pocket handkerchief upon a table, and taking up the coin, show it to your audience—being very careful not to expose the side that has the wax on it; then place it in the centre of the handker

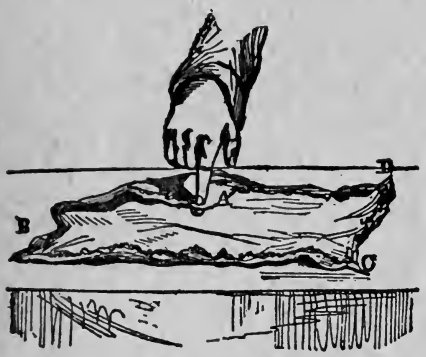


FIG. NO. 1.

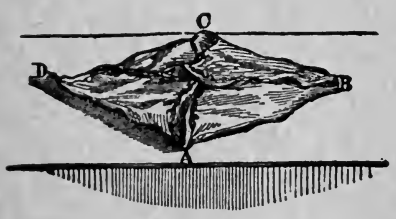


FIG. NO. 2.

chief, with the waxed side up, at the same time bring over the corner of the handkerchief marked A, as represented in Fig. No. 1, and completely hide the coin from the view of the spectators; this must be carefully done, or the company will discover the wax on the coin.

You must now press on the coin very hard with your thumb, so as to make it adhere to the handkerchief; when you have done this, fold over successively the corners marked B, C and D, and the handkerchief will assume the shape of Fig. No. 2.

Then again fold over the corners B, C and D (Fig. No. 2), leaving the corner A, open. Having done this, take hold of the handkerchief with both hands, as repre-

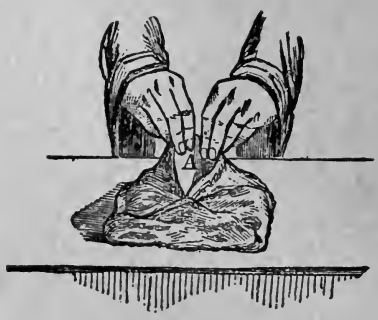


FIG. NO. 3.

sented in Fig. No. 3, at the opening A, and sliding your fingers along the edge of the same, it will become unfolded, and the coin, adhering to the corner of the handkerchief, will of course come into your right hand; then detach the coin shake out the handerchief, and to the great astonishment of the company, the coin will have disappeared.

In order to convince the audience that the coin is still in the handkerchief after you have wrapped it up, you can drop it on the table, when it will sound against the wood.

This is an easy trick to perform, and, if well done, is calculated to create much astonishment at an evening party.

THE MAGIC THREAD.

This is made by soaking a piece of thread in a solution of salt or alum; affixing on it a light finger ring, and applying the thread to the flame of a candle; after it is burnt to ash it will nevertheless continue to support the ring.

INSTANTANEOUS CRYSTALLIZATION.

Make a concentrated solution of sulphate of soda, or Glauber's salts, adding to it gradually portions of boiling water until the fluid dissolves no more. Pour the solution, whilst in a boiling state, into phials previously warmed ; cork them immediately to exclude the air from the solution ; place them in a secure place, without shaking them, and the solution will cool ; remove the cork, and as soon as the atmospheric air becomes admitted, it will begin to crystallize on the surface, and the crystallization is complete.

EATING A CANDLE AFTER LIGHTING IT.

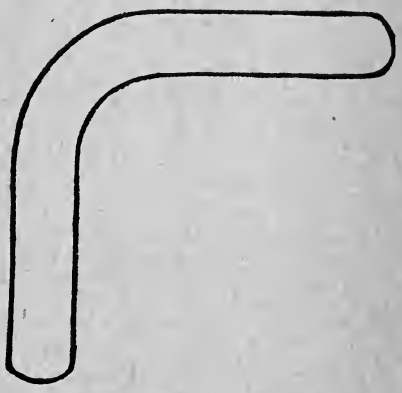
This is done by cutting a piece of apple the shape required, and sticking into it a little piece of nut or almond, to make it resemble the stump of a candle. The almond wick can be lighted, and will burn for about a minute, so that the deception is perfect. You can afterwards eat it in the presence of the company. This candle should be already in front of the audience, and should be placed in a candlestick, and if well introduced it goes down (in more senses than one) capitally.

THE BOOMERANG.

The Boomerang is a weapon used by the savages of Australia. By them it is made of a flat piece of hard wood. The peculiarity of this instrument is, that in whatever direction it is thrown, it will return to the place from whence it started. The Australian aborigines use it with great dexterity, making it travel around a house and return to their feet, or they can throw it on the ground so that it will fly into the air, form a perfect arc over their heads, and strike them on the back. This curious instrument can be made in miniature, and is a very amusing toy for the parlor.

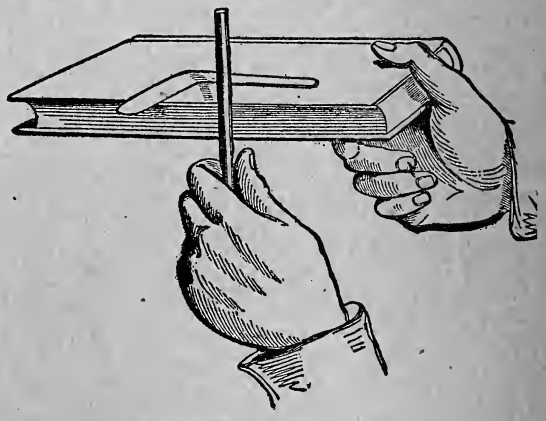
HOW TO MAKE A PARLOR BOOMERANG.

Get a piece of tolerably stiff cardboard, and cut from it a figure resembling No. 1, and you will have a Boomerang.



BOOMERANG, NO. 1.

The next thing is to propel it through the air so that it will return to your feet; to



BOOMERANG, NO. 2.

do this lay the Boomerang on a flat book allowing one end to project about an inch, then holding the book at a slight angle to strike the projecting end of the boomerang with a piece of stick or heavy penholder, as represented in No. 2, when it will fly across the room and return to your feet.

THE MAGIC COIN.

Although a purely sleight-of-hand trick, it requires but little practice to perform it with dexterity. Take a quarter of a dollar between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, as represented in the accompanying cut, then, by a rapid twist of the fingers, twirl the coin by the same motion that you would use to spin a teetotum, at the same time rapidly close your hand, and the coin will disappear up your coat-sleeve; you can now open your hand, and, much to the astonishment of your audience, the coin will not be there.

THE MAGIC COIN.

This capital trick may be varied in a hundred ways. One good way is to take three dimes or quarters, and concealing one in the palm of your left hand, place the other two, one each between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, then give the coin in the right hand the twirl as already described, and closing both hands quickly, the coin in the right hand will disappear up your sleeve, and the left hand, on being unclosed, will be found to contain two quarters, whilst that which *was* in the right will have disappeared. Thus you will make the surprised spectators believe that you conjured the coin from the right hand into the left.

FIRE IN WATER.

If a few pieces of phosphuret of lime be placed in a tumbler of water, it will be decomposed, and bright flashes of light will dart from the surface of the water, presenting to those who are unacquainted with the cause, a very striking phenomenon.

FOUNTAIN OF FIRE.

Add gradually one ounce of sulphuric acid to six ounces of water in an earthen basin. Then add three-quarters of an ounce of granulated zinc, with a few pieces of phosphorus the size of a pea. Gas-bubbles will be immediately produced, which take fire on the surface of the effervescing liquid, and the whole surface of the liquid will directly become illuminated; fire-balls and jets of fire will dart from the bottom through the fluid with great rapidity.

THE MAGIC INCENDIARY.

A vessel containing a certain white powder is placed upon the table by the wizard—the man who is held in great awe by the juveniles, on account of his seeming supernatural powers, and yet beloved by them because he affords them much pleasure by the exhibition of his talents, to say nothing of the bon-bons, apples, oranges, almonds, and sugar-plums which he causes to issue from an apparently empty drawer, or handkerchief, and upon which they are allowed to feast.

This said wizard having placed the above-mentioned powder on the table, now advances, waving his wand and uttering the magic words, *cassafelto, presto, aldiborontiphoskiphorniosticos*, when lo! of a sudden the room is lighted up with a brilliant light, so effulgent that it dims the eyes of the spectators!

The secret is this:—The powder is composed of equal weights of loaf-sugar and chlorate of potash, separately reduced to fine powder, and then well mixed together. This is placed in some vessel, such as a cup, or in fact anything that will prevent the fire from injuring the table. When this powder is touched with the least drop of sulphuric acid it will instantly burst into a flame; if therefore the end of the

glass rod be dipped in the acid immediately before use, it will on being brought into contact with the deflagrating powder cause it to ignite.

THE MINERAL CHAMELEON.

When one part of black oxide of manganese and three parts of nitrate of potass, both reduced to powder, and mixed together, are exposed in a crucible to a strong heat for about an hour, or as long as any gas continues to be disengaged, a compound of highly oxidized manganese and potass, possessed of some very curious properties, is obtained.

Experiment 1. A few grains of this compound, put into a wine glassful of water, produces a *green* color ; an increase of the quantity changes the color to a *blue ;* more still, to a *purple ;* and a yet further increase produces a beautiful *deep purple.*

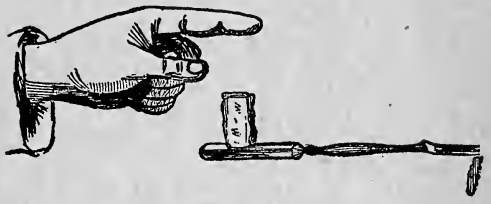
Experiment 2. Put equal quantities of this substance into two separate wine glasses, and add to the one *hot*, and to the other *cold*, water. The hot solution will be of a beautiful *green* color ; the cold one of a *deep purple.* By using more glasses, and water more or less in quantity, and at different temperatures, a great variety of colors will be produced in this way from the same substance.

TO SET A COMBUSTIBLE BODY ON FIRE BY THE CONTACT OF COLD WATER.

Fill a saucer with water, and let fall into it a piece of potassium, of the size of a peppercorn (which is about two grains). The potassium will instantly become red hot, with a slight explosion, and burn vividly on the surface of the water, darting at the same time from one side of the vessel to the other, with great violence, in the form of a red-hot fire ball.

DECEPTIVE VISION.

Stick a fork in the wall, about four or five feet from the floor, and on the end of it place a cork ; then tell some person to place his forefinger by the side of the cork ;



DECEPTIVE VISION.

when he has measured the height carefully, tell him to walk backwards about five yards, then shut one eye, and walk forward and try to knock the cork off the fork with one blow of the forefinger. The probabilities are, that he will make the attempt a dozen times before he is successful.

COMBUSTION UNDER WATER.

Put a small quantity of hyper-oxi-muriate of potass and a bit of phosphorus into a wine glass ; pour on them cold water. Take a glass tube and dip one end into sulphuric acid ; press with the finger upon the upper orifice to retain it convey the end to the botton of the glass, take away the finger, and the combustion will take place instantly.

TO CAUSE WATER TO BOIL ON THE SURFACE OF ICE.

To effect this, first freeze a quantity of water in the bottom of a long glass tube, closed at one end, either by exposure to cold air, or by means of a *freezing mixture ;* say equal parts of nitrate of ammonia and water. Then cover the cake of ice by a quantity of water, and hold the tube (without handling the part of it containing the ice) in such a manner over a lamp, that the

surface of the water may be heated to the point of boiling; for this the tube requires to be placed, in a diagonal direction, which is such as allows the water at the top of it to be heated, while the ice remains unheated below.

THE MIMIC GAS HOUSE.

The next illustration shows a simple way of making illuminating gas by means of a tobacco pipe. Bituminous coal contains a number of chemical compounds,

THE MIMIC GAS HOUSE.

nearly all of which can, by distillation, be converted into an illuminating gas; and with this gas nearly all our cities are now lighted in the dark hours of night. To make it as represented in our engraving, obtain some coal dust (or walnut or butternut meats will answer), and fill the bowl of a pipe with it; then cement the top over with some clay, place the bowl in the fire and soon smoke will be seen issuing from the end of the stem; when that has ceased coming, apply a light, and it will burn brilliantly for several minutes; after it has ceased, take the pipe from the fire and let it cool, then remove the clay, and a piece of coke will be found inside; this is the excess of carbon over the hydrogen contained in the coal, for all the hydrogen will combine with carbon at a high temperature, and make what are called hydro-carbons—a series of substances containing both these elemental forms of matter.

TO CAUSE FIRE TO BURN UNDER WATER.

You call for a pail of water, and having a certain composition in your hand, which you apply fire to, you throw it into the water, and to the great astonishment of the company, it will burn under the water till quite spent.

For the performance of this curious trick, by which many a wager has been won, take three ounces of powder, one ounce of saltpetre, and three ounces of sulphur vivum, beat and mix them well together; then fill a pasteboard or paper mould with the composition, and it will burn till entirely consumed, under the water.

OUT FOR HEALTH AND RECREATION

CHILDREN ENTERTAINED BY A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW

PALMISTRY;

OR,

HOW TO READ THE HAND.

BY noting the lines in the palm of the hand, it is maintained by many persons that the character, occupation, and fortune of the individual can be correctly told. The science of palmistry, if such it can be called, is an old one. Those who practice fortune telling often use this method for making their predictions. There can be no objection to palmistry as a parlor amusement. Whatever science is required for fore-telling the future from the hand may be acquired from the following pages. Certain lines of the hand are supposed to mean certain things, and after this meaning is learned it becomes easy to amuse an evening company, as all the company will be quite eager to have their various fortunes told.

That there are many persons who really believe palmistry to be a true science there can be no doubt. You are not required to believe it, however, in order to make it a most amusing exercise for the entertainment of your friends.

Chirognomy, understood as distinct from Chiromancy, is the science by which we can tell the dispositions, proclivities, characters, and occupations of those with whom we are thrown in contact, by the mere actual shape of the hands, their outward appearances, and the impressions they give to the senses of vision and touch. D'Arpentigny was the great high priest of this branch of the science (as Desbarrolles was of the other), and he divided all hands into seven categories, as follows :—

1. The Elementary (or Large-palmed).
2. The Necessary (or Spatulate).
3. The Artistic (or Conical).
4. The Useful (or Square).
5. The Philosophical (or Knotty).
6. The Psychic (or Pointed).
7. The Mixed Hand.

If the palm of the hand is too meagre and narrow, it shows a feeble disposition, wanting in versatility or fertility of conception, a nature of weak passions, and without power ; if it is supple and of a thickness and size in proportion with the fingers and the rest of the body, it denotes aptitude and brightness of idea ; if, though still supple, the mounds and general developments are too marked and gross, it betrays sensuality and egotism ; and if at the other extreme it is too big, too fat and gross in itself, it indicates a character void of refinement, and instincts inclining to animality.

The delicacy of hand or foot carries itself even to the lower animals, for whilst horses, asses, mules, cows, pigs, and other animals noted for their stupidity have but

solid horn feet, the higher animals, and those possessing most instinct, such as the felidæ, dogs, monkeys, and the like, have their feet more or less articulated and delicate as they stand higher or lower in the grade of animal intelligence.

The fingers, again, are smooth, or knotted, and, among the latter, some hands have fingers with two knots, and others with only one. If your second joints (*i. e.*, those nearest the nails) are developed, you have a well-ordered mind; if both joints are developed, this orderliness and method are the more pronounced. With both joints well developed you will be punctual, tidy, systematic, and methodical in your course of action. If you have no knots in your fingers, *i. e.*, if neither joint is developed, your natural tendency will be towards art, and your course of action will be rather inspired than reasoned out; you will be guided by fancy and sentiment rather than knowledge.

PRACTICAL HANDS.

The fingers, whether knotted or smooth, have the third phalange (that which bears the nail) neither pointed, conical, square or spatulated. Take two hands both spatulated, but one smooth and the other knotty. Both subjects or persons will be active, will have an aptitude for physical activity, and an inclination to regard things from their useful, practical side.

Both will appreciate things *real*, physical force, calculation, sciences, natural, experimental and physical, and so on. *But* the subject with smooth fingers will succeed in these arts by inspiration, spontaniety, locomotion; whilst the one with jointed or knotty fingers will succeed by calculation, reasoning and probability.

Now take two other subjects: these have *square* tips to their fingers, but those of the one are smooth, and those of the other jointed. Both, by reason of the square fingers, have tastes for moral sciences, politics, social and philosophical, didactic, dramatic and exact poetry, grammar, languages, logic—in fact, the lighter forms of things useful and practical. They prefer that things should be exact and complete than grand and magnificent; they have an aptitude for business, respect of persons, positive but moderate ideas; they like to discover rather than to imagine.

EXCEL IN SOME THINGS.

They never attain the most glorious poetic flights, but they excel in literature, sciences and the more exact arts. The subject with smooth fingers will pursue rather literature, considered *as* literature only, and will pursue his tastes with spontaniety, whilst the one with knotted fingers will proceed as before by calculation and with reason, excelling in history, geography, social science and the like.

Given: two subjects, one spatulate, the other square, the former will be the more simple but the less polite; he will have greater freedom but less elegance.

Take now a subject having smooth fingers ending conically, or like a thimble. You will find the fine arts, sculpture, vigorous painting and monumental architecture, imaginative but reasonable poetry, love of the beautiful from its sensible and reasonable point of view, romance, dislike of abstruse calculation, love of independence, enthusiasm sometimes subject to fantasy. If the hand, instead of being smooth, be knotty, you will find the same tendencies, but with more moral force and character.

If knotted fingers have the outer phalange square *and* pointed, they indicate a nature prone to speculative ideas, medita-

tion and the most philosophical sciences. They indicate love of stern truth, poetry of reason and thought, logic, independence religious, social and political, deism, democracy and liberty. That is what we call the philosophic hand, and is more theoretical than practical.

Here is another hand, this time with smooth fingers, and having the third phalange very pointed and drawn out. Here we have ideality, religion and contemplation in their highest development, indifference to material interests, poetry of soul and heart, desire for love and liberty, adoration of the beautiful in the "hysterical" abstract.

FINGERS CONTRASTED.

It will be seen, therefore, that spatulate and square fingers monopolize matter and reality—*i. e.*, industries, and useful and necessary arts, action, theory based on *facts*, and intellectual science, whilst conical and pointed fingers indicate—the first, art, by love of the beautiful in its actuality, and the second; the true and beautiful, in their inner significance, and the most ideal and lofty poetry and idealism.

A hand which is hard and stiff, and has a difficulty in opening to its full extension, indicates obstinacy and stubbornness. A large hand indicates love of minutiæ and detail; a medium hand takes in details, but also appreciates entirety. Amongst musical people the most correct and learned musicians have square fingers; instrumentation, whether it be the art of performing or composing for instruments, is invariably found in spatulate fingers; whilst singers have nearly always the third phalange pointed.

Thus it will be understood, that whilst knots beautify and improve a spatulate or square fingered hand on account of their natural usefulness and aptitude for combination, to have the joints largely developed would be a deformity and misfortune to a pointed or conical-fingered hand, seeing that the latter are devoted to the finer and more liberal arts, which necessarily succeed best when they are the offspring of inspiration and spontaniety.

The inherent natural shape of a hand never alters. Its concomitant conditions may be changed by the subject being forced into an occupation the opposite of his genius, inclination and natural tendency, but the original aptitude, and the form of finger which denotes it, always remain. Thus: if a subject obviously inclined towards, and born for, poetry or art be forced by circumstances to become an engineer, or to pursue any other practical employment, the hand will become hard, gross and mechanical, but the pointed smooth shape will still remain undisguised.

Take the absolute rustic, free as air, without thought or mental cares of any kind, his hand will be spatulate or square, with large joints. Take the circus-rider, juggler, gymnast, dancer, rider and so on, his hand will be either spatulate and smooth, or large and conical and very hard, for these possess a kind of rugged, instinctive grace. Amongst literary men and women the hands will be formed according to the subjects on which, and the styles in which, they write.

It would be easy to pursue this theme, had we time and space for it, *ad infinitum;* but though we might make ourselves clearer on the subject, we should necessarily be obliged to repeat ourselves. An intelligent perusal will give the reader every necessary information concerning the palm and fingers of the hand, from a general point of view, so that we can now proceed to the consideration of the most

important part of the hand, and that is the thumb.

"In default of other proofs," said Sir Isaac Newton, "the thumb would convince me of the existence of God."

The Thumb is the most essential part of the human hand, for without it the fingers would be comparatively useless. It is the thumb which constitutes the great difference between the hand of man and the foot of the higher animals; the nearest approach to the human thumb, *i. e.*, the monkey's, is short, and almost immobile, and, therefore, as compared with the human thumb, is almost reduced to the rank of a fifth finger, or nail.

MEANING OF THE THUMB.

The ancient Romans used to denote a coward by the words "pollice truncatus" (a man with his thumb cut off), a term which had its origin in the practice of certain pusillanimous slaves, who used to cut off their thumbs to avoid being sent to the wars, they being considered unfit for anything after suffering this disfigurement; and it is from this phrase that is derived our English word poltroon, through the French *poltron*. In the human thumb lie the indications of his will and intellect; people who are born idiots come into the world either without thumbs or with their thumbs quite abortive and useless.

A baby, before it can exercise its will, it will be observed, always keeps its fingers closed over its thumbs, whereas a reasoning man, when exercising his will or determination, almost invariably closes his thumb across his fingers. Epileptic patients during their fits always fold their thumbs inside their hands; indeed, the approach of their fits are often heralded by the preliminary folding of their thumbs.

At the root of the thumb, says the twin science Chiromancy, lie the indications more or less developed of a tendency to love; and is not love only an exercise of the will, amounting to longing? The first phalange we denominate the phalange of logic, *i. e.*, perception, judgment, and reason, whilst in the second (or outer) phalange we look for the indications of will, invention, decision, and prompt action.

The Romans, again, to return to their recognition of the thumb as an indication of will, used it in their gladiatorial displays, to show, by its erection or depression, their will concerning the defeated combatant. If the second or outer phalange of your thumb be narrow, mean, and short, your will is a weak one; you are prone to accept received notions, to be guided by others; you are doubtful, uncertain, and indifferent.

People whose thumbs are small are more sentimental than others whose thumbs are in proportion, or large, and they act more on impulse than reflection; those whose thumbs are large have consequently exactly opposite characteristics. A large thumb usually indicates independence, a tendency towards despotism, presence of power, but power born of force, not of charm. Following these reasonings you will find that persons with a taste for the occult sciences have large thumbs.

Any one who has smooth fingers and a small thumb has (whatever may be the form of the third phalange of his fingers) an inborn tendency to poetry and art, though he may not have the talent to cultivate them. We know an eminent literary man whose ideas in general are of the most matter-of-fact description, who sits wrapt and spell-bound at hearing beautiful music or poetry, though he has not the least talent for either of these arts; his fingers are smooth, but spatulate with small thumbs.

Subjects with conical or pointed fingers and large thumbs temper their idealism and art by deduction and reason; in fact, their temperament resembles that of subjects with square fingers, but a small thumb.

Carrying, therefore, your mind back to what we said concerning the characteristics indicated by the forms of the fingers, you will arrive at this deduction, that the subject with smooth, conical, or pointed fingers will have the characteristics of that form the more strongly developed if he has also a small thumb, whilst the subject with knotted fingers, terminating squarely or in spatule, will be the more powerfully addicted to the tendencies of that form, if to them he adds a thumb which is large. Thus by their nature people with large thumbs can produce results unnatural to them more easily than those with small; for example, a large-thumbed mechanican may bring himself to write poetry, but a small-thumbed poet can never become a practical calculator.

By consistency, we mean the impression produced by a hand upon the sense of touch. Thus two hands may be of the same size and shape, the fingers of both formed and terminating in the same manner, but with this difference; that one hand is soft and supple, whilst the other is firm, almost to hardness. Take two hands with spatulate fingers possessing this difference; they both have the tendency towards action, but the soft hand will affect a temperate movement and activity, whilst the hard-handed subject will tend towards energy and powerful action.

The soft-handed subject will be active, but take his full share of sleep, whilst the hard-handed one will rise with the lark to be up and doing. Take two artists in the same way; the hard-handed one will execute works showing manly occupations and phases of life; he of the soft hands will be less practical in his subjects, but more diverse, more prone to ideas of the moment and fancy, and possess more delicacy. People with soft hands always have the little fleshy ball on the face of the outer phalanges more developed, and this seems to give them better taste and tact. People with hard hands are seldom, if ever, polished and gentle in manner, but they are often good-natured and sensitive; those with fat, soft hands are usually indolent.

HORNY HANDS.

As we grow old and careworn, our hands, as a rule, become hard, or, at least, firm-skinned and stiff. This is accounted for by the fact that our imagination fades, our sense of the poetic and beautiful becomes less keen, and from artistic and imaginative amusements we turn to tastes for arrangement of house and home, gardening and the like; and it is particularly noticeable, and always has been, that in numberless instances men with great intellects have, as their minds have faded, been taken with a love of manual labor, which shows itself in gardening particularly, the hands becoming parchmenty and ossified, apart from the question of natural decay; in the same way, as with age, our joints become more prominent, we get less open to impressions, and more logical.

Subjects with hard hands are capable of true and ardent love, though they are seldom capable of much tenderness; smooth-handed people, on the other hand, are more capable of tenderness and affection than deep love.

The beau ideal of a hand is that which is firm without being hard, and supple without being soft, such hands as this betokens a liberal intelligence and active

mind, such subjects combine theory and practice; and however much they may work with their fingers their hands hardly ever harden, and then only very slowly, whereas hands already very firm have a great tendency to become very hard. According, therefore, to their temperament (shown in the *consistency* of their hands) people cultivate the talents and tendencies to which the formation of their fingers and hands generally incline them.

A large, soft hand with spatulated fingers evidences a love of action, but not of its own activity. Such a subject enjoys looking on at reviews, at athletics, and at games of skill without taking part in them; he likes to read books of travels and adventures, but does not embark upon them himself.

FIG. 1.

Thus, therefore, it will be seen that though the forms of the hand betoken certain tastes and characteristics, we must look to the consistency of the hand to see how those tastes are cultivated, and how those characteristics develop themselves. Having now discussed the characteristics of various hands, we will proceed to consider the seven types which, following D'Arpentigny, we set down categorically at the beginning of this part on Chirognomy.

I. THE ELEMENTARY HAND (Fig. 1).—The characteristics of this hand are thick, stiff fingers, a short thumb, generally turned back, large, broad, and thick palm, very hard. Such is the hand of the laborer, the stableman, the soldier who fights only for fighting's sake, the colonist who merely exists in a foreign clime by the sweat of his brow. Such subjects understand nothing but the grossly material aspect of things; they are inaccessible to reason, their virtues are negative, they conform to rules from sheer want of originality. Such a hand betrays heaviness of soul, sluggish imagination, and complete indifference. The Laplanders are almost without exception of this type; amongst the warm, intelligent, poetic East Indians this type is practically unknown.

As a matter of fact, in warm latitudes (such as ours) the hand absolutely elementary is exceedingly rare, excepting among the Tartars and Sclavs, whose instincts and ferocity are merely brutal. The subject with elementary hands is subject to superstitions more or less poetic, according as the fingers are more or less conic; and they, of all other types, succumb most readily to griefs and disappointments, being utterly void of resources.

II. THE SPATULATE HAND (Fig. 2).—First take a spatulate hand with a big thumb. This subject is resolute rather than resigned, and is always ready to take measures to avert the ills which flesh is heir to, of which measures the conic hand

knows nothing. He has great confidence in himself, and there is this great difference between the Elementary and the Spatulate Hand—the former seeks only the necessary, the latter desires and strives after abundance.

The spatulate subject possesses the instinct of self-preservation highly developed, and he rules the world of *things material* by natural intelligence and material instinct. Such a subject, having senses more active than delicate, finds it easier to be constant and faithful in love than it is for souls inclined to poesie; he is, in fact, more amenable to duty and custom than sensitive to the charms of youth and beauty. Fingers smooth, but spatulate indicate an appreciation for elegance as well as comfort; but an appreciation of fashionable rather than artistic elegance.

Such hands are commoner in Scotland than in England, in England than in France, and in France than in Spain, as also they are commoner in mountainous than in plain countries. People with spatulated fingers make excellent colonists, for they are not rendered flighty by tastes for poetry and art; they only become attached to the ground on account of its products; they love manual labor and action of all kinds; they suffer unless they have abundance, but do not seek after superfluous advantages, for they are only very moderately sensual, and are more prone to be greedy than epicurean.

Their love of locomotion reconciles them to their self-imposed exile, ready for all events and accustomed to count on themselves; they have no objection to solitude, and they are clever at all physical sciences, attaching themselves in life only to those things that are immovable and constant.

The spatulate-fingered subject admires architecture for its quantity rather than its quality, preferring the immense to the beautiful. He likes to be astonished, and to contemplate works which make him think of the immense amount of physical

FIG. 2.

labor which must have been employed to construct them.

The artist is sunk in the artisan, opulence predominates over luxury; wherever this type is found, *i. e.*, the large hand with spatulate fingers and a large thumb, these same predilections will be the guiding rule of that subject's life, the useful rather than the ornamental, the necessary rather than the superfluous, the actual rather than the ideal. If the thumb be small their active physical instincts will be more unrestrained, but less pronounced and forcible, partaking more of the nature of the square hand.

III. The Artistic Hand (Fig. 3).—This hand has three tendencies, which are very different to one another, but only marked by slight distinctions in the hand

itself. These are:—(i.) A supple hand and a small thumb with a medium palm indicating love of beauty, and particularly of form. (ii.) Large, short and thick with a large thumb betrays a desire for riches, fortune, and greatness. (iii). Large and very firm hands mean a tendency to sensuality.

All three are governed by inspiration, and are ill-adapted to the mechanical arts. The first is actuated by enthusiasm, the second by stratagem and scheme, and the

FIG. 3.

third by the suggestion of pleasure. Barring these differences of characteristic, the tendencies of these hands are the same, though the most characteristic is that which has the fingers large at the first phalange and narrowing to a more or less obtuse cone. The thumb is small and the palm is moderately developed.

Such a subject will attach himself, by instinct and without consideration, to the beautiful aspect of ideas and things; he will prefer the ornamental to the useful without much regard for reality, greedy of leisure, novelty, and liberty; at the same time ardent and timid, humble and vain, he is energetic and impulsive rather than powerful or forcible; his spirits are apt to plunge from ecstasy to despair, unable to command, but incapable of obedience; he is *attracted* rather than led by duty. He is enthusiastic and cannot put up with the restraints of regular, and what we might call, domestic life; his thoughts are sentiments rather than ideas; light-hearted and original he has generally a warm imagination, but a cold heart.

Such a combination of unrestrained instincts of pleasure and want of moral stamina is therefore the character of artists in general, or, at any rate, those who live only for their art. They only have to like a thing to adore it; they submit, as a rule, to faith and orthodoxy because thus they are saved the trouble of reasoning; but they are intolerant of political despotism, because of the actual restraints it places upon them.

This love of art is the first emotion to which an uncultivated mind is amenable; a love of form and beauty often exists among savage tribes who are wanting in the utter rudiments of civilization, and for this reason it is the most engrossing and powerful of all human tendencies; races who are too lazy to cultivate any other taste cling tenaciously to and highly develop this one; it is thus that among the ignorant artistic peasantry of Southern Europe that this type of hand, modifying the elementary type, is so largely prevalent.

It is among people possessing these hands that we often find subjects possessing only the *evil* propensities of their type, sensuality, laziness, egotism, singularity,

cynicism, love of dissipation, intellectual incapacity, sharpness, and tendency to falsehood and exaggeration. Love, which is not a matter of the senses, such as filial, fraternal, and paternal affection, is rare among hands of this class, and belongs principally to square and spatulate hands.

IV. THE USEFUL HAND (Fig. 4) is of medium size, but inclining to large, the joints of the fingers developed, and the outer phalange square, the thumb large, and developed at the root, the palm of medium size, hollowed and firm. Perseverance, foresight, order, and submission to rule, all qualities conspicuous by their absence in the artistic hand, are particularly the characteristics of the useful hand, *i. e.*, that hand whose leading feature is the square tips of its fingers.

To organize, classify and regulate is their province; with them the beautiful and true are subordinate to theory and rule; they have a strong love of similitude and uniformity as opposed to the change and contrast, which is the delight of the conical-fingered hand; they appreciate the differences in things apparently similar and the points of resemblance in things outwardly dissimilar. They are apt to confuse discipline and civilization, compulsory order and the order of common consent; they only act on the promptings of sense and reason, and are consequently often somewhat narrow-minded.

They are polite and courteous by reason of their respect of persons and their sense of order and the fitness of things; their literature is precise and careful, their poetry rythmic and complete, in language they use terms more generic than distinctive, *i. e.*, they will say "dog" rather than "mastiff," "terrier," "beagle," or as the case may be; "ship" rather than "frigate," "man-o'-war," "brig," and so on. Their books are and must be clear and correct in their expositions, leaving nothing to the imagination, and being well arranged and indexed.

Cautious and far-seeing, they like what is known, but suspect what is undefined; their ideas being moderate, they prefer the real to the apparently real; they incline to men of good sense more than to men of

FIG. 4.

genius, and are more noted for spirit and talent than for imaginative faculties; their moral axioms are that the good is better than the beautiful, and the useful is better than both. These qualities are apt to become despotic in the hold they have over these subjects, leading them into hypocrisy, which is the result of morbid love of reserve, regularity of conduct, and personal respect, coldness which they mistake for moderation, flattery and adulation to which they are peculiarly susceptible, stiffness of manner, unbending punctuality, and steady but suppressed ambition. For

his friends such a subject chooses men cultivated, disciplined, and, so to speak, modelled on a correct pattern.

Such subjects prefer privilege to liberty ; they are prepared to submit to the authority of rank, birth, law and custom, and they like to feel and make others feel the check-string. The man with large square hands is always neat, well brushed and buttoned up, or else carefully *negligé ;* he

FIG. 5.

is regular in his meals, and does not eat at odd hours; his mind will be just and equally balanced, but he will not be brilliant. There is this difference between the spatulate and the square hand. Both like and respect authority, but the former will be fond of the ruler individually, whilst the latter admires and respects the institution of authority itself. The artistic hand only admires regularity when it is subservient to, and a component part of, a beautiful whole ; the useful hand only admires the beautiful, when that beauty is the result of regularity.

Thus, therefore, it will be seen that though the useful hand is the most desirable, from a worldly point of view, it is neither so happy as the artistic, nor so conscientious and independent as the spatulate, but it is the square fingers of the useful hand which govern almost the entire world.

V. The Philosophic Hand (Fig 5).—Palm medium size and pliable, the fingers knotted, and the third phalange an obtuse cone verging on the square, having a sort of oval, clubbed appearance, consequent on the development of the second joint; the thumb large, having its two phalanges of equal length, indicating an equal share of will and logic. The distinguishing characteristic of this particular form of exterior phalange or finger-tip, semi-square and semi-conical, is an innate tendency to search after, a love for, the absolute truth and reality of things.

The developed joints of the philosophic hand give it calculation, deduction and method, the semi-conical shape of the fingers indicates an intuition of poetic instinct. Such a subject prefers reality to beauty, and cause rather than effect ; is gifted with an enthusiasm for moral, experimental and philosophic sciences ; has a leaning towards analysis, *i. e.*, he likes to sound the meaning and cause of his sensations and ideas, the problems of creation and the origin of things ; he does not hold his opinions, belief and ideas at second-hand, but only after having turned them over, viewed them from all sides, and examined them thoroughly.

He is governed by reason rather than by faith or love, sacrificing to reason all such minor considerations as custom and fashion; this guiding influence imbues him with a love of ethics, and political and social

economy, often leading him to scepticism and heresy, but never to fanaticism. He is open to doubt, but does not object to being so; he considers things in detail, and also in mass; individuals and also communities; he studies both the rule and its exceptions; the order, which is an inherent quality in him, shows itself in classifying rather than in arranging, *i. e.*, he will separate things according to their character and nature rather than by their size and appearance; he pays no attention to vain scruples, superstitious terrors, and is moderate in his pleasures.

Thus it will be seen that reason is the principal characteristic of this hand; it will take nothing on trust; at the same time there is a refinement, an appreciation of the beautiful, indicated by the semi-conic formation of the fingers. It has the actuality and truth of the spatulate hand without its stubborness and lack of refinement; it has the analysis of the square hand without its insincerity, and the refinement of the conic hand without its flightiness and selfishness. Its motto is "Moderation in all things, and truth in all."

VI. The Psychic Hand (Fig. 6).—This is the rarest and most beautiful hand of all. In proportion to the formation of the subject whose it is, it is small; the palm is of medium size, the fingers without knots, the third phalange long and pointed, the thumb small and well shaped. If the hand is large and the joints are developed, it has more force than is usual, but not so much originality.

Such subjects are guided by the ideal, by the sublime, and by the soul. They worship at the shrine of beauty and imagination, and are the exact opposite of the philosophical-handed subject. Such subjects never become rulers or statesmen; their idealism and love of the beautiful unreal raises them above such ambition; in strife they disdain small achievements, embarking enthusiastically on the most forlorn hopes, spurred to victories by their fervor of soul and not by their activity of body. Some writers have claimed these hands as the exclusive inheritance of the nobly born.

This is a great and incomprehensible mistake; for though it is always rare, it is

FIG. 6.

found among all classes, sometimes among the lowest, where it is crushed and disdained, by reason of its inability to force itself to manual labor. Artistic hands seek imagination and art everywhere, useful hands seek arrangement and rule, philosophic hands seek human reason; to psychic hands is reserved the privilege of a search after ethical divine reason in its highest development; theirs is the faculty for striving after purity and right in the abstract, apart from any questions of convenience.

It would be easy to rhapsodize over the

advantages, the psychical, æsthetic advantages of this type; but alas! beautiful as it is, innately grand as it is, its impracticability keeps it back in the great race of life. Beautiful in itself it refines us, us of the more worldly types, but without us it could not live. Such natures we must work to support for the privilege of having them amongst us!

VII. The Mixed Hand (Fig. 7).—This is the name of a rather common and rather

FIG. 7.

confusing type, and is the name we give to a hand when, by the confusion of the forms represented in it, it seems to belong to two different types. Thus, for instance, if in a spatulate hand the type is so slightly marked as to be easily mistaken for a square hand; or an elementary conic hand which may be mistaken for an artistic hand; or a highly developed artistic hand which may be mistaken for a psychic hand; a philosophic for a useful and so on, and in all cases *vice versa*.

Such hands partake of the nature of both types represented, or quasi-represented. It is to such hands as these that we must look for intelligence in mixed works, intermediate ideas and sciences, which require more than mere science to elucidate them; such as administration, the theory of commerce, arts which may be called unpoetic, the beauty and actuality of industry and labor, and the art of making the best of, and most out of, everything. Such hands generally indicate that the subject is (as our proverb puts it) "Jack-of-all-trades, master of none;" *i. e.*, they are handy and clever at innumerable pursuits, but they seldom excel greatly in any one; as I have said just above, their capacity for "making the best of it" and their general moral indifference standing in the way of excellence in any one line.

They have this great difference from subjects whose hands are of a particular type; these last have talents more pronounced than versatile; people whose hands are mixed are more versatile than individual. The former are instructive to talk to, the latter amusing; the latter succeed best when their most pronounced talent is assiduously cultivated, in which case they succeed enormously.

Take, for instance, the example we have given in Fig. 7. This is what we might call the artistico-elementary hand. This ugly-looking hand, less supple and more thick than the true artistic hand, has not, however, the largeness, the grossness and extreme hardness of the true elementary hand. The fingers are big, smooth (sometimes with one joint swollen; not *developed*, but *swollen*), the thumb big, and the general character of the hand conical.

Such a subject is greedy but avaricious —*i. e.*, he is sensual, but he only gratifies his sensuality when he can do so at a small

expense ; he is moral, but without principle ; he keeps the law, but is not ethically just ; he is sanctimonious, perchance bigoted, without being pious; though he is hardy he will not endure hardships which bring him no corresponding advantage. Such a hand closes easily, but opens with difficulty ; this is the case, metaphorically as well as actually; it is not apt at hard work, or manual labor, but it excels at scheming, arranging and negotiating for its own advantage, the manual labors of others.

Other varieties of the mixed hand it would be easy to enumerate, had we space and time; and did we not think that the dissertations we have already given on the various types will enable the reader easily to decipher, or imagine such for himself, such would be the psychico-elementary hand, whose characteristics would be a high intelligence and love of art, but an ignorant indifference to things real, and so on ; but in all cases what virtues or good qualities they possess are traceable, so to speak, to an intellectual torpor.

Thus far we have deemed it necessary to consider and discuss the sister science of Chirognomy before proceeding to the consideration of the actual science of Chiromancy. It is most important to be well grounded in Chirognomy before studying Chiromancy, and for obvious reasons. Before you can tell a man his instincts, habits of life, his past, his present and his probable future, it is of the highest importance that you should have a clear insight into his character and tendencies. Chirognomy may be practiced without the subject being a consenting party, whilst Chiromancy necessitates, at the least, a close examination of the hand. Before, however, proceeding on our way, we shall pause a few moments to make a few remarks, which seem to us to be necessary, on the subject of sex.

The characteristics of each type, as we have enumerated them, apply to women as well as to men, though we have for convenience sake, made use throughout of the masculine pronoun ; at the same time, there are certain modifications which seem to require exposition ; as, for instance, the square spatulate types are much less pronounced in woman than in man, a fact shown by the greater suppleness and elasticity of the female hand in general, consequent on the differences existing between the male and female dipositions.

MAN AND WOMAN.

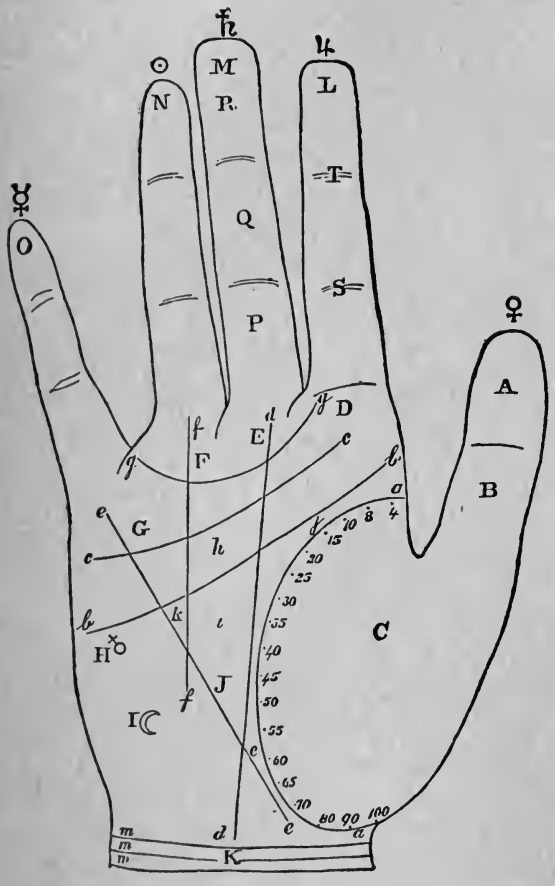
The man creates, but the woman develops ; to man belongs the faculty of principle, to woman the gift of form ; our laws are made by man, but our morals by woman ; and it has been justly said that man is the spirit of the woman, but woman is the soul of the man. Few women have their joints developed, so few women have the faculty of combination ; in intellectual occupations they choose generally those requiring more tact than science, more activity of mind than of body, more imagination than judgment ; if their hands are knotty, their intellects are, so to speak, diluted.

Women may be divided by this our science into two classes : those with large and those with small thumbs ; the first, more intelligent than sensitive, have a natural taste for history and similar studies ; the second, more sensitive than intellectual, prefer romance. Consideration and clear-headedness is the gift of those with large thumbs ; love with them is more a matter of head than heart, but it is also more free and faithful, and a large-thumbed woman is never a coquette.

With those who have a small thumb, on the contrary, love is their all in all, and though they are not so clever, they are infinitely more fascinating.

The cares of womanhood, the sympathy which is natural to her, and the troubles of maternity all require and enforce a always marries a woman older than himself, to be governed by her.

English women usually have the exterior phalange delicately squared, consequent on their willingness to adopt household cares. The women of the Oriental harems, on the other hand, devoted unto



A. Will.
B. Logic.
C. The Mount of Venus.
D. The Mount of Jupiter.
E. The Mount of Saturn.
F. The Mount of the Sun.
G. The Mount of Mercury } The
H. The Mount of Mars } Percussion.
I The Mount of the Moon }
J. The Plain of Mars
K. The Rascetta.
L. Square finger.
M. Spatulate finger.
N. Conic finger.
O. Pointed finger.
P. The 1st Phalange.
Q. The 2nd Phalange.
R. The 3rd Phalange.
S. The 1st Joint (Order).
T. The 2nd Joint (Philosophy).
a a. Line of Life.
b b. Line of Head.
c c. Line of Heart.
d d. Line of Saturn or Fate.
e e. Line of Liver.
f f. Line of the Sun or Fortune.
g g. Belt of Venus.
h. The Quadrangle.
i. The Triangle.
j. The Upper Angle.
k. The Inner Angle.
l. The Lower Angle.
m m m. The Bracelets of Life.

THE HAND EXPLAINED.

high degree of intelligence ; therefore the elementary hand is of extremely rare occurrence among women ; and in communities where the men represent for the most part this type the empire of woman is supreme. Man under these circumstances is dead to the charms of youth, and nearly death, have, generally, small, slim hands, with small thumbs. Such women as Charlotte Corday, Sophie de Condorcet and Lucile Desmoulins, women whose very souls were permeated only with one feverish idea', had very pointed fingers.

Take a woman with rather spatulate

fingers and small thumb; such a woman has an unlimited fund of affection and freedom of soul, love of activity, and knowledge of real life; she loves and understands horses, and all other animals; her ideas are practical and useful. The woman with square fingers and a small thumb will have everything in her house orderly and punctual, but without tyranny or despotism; by her example she keeps all things neat and under control.

If she have a large thumb, it indicates a virago, tyrannical towards her servants and towards her children; at the same time, the square phalange may indicate narrow-mindedness, prudishness and fussiness if the hand inclines to hardness.

Little, soft, supple hands, with marked joints, and a pretty color, indicate sharpness, vivacity and brilliancy; love with them must be gay, for their sole object is to be merry. If a woman have hands with a strong palm, conic fingers, and a small thumb, they are most accessible to rhetoric and the fervid language of love, which explains, palliates, extols all things; to please them you must be brilliant, for they prefer oratory and persuasion to logic and sound sense.

Delicate, smooth-pointed fingers, with a little thumb and a narrow elastic palm, proclaim an indolent enthusiasm; such women are governed more by heart than by sense and spirit; they do not care about the realities of life and conventional duties; they are pious, but hardly devoted; enthusiastic in spirit, but not in body.

Thus, it will be seen that, though the types have much the same characteristics among women as among men, yet to read the character of a woman, as shown by her hand, requires more tact and self-confidence than is required in reading that of a man.

The hand is divided into three zones or parts, which are bounded by certain lines to be hereafter explained. Our readers will perceive, when they consider the qualities attributed to certain mounts, that the upper or northern divisions of the hand contain all the manly, aggressive and hardy qualities. The male portion or the upper part (Fig. 8) have industry in Mercury; art based on sciences in Apollo;

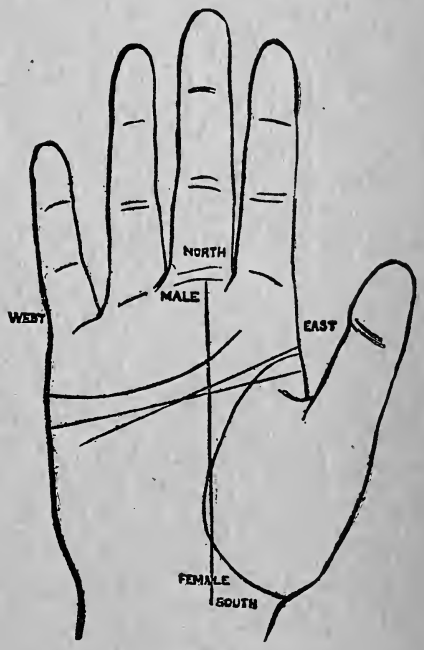


FIG. 8.

ambition and force in Jupiter; in the three first fingers, or rather in their bases. Mark this and continue.

Let us look now at the southern or female side—the lower portion of the hand. Here we have sensuality, imagination, love, and various feminine attributes as distinguished from hardiness and aggressiveness. This is evident.

Now compare the inhabitants of the North and South countries of the world. Do we not find the hardy Norseman and the sensuous Southerner, the working,

energetic Northerner, and the siesta-loving Southerner? In the one case we have the worker, in the other the delicate; the manly qualities as a rule in one, the feminine or easy-going attributes in the other. This is, at any rate, a curious coincidence, and is really no coincidence. It is nature—Providence—what you will. The fact remains; and the hand of man is held up in the great concourse of the world to con-

FIG. 9.

firm the testimony of the Creator—nothing is in vain.

The most casual observer of his hand will notice that at the base of each finger in the palm of the hand is a mound or rising, or a depression. (Fig. 9.) Each of these corresponds to a planet, and the star may be fortunate or unfortunate according to its development, and to the corresponding influences of the lines and marks or signs. The thumb is most important; round its mount runs the line of life; the thumb in Chiromancy is the life, and its influence may be benefited or counteracted by the other little hills which the hand is heir to. The mount of the thumb is sacred to *Venus*.

The mounts beneath the four fingers are —commencing with the Index—*Jupiter*, *Saturn*, *Apollo* (the Sun), *Mercury*. The Mount of *Mars* is at the side of the hand opposite the thumb, immediately below the Mount of Mercury. The Mount of the *Moon* is beneath Mars at the base of the hand opposite the Mount of Venus. We may again observe that the upper or north of the hand is *Male*, the lower portion, near the wrist, the southern or female part. The accompanying diagram and the frontispiece will assist our readers in determining the various positions of the mounds.

It may be accepted that when the various hills are properly placed in the positions indicated, they argue the possession of the qualities belonging to each planet. For instance, Jupiter indicates pride, Saturn fatality, Apollo art or riches, Mercury science or wit, Mars self-restraint or perhaps cruelty, the Moon folly or imagination, Venus love, even to excess and ill-regulated passion.

We must also understand that when these mounds are very slight, their absence indicates the want of the quality in question—a cavity means that a corresponding fault is inherent, while a great excess is equally a defect unless counteracted by the influence of the lines. Perhaps a classification of the various qualities of the mounts and their possible meanings will be more intelligible than a long explanation. Let us commence with the Thumb, the seat of affection.

The Mount of Venus is at the root of the thumb. The line of Life encircles it as a river flows beneath a mountain. "Life is dependent on Love." The presence of

the mount supposes grace, beauty, melody in music, dancing, a desire to please, tenderness, politeness, and kindred social virtues which attract the opposing sex. *The absence of the Mount* does not necessarily indicate vice, but it argues want of energy, selfishness, coldness, and want of soul generally. *In excess* it portends vanity, license, idleness, faithlessness, coquetry, etc., to an extent commensurate with the abnormal development, if unchecked by religion and good sense.

MEANING OF JUPITER.

The Mount of Jupiter beneath the Index-finger may mean ambition, honor, religion, love of Nature, and happy marriage; all good qualities, with cheerfulness in social life.

The absence of the Mount means opposite qualities, such as idleness, vulgar tendencies, egotism, and so on. *In excess* we may look for superstition, the excess of religious fervor, pride, domineering tendencies, and so on.

The Mount of Saturn beneath the middle finger is very significant. Our line of Fate reaches up to Saturn, so Saturn comes to mean Fate. He may indicate prudence and sagacity, or the very opposite, when present. His meaning must be read "between the lines." *The absence of Saturn's* hill tells of misfortune or a wasted existence. *The excess of it* sadness and taciturnity, fear of future punishment, and even suicidal mania; general depression of spirits, with asceticism or morbidness in religion.

The Mount of the Sun—Apollo—under the Ring finger, is predicative of taste in the arts; intelligence, genius, and a general tendency to look upon the sunny side of existence. A beauty and grace of heart and mind are present, too, with good religious tolerance and tendencies. A very excellent mound indeed. *In excess* we may imagine whither Apollo will lead us. He will give us a taste for display, for too easy-going manners, for exaggerated tendencies of a warm heart, and exaggeration generally, according to the modifications of the lines of the hands. *Absent;* the Sun's departure will render us cold, content with a material existence, with no taste for art; and, in fine, dull, chilling, and careless of the life we live.

The Mount of Mercury, beneath the little finger, gives us many excellent qualities, and useful withal. He brings us an inventive genius, quickness of thought and action, a working mind, and brain with power to carry out our ideas; industry and commercial tastes, with uprightness in our dealings. Wit and lightness of body are also brought us by this flying deity.

PRONE TO EVIL.

The absence of this hill assures a "negative life," and the absence of all the qualities we have enumerated. *In excess* he is bad. We have the worst side of the attributes; dexterity descends to robbery and swindling, perfidy, lying, scheming, and pretentious ignorance; Mercury, as we know, is the diety of thieves.

The Mount of Mars may be easily interpreted. It denotes courage and coolness in danger, "proper pride," self-control, resolution, and kindred qualities, which are to be found in brave and gentle natures. *The excess of Mars* is not unfavorable, but it may argue violence, even murderous intent, tyranny, and angry passions of the soul. *The absence of the* God of War can be easily summed up in cowardice and unreadiness in danger.

The Plain of Mars is crossed by the line

of the Head, which implies the struggle which is continually going on in life, and, while united with the Mount of Mars, the ability to resist them.

The Mount of the Moon closes our list. When it is present it signifies imagination, sentiment, harmony (in music) and a lymphatic temperament, a love of solitude and sentimentality, romance. *Absent*, of course, it means lack of all these qualities. *In excess* causeless worries, despair, restlessness and curious fancies, brain-sickness, madness, etc. The moon is the type of changability or caprice.

THE THREE PARTS.

Writers on Chiromancy have divided the hand into three parts, bounded by certain lines. The upper portion is considered the divine part, the centre the natural and the lowest the material division. The Mount of Venus with that of the moon unite to form the *Material* portion. The upper part, bounded by the line of the Heart, is the divine portion, and the Natural portion is in the centre, where is the line of the Head and the Plain and Mount of Mars.

We have thus considered the "Mounts" briefly. And with regard to these mountains, we must be cautious in our reading. Sometimes one mount may be much more evident than the others, and then the others are, in a sense, subservient to its influences, and aid it in its ambition or affection, as the case may be. Again, the influence of the mounts must be considered along with the lines of the hand. Not only the most evident of the latter, but even the smaller ones, have their significance; so, although it is comparatively easy for a person to read the palm of the hand in large type, as it were, he cannot make a proper book for general circulation unless he employ the "lower case." It is very well for a beginner—like a child—to have a lesson in "capitals," but he must learn the small letters as well.

Thus the palm of the hand is a book to be read by all who study; but they must study diligently and continuously. There are as many considerations to be entertained and weighed as in a weather forecast. We may and do make broad guesses at the weather, and, at times, are correct; but we have to study the signs. So it is with Palmistry.

"At the line of life," says M. Desbarrolles, "commences the painful portion of the science. At this point we taste the fruit of knowledge, of good or evil. Here we learn to read the hands of those whom we love; the finger of death or the life of pain; the loss of sight, or any other affliction which threatens them. We can prognosticate how many years we have to live; and even if we endeavor to put aside the thought by telling ourselves that Chiromancy is not to be credited, the idea haunts us all the same."

LINE OF LIFE.

The line of life has already been pointed out; it cannot be mistaken, and it exists upon every hand in a greater or less degree. When it surrounds the Mount of the thumb, long, well-made, with a good color, the life may be expected to be long and happy, without any great trouble; and such a line means a good character in the individual possessing it.

We may on the contrary, prognosticate that when the line is wide and rather pale, it, in common with all lines of the same character, has an evil tendency, and bad health, as well as a low type of disposition is present. The student of Chiromancy

after a while will also examine the lines crossing the line of life or which pass close to it, and from these things can perceive that illness or accident is likely to arrive at a certain time. How they can estimate

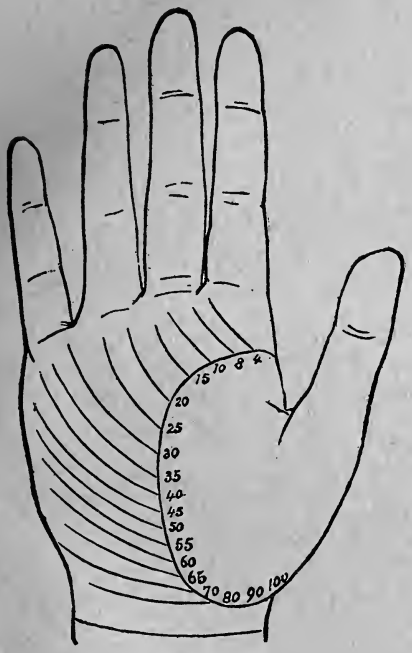


FIG. 10.

the periods at which the maladies will occur may be now explained.

We have given (Fig. 10) a rough diagram of the hand divided into periods of five and ten years. The line of Life is thus divided into a certain number of parts, each representing a portion of our existence, which are marked in the following way. This is by no means a modern idea, but it has been adopted by late writers as well as by the old Chiromants.

To arrive at a proper period we must have an ordinary compass, and having put one point upon the root of the forefinger and the other upon the centre of the mount of Apollo, describe an arc which will cut the Line of life. The point at which the arc thus described intersects the line of life, gives us ten years, the first ten years, of our life counting from the commencement of the line below the index finger. For the second circle the moving point is placed between the third and fourth fingers, the next on the mount of Mercury, the fourth curve is drawn from the extremity of the third joint of the little finger at the point where it leaves the percussion, the next circle at an equal distance down the side, and so the next.

We have then reached sixty years; the places at which all these circles cut the line of life being marked 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, and 60 years respectively. When the seventh circle has been described, the dis-

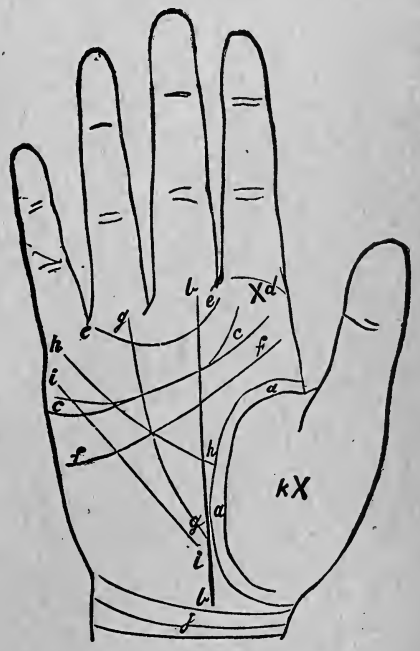


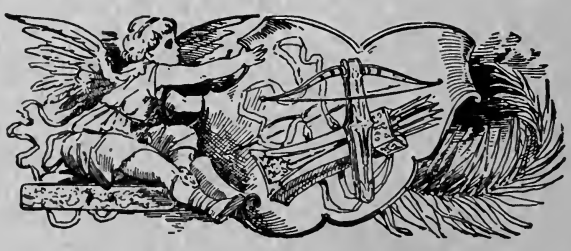
FIG. 11.—A FORTUNATE HAND.

a. Double line of life. *b*. Perfect happiness. *c* Enjoyment of true love. *d*. Happy marrage. *e*. Girdle of Venus. *f*. Talents. *g*. Art successes (renown). *h*. Perspicacity—fortune and love. Good temperament. *j*. Long life. *k*. Love for one only.

tance for the eighth must be reduced one-half on the percussion, and we shall thus reach 100 years, the spot where the line of life trends beneath the ball of the thumb.

If the line of Life be duplicated (as in Fig. 11), it means a luxurious existence; and if it give the appearance of a chain, or a linked and broken connection, a sad and precarious life may be anticipated or pronounced upon. When this line is seen with roots or branches extending to the mount of Jupiter, it indicates an ambitious nature, not necessarily of a bad description, but one which may honestly desire wealth and honor, after hard and continued labor. In other words, the victory over circumstance gained by pride and will indicated by Jupiter.

If the line of Life be short, the life itself will be brief, and if a decided break or interruption occur during its course, we may expect the occurrence of some serious illness. When, for instance, we find a line broken, as shown in the diagram, page 105, we may at once, and with certainty, conclude that the individual has had an illness which laid him at death's door. But if the illness has already passed, all fear is over, there will be no recurrence of the attack—not of such a violent nature at any rate; *the* serious danger is over. But if broken in both hands it means death



WONDERS OF HYPNOTISM.

DO not attempt hypnotism unless you have thoroughly studied the subject, and are so proficient in the art that no harm can result to the person brought under hypnotic influence. But a great deal of merriment in an evening company can be created by playing hypnotism.

The operator should have a confederate who understands what is expected of him, and with grave face should go through all the motions as if he were really in the hypnotic state. In order to do this we give you some idea of the actions of a person who is hypnotized.

Professor Moll, who is a recognized authority on this subject, says: In order to give the reader an idea of the phenomena of hypnotism it will be best, first of all, to describe a few experiments. The phenomena will in this way be made more comprehensible than by means of any number of definitions.

First Experiment. I begin the experiments with a young man of twenty. I request him to seat himself on a chair, and give him a button to hold, telling him to look at it fixedly. After three minutes his eyelids fall; he tries in vain to open his eyes, which are fast closed; his hand, which until now has grasped the button, drops upon his knee. I assure him that it is impossible for him to open his eyes. (He makes vain efforts to open them.)

I now say to him, "Your hands are stuck fast to your knee; you cannot possibly raise them." (He raises his hands, however.) I continue to converse with him; I find that he is perfectly conscious, and I can discover no essential change in him whatever. I raise one of his arms; directly I let go, he drops it as he pleases. Upon which I blow upon his eyes, which open at once, and he is in the same state as before the experiment. The young man remembers all that I have said to him. The only striking thing is, therefore, that he could not open his eyes, and that he feels a certain degree of fatigue.

Second Experiment. This is a woman of fifty-three. When she has seated herself on a chair I place myself before her; I raise my hands, and move them downwards, with the palms towards her, from the top of the head to about the pit of the stomach. I hold my hands so that they may not touch her, at a distance of from two to four inches. As soon as my hands come to the lowest part of the stroke I carry them in a wide sweep with outspread arms over the subject's head. I then repeat exactly the same movements; that is, passes from above downwards, close to the body, and continue this for about ten minutes.

At the end of this time the subject is sitting with closed eyes, breathing deeply and peacefully. When I ask her to raise her arms, she raises them only slightly; they then fall down again heavily. When I ask her how she feels, she explains that she is very tired. I forbid her to open her eyes. (She makes useless attempts to open them.) Now I lift up her right arm; it remains in the air, even after I have let go.

I command her to drop her arm. (She drops it.) I lift it again, and again it remains in the air; upon which I request her to drop her arm, declaring at the same time that she cannot do it. (She now makes vain efforts to drop her arm, but it remains in the air.) The same thing happens with the other arm. When I forbid her she is unable to drop it; she cannot pronounce her own name directly I have assured her that she is dumb. (She only makes movements with her mouth, without producing any sound.)

DOES WHAT SHE IS TOLD.

I tell her that now she can speak. (She speaks at once.) I say to her: "You hear music." (The woman shakes her head to show that she hears no music.) I wake her by passes from below, upwards, over the surface of her body, turning the back of the hand towards her. (She now opens her eyes, and can control all her movements.)

We see here, then, that not only are the eyes closed during hypnosis, but that all sorts of different movements become impossible to the subject when I forbid them.

Third Experiment. This is with a boy of sixteen, whom I have hypnotized several times. I request him to look me straight in the eyes. After he has done this for some time I take him by the hand and draw him along with me. Then I let go, but our eyes remain fixed on each other's.

Then I lift up my right arm. (The boy does the same.) I raise my left arm. (He does the same.) I make him understand by a gesture that he must kneel down. (He does so.) He tries to rise, but does not succeed so long as I look at him, and fix him to the floor by a movement of the hand. Finally I cease to look at him; the charm is at once broken.

We see here, then, a young man whose movements take the character of imitation, and whose eyes at the same time are wide open and fixed upon mine.

Fourth Experiment. Mr. X., forty-one years old, seats himself on a chair. I tell him that he must try to sleep. "Think of nothing but that you are to go to sleep." After some seconds I continue: "Now your eyelids are beginning to close; your eyes are growing more and more fatigued; the lids quiver more and more. You feel tired all over; your arms go to sleep; your legs grow tired; a feeling of heaviness and the desire for sleep take possession of your whole body. Your eyes close; your head feels duller; your thoughts grow more and more confused.

CANNOT RESIST.

Now you can no longer resist; now your eyelids are closed. "Sleep!" After the eyelids have closed I ask him if he can open them. (He tries to do so, but they are too heavy.) I raise his left arm in the air. (It remains in the air, and cannot be brought down in spite of all his efforts.)

I ask him if he is asleep. "Yes." "Fast asleep?" "Yes." "Do you hear the canary singing?" "Yes." "Now you hear the concert?" "Certainly." Upon this I take a black cloth and put it into his hand. "You feel this dog quite plainly?" "Quite plainly." "Now you can open your eyes. You will see the dog clearly. Then you will go to sleep again, and not wake till I tell you." (He opens his eyes, looks at the imaginary dog and strokes it.) I take the cloth out of his hand, and lay it on the floor. (He stands up and reaches out for it.) Although he is in my room, when I tell him that he is

in the Zoological Gardens he believes it and sees trees, and so on.

In this case X. is thrown into the hypnotic state by my arousing in his mind an image of the sleep. This manner of hypnotizing is used by the Nancy investigators, and may be called the method of Nancy. The subject is completely without a will of his own. It is not only possible in his case to prevent the most various movements by a mere prohibition, but I can also control his sense perceptions.

HEARS MUSIC.

On my assurance, he thinks he hears a canary, or hears music. He takes a black cloth for a dog, and believes himself to be in the Zoological Gardens when he is in my room. But the following phenomenon is still more striking. X. hears all that I say to him, and allows himself to be influenced by me in every way. Yet two other men, A. and B., who are present appear not to be observed by the hypotic at all. A. lifts up the arm of the subject; the arm falls loosely down, and when A. desires the arm to remain in the air the subject takes no notice. He obeys my orders only, and is *en rapport* with me only. In order to wake him I now call to him: "Wake up!" He wakes at once, but only remembers going to sleep; of what happened during the sleep he knows nothing.

I will merely remark that in all these experiments, however different they might be, the voluntary movements were always inhibited, that in one case hallucinations of the senses could be induced, and that it was possible for me in all cases to converse with the subject, and we could understand each other.

I wished to bring forward these examples in order that the reader might understand to a certain extent, in spite of the absence of living subjects, what different states are included in the idea of hypnosis, and how it is induced and terminated. The above experiments are typical, and every one who makes proper experiments can always repeat them.

AID TO MEDICINE.

Much interest has been taken during the past few years in the results of psychological research, and from this has sprung a special concern in hypnotism. Hypnotic suggestion has proved valuable in the treatment of functional disorders of digestion, absorption and circulation, of nervous condition, and it has assumed importance as an appropriate instrumentality for affecting character change in cases of moral obliquity as well as for developing and exalting mind power. Plainly speaking hypnosis implies a mind condition in which the mental action of a sensitive subject is under the control of an operator who has induced the state. It is characterized by insensibility to outward sounds and images, and to ordinary impressions of sense organs, but by quickened perception of sensations pictured by the hypnotist.

Human beings are hypnotizable by other human beings between whom and themselves exists a peculiar sympathy or harmonious relationship known as rapport. Various methods of inducing hypnotism are practiced, all having in view the fixation of the attention upon some monotonous stimulus of the eye or ear, as sedative music or a bright object like the nickel-plated point-protector of a lead pencil, a transparent crystal, or a stud in a shirt bosom, or the eyes of the operator. Perfumes also have hypnotic power; the odor of May blossoms, of new mown hay, of balm-of-Gilead firs, contribute to the induction of mental

placidness. Certain colors are also helpful, especially pinks of a low chroma.

USE OF THE HANDS.

In certain instances such a procedure as told above may be supplemented by light passes, or by holding firmly the hand of the patient, by pressing it against the forehead of the operator, or by contact of foreheads, while the whole force of one's personality is concentrated in an effort to overcome an automatic resistance to hypnotization.

Some operators request the patient to take a reclining position on a lounge. Then, by talking soothingly to them for some time, the operator acquaints himself with the dominant propensities of controlling thoughts and above all securing the patient's confidence. Then the patient's attention is concentrated upon a suspended diamond, or some other unique article. The eyes soon become tired from the strain, and the patient is told he is gazing at a sleepy stone which has never failed to induce slumber.

GAINING CONTROL.

Then he is told to think of nothing, to renounce the very intention of renouncing mental effort, and to give himself up with a perfect confidence in the purity of the motives of the operator. Under these conditions the eyeballs soon become fixed, a vacant stare replaces the usual intelligent look, and the eyelids begin to open and close spasmodically. At this stage the suggestion is given that a prolonged refreshing sleep is about to ensue ; and in a few moments a long breath is taken and the lids close with a slow regular movement. Deep respirations follow, and then the operator knows he has secured the deeper personality of his subject.

When a person is under the influence of a hypnotist he may be regarded as in a condition in which the part of the nervous system associated with conscious perception is thrown out of gear, without preventing the kind of movements which would result were the apparatus really in action. Impressions are made on the sensory organs : the sensory nerves convey the impression to a part of the brain. In the deepest condition of hypnotism these impressions may not arouse any consciousness, but the result may be the kind of movement which would naturally follow supposing the person had been conscious.

POWER OF SUGGESTION.

The movements of a hypnotic are usually of an imitative kind. The mere suggestion of a movement has not always proved successful. It must be made before the eyes of the person who is expected to perform the movement. The patient is in a sense an automaton played upon by the operator through the medium of the patient's sensory organs. In deep hypnotism the patient has no idea corresponding to the movements he makes to the example of the operator.

In some cases where the patient is but slightly hypnotized there is a curious combination of feelings. He knows he is being made a fool of, but does many ridiculous things at the bidding of the operator. In some respects he is like a somnambulist who acts the movements of a disturbed dream. After coming back to his original self he remembers all that happened while he was in that state. In some cases, however, the hypnotism is so deep as to resemble coma, and in these there is no trace of sensory impressions or of movements.

The experiments that have been made with persons who could be hypnotized

have been very curious. The hypnotist would tell them to bark like a dog. They would do this. They would be ordered to crawl on their hands and feet as if they were a horse. They would obey. When told to crow like a rooster they made fairly successful attempts to do so. One subject was told to go and touch a stove. The stove was cold at the time, but the hypnotist told the subject it was hot. The instant the stove was touched the subject cried out with pain, having experienced the sensation of heat.

Paul King, a quite noted hypnotist at one time, having gained control of a lady's mind, told her that he was thinking of something that she very much cherished, and for her to go and get it wherever it was. She was at that time in King's studio with a party of friends. She immediately left it in his company and the company of her friends and, still under his influence, went to her home and took from its place on the mantel a portrait of her husband and gave it to King.

Experiments like this suggests how far it might be possible for a corrupt person having great hypnotic power to gain control of human minds and influence them for bad. The law has not yet taken cognizance of this phase of hypnotism.

Recent experiments made in New York have led scientists to advance a theory that it would be possible for a hypnotist to cause a subject to die by simply instructing the latter to cease breathing. This would be murder in the eyes of the law. If this can be done, the suggestion has been made that hypnotism take the place of the eloctrocution chair.

Woman, as a rule, hypnotize more easily than men. It is not possible to hypnotize any one without their first mentally consenting or yeilding to the influence of the hypnotist. Then it can generally be done quite easily.

CHEMICAL SURPRISES AND PASTIMES.

IR HUMPHREY DAVY, it is said, for a few shillings taught himself chemistry. The intention of the next few pages is to give such experiments, that our young friends need not fear they will be beyond their means. Unlike the manufacture of fireworks, it is not necessary to purchase more than a small quantity of chemicals, as an experiment may be tried generally with a small as with a large quantity, if the chemicals are pure; while the apparatus need consist of only a few slips of common window glass. Chemical mixtures of all kinds may be made on a slip by adding two or three drops of the liquids together.

We now proceed to describe the principal facts that our "Chemical Surprises" are intended to illustrate. These are, the effects that result from the different degrees of affinity which different substances have for each other, and the changes produced by combination.

Chemical Affinity is attraction of a peculiar kind. The attraction of gravitation exerts its influence on all bodies; but chemical attraction, or affinity, exists only between particular substances. It is described as "that tendency to unite, which many bodies, possessing different qualities, exert towards each other."

For instance, ammonia (an alkali) has a strong affinity, or is strongly attracted to unite with oil; but it has a stronger affinity for any of the acids, or, in other words, they attract it more powerfully than the oil. It will happen, consequently, that if oil and ammonia are brought into close contact with each other by being mixed together, that they will *chemically combine*, and form a compound body, which, in fact, is a kind of soap; but as the ammonia has a stronger affinity for an acid than for the oil, it will happen, that if we mix a little sulphuric acid with the soapy mixture, that the ammonia will be attracted *from* the oil, and chemically combine *with* the acid.

In this case, we have an illustration of what is meant by the term affinity, and the manner in which it operates. It is, indeed, merely a word used to express the degree of attraction, or, as it has been called, the "liking," which one substance has for another, and by virtue of which, when allowed to mix together, they will combine chemically.

According to the intensity of the attraction or affinity, so will be the force with which the bodies will combine, and with which they will draw the substance they are most strongly attracted to from any other substance with which it may be in combination.

Chemical attraction differs from general attraction, or gravity, in a most important

particular. It is an effect which takes place only between the *particles* of which all bodies are composed; it does not act upon masses, and, consequently, before its influence can be excited, the particles must be brought into close contact with each other.

Some bodies do not show the affinity they have for each other, unless they are even mixed as liquids, or have some liquid added to them. If we mix what forms a very pleasant kind of drink in the summer time, bicarbonate of soda and Tartaric acid, together, in the *dry* state, they will remain as a *mechanical* mixture only, the same as if we were to mix a quantity of bran and flour together; but if we add a little water, a violent effervescence takes place; the particles have then been brought close enough for their affinities to come into action, and a chemical compound is the result.

Experiment with Quicksilver.

The same principle may be illustrated by a simple experiment with quicksilver, though the attraction, in this case, is different to chemical affinity. If we place two globules on the table, a little distance apart, they will not attract each other with sufficient force to be drawn together; but if they are gradually pushed closer to each other, when they have passed a certain limit, they suddenly fly together and form one globule.

It is necessary, therefore, in order to produce a combination, that the two should be brought close to each other; the attraction will not show itself at a distance; and this is the case with chemical attraction. It may be regarded, therefore, as a law of chemical combination, that as affinity is a power exerted only by *particles* of matter upon each other, *they must be brought into immediate contact before any effect can be produced.*

Another rule to be remembered, is that *the affinity of a body for different substances varies in intensity.* If the affinity of ammonia for oil be represented by the figure 5, its affinity for the acids will be equal to 10; and consequently, its tendency to combine with them will be twice that with which it is urged to unite with the oil. Therefore, a substance for which a body has the strongest affinity will combine with it in preference to combining with any other.

Potassium and Oxygen.

Many examples might be given of this fact. Potassium, for instance, has so powerful an affinity for the element called oxygen that it will separate it from any other element with which it may be united, and will burst into flame when thrown upon water.

In most works on chemistry, tables of the degrees of affinity of a body for different substances are given, showing what compounds it will decompose, by abstracting the substance to which it is particularly attracted. It may be stated as a general rule, that a body which has the strongest affinity for another substance will separate it from any combination it may have formed; this, however, will not hold true in all cases.

It is an important fact to notice, that *when two substances combine, the compound they form is always different in its nature to themselves.* Two bodies, decidedly poisonous, when combined chemically may produce a compound, not merely uninjurious, but even necessary to our existence! This fact is strikingly illustrated in the combinations of the two elements called oxygen and nitrogen. For example:

The Atmosphere is composed of Nitrogen 4, Oxygen 1.

Nitrous Oxide (laughing gas) Nitrogen 2, Oxygen 1.

Nitric Acid (aquafortis) Nitrogen 2. Oxygen 1.

Thus it will be seen, that the same elements which, when mixed together in the proportions first mentioned, produce the air we breathe, form one of the most active and destructive poisons when combined in the quantities necessary to produce nitric acid; for this acid and the air, it will be seen, are both formed from the same elements, only the proportions in which they are combined are different. In the combinations of the element call carbon, or charcoal, we have another striking example of the different forms one substance can assume.

Who would believe that a brilliant diamond and a piece of common charcoal are the same material, only in different forms? Yet such is the case, and the chemist has the power, by exposing the diamond to a great heat in oxygen gas, of reducing it to the state of charcoal. This circumstance may appear very extraordinary, but it is not more wonderful than that a piece of lump sugar may be converted into carbon.

Two Harmless Poisons.

A familiar example of the fact that two bodies actively poisonous in their natural state, may produce a substance, when combined, that shall be perfectly innoxious, is seen in our common table salt. This is composed of muriatic acid and soda. The muriatic acid, taken internally, causes much agony and ultimate death; and the caustic alkali (the soda) would produce effects very similar; yet when combined together, they produce a substance ranking amongst the first necessaries of life; for without common salt, it would be almost impossible to maintain health.

As an example of poisons being produced from the combination of substances, which, in their natural state, are not injurious, we may instance the poisons which are formed by animals and vegetables. The dreaded worali—the poison used by the Indians—and the pestiferous and destructive upas, which is produced from the tree of that name, and to the influence of either of which animals cannot be exposed without the loss of life, are formed from the same elements as those which produce the luxurious fruits, and the wonderful variety of beautiful flowers that exist in the countries where these poisons are found.

Wonderful Combinations.

In like manner, the elementary substances that form the flesh of the deer and oxen, upon which man finds subsistence, are the same as those from which the deadly poison of the rattlesnake is produced, or the no less dreaded virus of canine animals in a state of hydrophobia. Thus it will be seen how nature, out of a few simple elements, is able to produce such a wonderful variety of substances, whether the result of organization, or produced from the mineral kingdom.

Change of color is another circumstance that frequently attends chemical combination. The most beautiful colors may be formed, and destroyed again, by means of a drop or two of some liquids when added to others; and few of the experiments will probably be more interesting than those which are given to illustrate this phenomenon.

Change of bulk is another event of frequent occurrence when bodies combine. Two liquids on being mixed together may become solid; and two solids under similar circumstances may form a liquid. These facts have been called "chemical

miracles; but, indeed, there is nothing more wonderful in the circumstance than in the other beautiful illustrations of chemical affinity that we have given. All the curious instances of likings and dislikings which substances appear to exhibit towards each other, are equally entertaining; it is only in consequence of some effects not being produced so often as others that we deem them more wonderful.

Beautiful Crystals.

Crystallization is another beautiful effect which frequently attends chemical action. Everybody is familiar with the appearance of crystals, and the different forms they exhibit, thus we have crystals of sugar, in the form of sugar candy, and crystals of Epsom salts, which are as well known for their different appearance as for their disagreeable qualities.

Both these kind of crystals are as different in form as they are in taste; and many others may be easily called to recollection. Yet all these particular forms are occasioned by one simple law of nature, which is another kind of affinity, and causes the particles of various liquids, in cooling, to adhere together, and assume a crystalline shape.

Another remarkable fact relating to chemical affinity is, that *the quantity of any substance required to form a particular compound is always the same;* and so long as a body retains its general characteristics, it will always consist of the same elements, united together in the same proportions. For instance, sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) is always composed of 16 parts, by weight, of sulphur, and 24 of oxygen. No other substances can form sulphuric acid, nor can its own elements produce it, if combined in any other proportions than those just stated.

Water, in like manner, is formed of one part, by weight, of hydrogen, and eight of oxygen; and were these elements to unite in any other proportions, some new substance, different from water, would be produced. When two or more elements unite to form a compound, the addition or diminution of a small quantity of one, often produces an effect remarkably different to what would have resulted had the proportions been different.

Very Similar.

For instance, there is great dissimilarity, both in taste and appearance, between starch and sugar; and yet they are composed of the same elements, and very nearly in the same proportions, as will be seen by the following analysis:

	Oxygen.	Hydrogen	Carbon.
Sugar is composed of	40	5	36
Starch	48	13	42

In describing the different chemical preparations that are to be used in the experiments we have employed the terms by which they are known to chemists, and added, in a parenthesis, the popular names; thus, "Sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol)." All the chemicals may be obtained at an operative chemists, by asking for them in the former names; and we again advise those who perform the experiments, only to purchase a small quantity, as a few pennyworth of most of the substances will be quite sufficient.

Chemical solution is very different from mere mixture. Solution is a chemical combination between a fluid and any substance that may be dissolved in it; whereas mixture is simply a division of the particles of a body by a mechanical power. Portions of the substance float about in the liquid it is mixed with, but they do not

combine with it ; and these portions will, if the mixture remains at rest, fall to the bottom, or rise to the surface, according to their relative specific gravity as compared with that of the fluid. This may be shown by the following experiments :

Put into a glass vessel, containing water, a few grains of sugar of lead, and stir them together with a glass rod ; the water will soon become turbid, in consequence of the sugar of lead being insoluble in that fluid, and simply a *mixture* of the particles with the water will take place. If the water be minutely examined, these particles may be seen floating in it; and they will ultimately, if left to themselves, fall to the bottom.

If to this milky fluid be now added a few drops of nitric acid it will instantly become clear and transparent; and now not the most minute portion of the lead will be perceived in it. In the first instance, there was only mixture ; in the latter, a perfect *solution*, because the combination of lead and nitric acid is soluble in water, while the sugar of lead is not.

If chalk and water be mixed together, the fluid will be turbid ; but if a few drops of muriatic acid be added, it will become quite transparent.

APPARENT ANOMALY IN CHEMICAL AFFINITY.

It is a general law in chemistry that one body having a strong affinity for another will combine with it in preference to uniting with any substance of weaker affinity. In the following instances just the reverse takes place; substances having a weak affinity combine together, in preference to uniting with those for which their affinity is stronger. In the following table, the body first mentioned decomposes a compound of the second and third, named in the same line, although its attraction for the second is inferior to that of the third.

Potash separates sulphuric acid from barytes.
Lime separates sulphuric acid from potash.
Nitric acid separates lime from oxalic acid.
Potash separates phosphoric acid from lime
Potash separates carbonic acid from lime.
Soda separates sulphuric acid from potash.

It is necessary, in order that the experiments should fully succeed, that a much larger quantity of the first-mentioned substance should be used than the second or third; and the student must not be surprised if the expriment should not be successful.

TO MAKE SOAP—EXAMPLE OF AFFINITY.

Pour a little oil into a phial and add some water to it, when it will be found, in consequence of the oil having no affinity for the water, that they will not combine together, however much they may be shaken ; for directly the bottle is still, the oil will rise to the surface.

If a small quantity of liquid ammonia (hartshorn) be now introduced gradually into the bottle, and the contents shaken together, they will chemically combine; for the oil and the ammonia have a strong affinity for each other, and when mixed they produce a soapy liquid. This is soluble in water, and therefore, when the bottle is shaken, the three liquids unite together. This is a very simple, but a very striking experiment, as it clearly illustrates the manner in which chemical affinity operates, and affords a curious instance of the "likings and dislikings" of different bodies.

TO DECOMPOSE SOAP.

The oil and the ammonia in the last experiment combine, because there is a strong

affinity between them; but if another substance be introduced into the bottle which has a stronger affinity for one of them than they have for each other, the compound will be decomposed. This may be effected by adding, *very carefully*, a small quantity of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) to the mixture. The acid has a stronger affinity for the ammonia than the ammonia has for the oil, and it will, therefore, leave the oil and combine with the acid. The oil will then swim on the top.

DIVISIBILITY OF SULPHATE OF IRON.

Dissolve two grains of sulphate of iron in a quart of water, and add a few drops of this solution to a wine-glassful of water, into which a few drops of tincture of galls have been placed. The dilute infusion of galls will immediately assume a purplish hue. This shows that every drop of the quart of water in which the sulphate of iron was dissolved contains a portion of the salt.

REPULSION—STEEL AND WATER.

If the blade of a well-polished knife be dipped into a basin of cold water, the particles of each of these two bodies do not seem to come in contact with each other; for when the blade is taken out, the water slides off, leaving the blade quite dry, as if it had previously been smeared with any greasy substance.

In the same way, if a common sewing needle be laid horizontally on a glass of water, it will not sink, but form a kind of trench on the surface on which it lies, and float about. This proceeds from the little attraction which exists between the cold water and the polished steel. It is necessary that both the knife, in the last experiment, and also the needle, should be dry and clean.

REPULSION—MERCURY AND GLASS.

If a quantity of quicksilver (mercury) be poured into a wine-glass, its upper surface will be *convex;* that is, a kind of trench will be formed all round the mercury, between it and the sides of the glass. This is in consequence of there being no attraction between the glass and the mercury.

An opposite effect may be produced by pouring a small quantity into a metal cup. In this case, the mercury will appear *concave;* for the attraction of the sides of the vessel for the metal is sufficient to cause it to rise above its level at the edges.

ATTRACTION BETWEEN MERCURY AND GOLD.

If a gold piece be rubbed with mercury, it will lose its usual appearance, and become as if silvered over; the attraction of the gold for the mercury being sufficient to cause a coating of it to remain.

When it is wished to remove the silvery appearance, dip the gold piece in a dilute solution of nitric acid, which will entirely take it off. Some rather laughable circumstances have occurred, where persons, having a little quicksilver get loose in their pockets, have been surprised to find their gold pieces apparently changed to quarters.

The six preceding experiments, although not strictly chemical, are introduced here for the purpose of illustrating attraction and repulsion.

TO TRANSFORM LOAF SUGAR INTO CHARCOAL.

It has been previously mentioned, that the diamond has been proved to be only crystallized carbon; it is not generally known that sugar is composed almost entirely of the same substance. Sugar is a vegetable production, and consists principally of charcoal in a peculiar state of

combination with water. This may be proved by pouring a little sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) over a piece of lump sugar, in a saucer or other vessel. The acid will combine with the water of the sugar, which will, in a few minutes, turn black, and appear precisely like a lump of charcoal. The affinity of sulphuric acid for water is so great that it attracts it from its chemical union with the sugar.

CHARCOAL FORMED WITHOUT FIRE.

If a few small cuttings of wood be placed in a glass, and a little sulphuric acid poured over them, they will become black, like charcoal, from a similar cause to that which produced the effect described in the last experiment.

LIME FORMED BY BREATHING.

Pour a little lime water into a tumbler, and breathe into it through a pipe. Flakes of lime will be immediately formed, and the water will become turbid, in consequence of the breath forced out of the lungs, which contains a great portion of carbonic acid, combining with the lime held in solution in the water.

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF LAUGHING GAS.

Protoxide of nitrogen, nitrous oxide, or, as it is more generally termed, laughing gas, is a compound that the young chemist generally desires to procure as soon as possible; and we are induced therefore to give the following description of its properties, and of the method to be adopted for obtaining it in a state of purity, although he must not expect to do so without considerable trouble and some disappointment.

Nitrous oxide is a compound of the same elements as those which constitute the atmosphere; but, in consequence of containing a greater quantity of oxygen, its effects upon the human frame, when breathed for a short period, are very surprising. It is not a gas that can be breathed with impunity for any great length of time, yet it can be received into the lungs for a short period without injury. It is termed laughing gas because its general effect upon persons who respire it is to induce a very strong desire to give way to violent fits of laughter.

It does not, however, produce this effect on every individual. Some are made exceedingly melancholy, and others appear desirous of annihilating everything on which they can lay their hands. In general, however, the gas only excites the person who breathes it to laughter. It acts as a powerful stimulant for a time, but, unlike other stimulants, it is not followed by lassitude, or lowness of spirits, unless, while under its influence, the person is excited to excessive muscular exertion.

Sir Humphrey Davy made a variety of experiments with this gas. He administered it to various persons, and, indeed, was the first to investigate its properties with any degree of accuracy. Previous to this time, the gas was considered to be unfit for the purpose of respiration, but Davy found that it could be breathed with safety; and in his further experiments on it discovered the singular effect it produces. After a few inspirations of it have been made, it causes a sense of lightness and expansion in the chest, and a pleasurable sensation begins to extend over the whole body.

This increases, and is accompanied with a desire to inhale the gas; respiration becomes, therefore, fuller, and is performed with more energy. Exhilaration is soon produced; and if the respiration is continued sufficiently long, a crowd of indis-

tinct ideas, often in very singular combinations, pass through the mind; there is an irresistible propensity to laughter and to muscular exertion, and violent efforts are made with alacrity and ease. These effects, after the inspiration has ceased, continue for four or five minutes, or sometimes longer; they gradually subside, and what is not the least singular, the state of the system returns almost immediately to its usual standard.

How to Inhale It.

We have frequently administered the gas to others, and have breathed it to ourselves; and when this is done in a proper manner, we have never failed to observe or feel the effects above described. There is, however, some difficulty in administering the gas properly to a person who has never taken it before. It must be enclosed in a bladder, fitted with a stopcock; and unless the person inhales it from the bladder without allowing any of the atmosphere to enter his lungs at the same time, the experiment will not succeed.

The best way is, to close the nostrils with the left hand, and then, forcing all the air possible from the lungs by a strong respiration, to place the stopcock in your mouth, and so breathe in and out of the bladder, at the same time keeping the nostrils quite closed. If this be done properly, the gas is sure to produce its usual effects.

When it is administered to a person, unless he has taken it previously, and is aware of the manner in which it affects him, it is desirable to have some one near to prevent his doing any mischief, in case he should feel so inclined. Self-command is in general entirely lost for a few minutes, although the individual is perfectly sensible all the time in what a ridiculous manner he is behaving. A bladder capable of holding a few quarts of gas will be large enough, and it is advisable to test the gas by holding a light in some of it before it is taken.

How to Make Laughing Gas.

There are various methods of procuring this gas, but we think our readers will find it best to obtain it from nitrate of ammonia. This should be placed in a glass retort, and exposed to the flame of a spirit lamp. It will soon melt, and shortly afterwards the gas will be evolved. It should be collected in a receiver, placed in a pneumatic trough, as shown in the engraving, and allowed to stand a short time over water, in order to remove any impurities with which it may be contaminated.

The nitrate of ammonia, when melted, should only be kept simmering; for if the heat be increased too much, it will cause a slight explosion, and nitric oxide and nitrogen gas will be produced. If it be wished to make a considerable quantity of the gas, it will be advisable, on the ground of cheapness, for the operator to prepare the nitrate of ammonia himself. This may be done by pouring diluted nitric acid on carbonate of ammonia, and evaporating the solution till the greater portion of the water is gone.

TO PRODUCE A SOLID FROM TWO LIQUIDS.

This surprising effect may be produced by mixing sulphate of magnesia (Epsom salts) with water, until it will dissolve no more, and then pouring into it a saturated solution of caustic potass. In this case, the sulphate of magnesia is decomposed; the sulphuric acid leaves the magnesia, which then combines with the water, and is precipitated in the form of a white powder, while the acid unites with the potass.

If a saturated solution of chloride of cal-

cium be mixed with a saturated solution of carbonate of potash, both of which are transparent liquids, the result will be the formation of an opaque and almost solid mass. Mutual decomposition of the salts takes place; chloride of potassium and carbonate of lime are formed; the latter absorbs the whole water of solution, and thus a degree of solidity is produced.

If a little nitric acid be added to the mass, it will be converted into a transparent liquid; the insoluble carbonate of lime being converted into the soluble nitrate of lime.

If a small quantity of sulphuric acid be dropped into a saturated solution of chloride of calcium, an opaque and nearly solid mass will be produced; as the chloride is decomposed, and sulphate of lime, a very insoluble salt, formed.

Dissolve a small quantity of acetate of lead (sugar of lead) in water, about half filling a beer tumbler; mix in another glass the like quantity of bichromate of potass. If the contents of one glass be then poured into the others, a solid compound will be formed, which falls into the bottom of the glass.

Make a strong solution of sulphate of magnesia (Epsom salts), by melting as much as possible in warm water. If a small quantity be poured into a glass, and a little ammonia (hartshorn) added to it, the ammonia will combine with the sulphuric acid, and liberate the magnesia, which will then appear in the glass in a nearly solid state. As both the solution of salts and the ammonia are transparent till mixed, this is a very striking experiment.

HOW TO MAKE TWO SOLIDS FORM A LIQUID.

Triturate together, in a wedgewood-ware mortar, half an ounce of sulphate of soda, with the same quantity of acetate of lead, and they will combine together and form a liquid in consequence of their giving out their waters of crystallization.

Mix together nearly equal quantities of carbonate of ammonia and sulphate of copper in a mortar; pulverize them well, and they will form a violet-colored liquid.

Triturate together, in a mortar, half an ounce of citric acid, in crystals, with a similar quantity of carbonate of potass. These substances will combine, and become fluid.

Put an ounce of sulphate of soda with the same quantity of nitrate of ammonia, into a mortar, and rub them smartly together with the pestle, when they will both part with their water of crystallization, combine together, and become liquid.

Triturate half an ounce of muriate of lime with half an ounce of nitrate of soda; these two substances will operate upon each other, and become liquid like the others.

TO MAKE TEST PAPERS.

For the purpose of many of the experiments described, it is necessary to be provided with test papers, for ascertaining when an acid or alkali is present in any solution. The following directions will enable the experimentor to prepare them himself: Boil a few leaves of red cabbage, cut into small pieces, in a small quantity of water, or pour boiling water over them; then strain it into a piece of cloth, and dip into it some slips of blotting, or other thin paper, which must then be allowed to dry, and afterwards dipped again two or three times. These papers are turned of a *red* color when touched by acids, and *green* by alkalies. The liquid itself may be used in many experiments, but it must not be kept too long after it is made.

Litmus paper, which is turned red when dipped into an acid, may be prepared by boiling litmus in water, and afterwards placing the papers in it, as just described.

Turmeric paper is a test for alkalies, being changed from a bright yellow to a reddish brown. They may be prepared by pouring a small quantity of boiling water upon some turmeric, and afterwards dipping the papers in it, and drying them. The test papers should be cut into slips, as they will be more handy for use.

TO CHANGE THE COLOR OF FLOWERS.

Get some violets, and place them in a glass jar inverted in a dish of water. Place a metallic vessel, or a common piece of tile, in the jar, and on it put a little sulphur, which is to be ignited. If the violets are exposed to the gas which is thus formed for a short time, their color will be destroyed, and they will be *blanched*. The same effect may be produced on a variety of other flowers.

Hold some of the violets, after the last experiment, in the vapor (muriatic gas) which arises on pouring a little dilute sulphuric acid on common salt; they will then assume a *red color*.

Pour a little ammonia (hartshorn) in a bottle, and drop into it another portion of the flowers blanched by the first experiment; they will then be a *bright green*.

Put a number of flowers, of any color, and a few blades of grass, or some green leaves, into a bottle containing some chlorine gas, and their color will be immediately destroyed. This is very prettily illustrated by placing in the bottle a sprig or two of parsley, which, by the action of the chlorine, is rendered quite white.

Chloride of lime, dissolved in water, with a little of any of the acids added to it, may be employed for this purpose instead of chlorine gas; or even the dry chloride of lime may be used for the same purpose.

PURPLE, GREEN AND SCARLET PRODUCED FROM A BLUE COLOR.

Place a small quantity of the blue tincture of cabbage in three wine-glasses; to the first add a little solution of alum, and the color will be changed to *purple*.

To the second glass add a little solution of ammonia, which will render the liquid *bright green*.

In the third, place a few drops of muriatic acid, and this will turn the liquid to a beautiful *scarlet*.

These experiments show the effect of a salt, an alkali, and an acid, in changing vegetable colors.

TO SHOW THE EFFECT OF ALKALIES AND ACIDS ON COLORS.

If a slip of turmeric paper, which is of a yellow color, be dipped in ammonia, or any alkaline solution, it will become of a *deep red brown*. If it be dipped in an acid, it will turn quite *red*.

A solution of chlorine in water, or a solution of chloride of lime, deprives all vegetables, and vegetable infusions, of their colors.

If a slip of turmeric paper be held over a bottle of liquid ammonia (hartshorn), its color will be changed from yellow to brown by the vapor which rises.

An addition of a little of any of the acids to the above mixtures will turn them to a beautiful red color.

TO TEST THE PURITY OF WATER.

Water, in a state of purity, can only be obtained by distillation, or as it falls in the form of rain. From its being able to hold, in solution, so great a variety of substances, it is almost always contaminated with some of them. Spring water becomes im-

pregnated with the various earthy matters through which it runs; and river water is still more impure, in consequence of the many foreign substances that find their way into it.

For chemical purposes, where it is essential that the water should be quite pure, it is necessary, therefore, to distil it, by which means the impurities are separated from it. In order to ascertain the general properties of any kind of water, it may be tested in the following manner:—

Pour a small quantity of it into a wine-glass, and dip into it a slip of litmus paper, when, if an acid is contained in the liquid, in any quantity, the paper will become red: if the water contains an alkali, the test-paper will become green.

The presence of earthy matter may be ascertained by mixing a little soap with the water; if much earthy matter is in it, the soap will be curded. This is the reason why it is impossible to form soap-suds with spring water.

TO FORM BEAUTIFUL CRYSTALS.

Moisten the interior of a glass tumbler with muriatic acid by means of a long feather; and also moisten the inside of another tumbler, in the same way, with liquid ammonia. If the mouths of the glasses be now brought together, the vapors arising from the muriatic acid and the ammonia will combine, and produce white fumes, which will deposit themselves in the form of crystals in the interior of the glasses. This experiment is not always successful.

If subcarbonate of potash be added to a solution of nitric acid in water, till effervescence ceases, or the solution is saturated, and a portion of it be afterwards evaporated in a watch-glass, or a saucer, very beautiful crystals will immediately form.

Melt a little sulphur in an iron tablespoon, and pour it into a wine-glass, of a conical form, that has been moistened slightly. The sulphur will immediately crystallize, and become solid; if the process be watched, the crystals may be observed to shoot across the fluid mass in a very beautiful manner.

Melt a small quantity of sulphur, cautiously, in a Florence flask, and after removing it from the spirit-lamp, or flame by which the sulphur has been melted, pour away the liquid that remains when the outer portion has become solid, and the crystallization of the sulphur may then be seen. The mass will form a very pleasing object if taken from the flask.

The following experiment is a pleasing illustration of metallic crystallization: Heat a common plate of sheet tin, which is merely iron covered with tin, before the fire, or over a lamp, till it is as warm as may be necessary to cause water dropped upon it to evaporate quickly, with a slight hissing noise. Let the tin with which the iron is coated be then washed with a cloth, well moistened with a mixture composed of water, one ounce, muriatic acid, one drachm, and nitric acid, one drachm. The cold fluid causes the hot tin suddenly to assume the crystalline form; and as the acids act upon the external particles of the tin, and expose those below, the crystalline arrangement is beautifully seen.

If a little nitre be dissolved in boiling water till the water will dissolve no more, and then allowed to cool, crystals, in six-sided prisms will be formed.

Dissolve an ounce of sulphate of soda in two ounces of boiling water. Pour the solution into a wedgewood evaporating dish, or into a saucer, and put into a warm place. As the water of solution evaporates, the saline matter will crystallize, resum-

ing the same form which the crystals exhibited before being dissolved.

ARTIFICIAL MINERAL BASKETS.

These pleasing chimney ornaments can easily be manufactured, and the process beautifully illustrates the manner in which crystallization proceeds. Make a solution of sulphate of copper, alum or copperas, by dissolving either of these substances in hot water, and when it begins to cool, suspend in it little wire baskets for about ten minutes.

The alum, etc., will immediately form crystals on the wire, in the same way that sugar does when formed into sugar-candy; and baskets and other ornaments of the most pleasing and diversified forms may thus be easily produced.

RAPID CRYSTALLIZATION.

Make a strong solution of Glauber's salt in boiling water in a Florence flask, and, while hot, cork it up; a vacuum will thus be formed by the condensation of the steam above the surface of the solution within the flask, when the solution is perfectly cold. If the cork be now carefully taken out, the whole will begin to crystallize. Should this effect not be immediately produced, drop a crystal of the same salt into it, and it will instantly shoot into crystals, commencing with the crystal so introduced.

APPARENT TRANSFORMATION OF IRON INTO COPPER.

Make a solution of sulphate of copper (blue vitriol), by dissolving it in water. If a knife, or any other iron instrument, be then dipped in the solution, it will become covered with a coat of copper, and in appearance exactly resemble that metal. The iron has a strong affinity for the copper, and attracts it from the water.

BEAUTIFUL APPEARANCE OF HOAR FROST.

Place a sprig of rosemary, or other garden herb, in a glass jar, so that when it is inverted the stem may be downwards, and the sprig supported by the sides of the jar. Now put some Benzoic acid on a piece of iron, hot enough to sublime the acid in the form of a thick, white vapor; invert the jar over the iron, and leave the whole untouched until the sprig is covered with the sublimed acid, in the form of a beautiful hoar frost. This is an excellent example of sublimation.

TO MAKE FUSIBLE SPOONS.

Melt about four ounces of bismuth in a crucible, and, when fused, throw in about two ounces and a half of lead, and one ounce and a half of tin. These metals will combine, and form an alloy, which melts at a very low degree of temperature. If some of it is formed into teaspoons (which may easily be done by making a mould in clay, or plaster of Paris, from another spoon), the spoons thus made will produce much amusement; for if one of them be placed in hot tea it will melt, and sink to the bottom of the cup, much to the surprise of the person using them; and even if they do not melt, they will bend considerably.

They have a bright appearance, and if made well, will not be easily distinguished from ordinary metal spoons.

TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL FIRY BALLS.

Put thirty grains of phosphorus into a Florence flask, with three or four ounces of water. Place this over a lamp, and give it a boiling heat. Balls of fire will soon be seen to issue from the water, after the manner of an artificial firework, attended with the most beautiful coruscations.

CURIOUS PROPERTY OF BURNING CAMPHOR.

If a small piece of camphor be ignited at a candle, and then placed in a basin of water, it will not only float and remain in an inflamed state, but will also appear agitated; and in this state will move to and fro on the surface of the water, at the same time emitting a very fragrant smell.

If, during the time the camphor is in motion, a drop of oil be let fall from a feather into the basin, the camphor will suddenly stop, as if arrested by something peculiarly attractive. A drop of any kind of grease produces a similar effect.

TO TEST THE PURITY OF STEEL.

Steel is composed of iron and charcoal. If, therefore, a drop of nitric acid falls on a piece of it, the part will immediately become black, in consequence of the acid uniting with the iron, and leaving the carbon free. If the acid be dropped on iron, this effect will not be produced; and the comparative goodness of steel may, therefore, be ascertained by this means.

INSTRUCTIVE RECREATIONS

COMPRISING

USEFUL LESSONS TAUGHT BY SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.

THE TWO ELECTRICITIES.

EXPERIMENTS in electricity have a wonderful fascination for almost everybody. We hear so much now about this remarkable force in nature, and the uses to which it is applied are so many, that the public mind is eager to investigate it, and is ready to believe it capable of almost miraculous achievements.

For this reason experiments with electricity are both interesting and entertaining, while they also furnish a fund of scientific information.

The apparatus required for the first experiment in electricity is a few pith-balls the size of a small pea; some cocoon silk; a thick stick of sealing-wax, or, better, a polished rod of vulcanite about 9 in. long and ½ in. diameter (a paper-knife, comb, or penholder made of ebonite answers); a glass tube about ¾ in. diameter and 9 in. long, closed at both ends; a silk handkerchief; and a few other trivial articles, which will be named as occasion requires. One remark about experiments in frictional or static electricity may here be made, and that is, that in certain conditions of the atmosphere it is scarcely possible to succeed. A very dry air, like that which often occurs after the continuance of a severe frost, a warm room free from any trace of moisture, and the absence of draughts, give the most favorable conditions.

Rarely there are times when you cannot touch the domestic cat, or comb your hair without eliciting electrical manifestations. Suspend by a single fibre of cocoon silk one of the pith-balls. Warm the silk handkerchief before the fire, and with it rub the stick of sealing-wax (or vulcanite rod); when this is presented to the pith-ball, the latter will be attracted, move quickly towards the sealing-wax, cling to it for an instant, and then fly away under a repulsive force, so that it may be now chased by the sealing-wax, to which it will seem to have the utmost aversion. This will subside after a time, or you may remove it by touching the pith-ball with your finger.

Now holding the glass tube at one end, you rub the other end vigorously with the warm handkerchief, and repeat the experiment as before with similar results; first attraction, then repulsion. While the pith-ball is in the condition of being repelled by the glass tube, bring near it the just previously rubbed sealing-wax, when the pith-ball will be strongly attracted. There

would thus appear to be two kinds of electricity, for one attracts what the other repels.

These might be called *glass electricity* and *sealing-wax electricity*, and it was, indeed, at one time, the practice to distinguish them by the name *vitreous* and *resinous electricity* (resin is the chief constituent of sealing-wax). Afterwards the terms respectively applied to them were "positive" and "negative," and these are still used. They must not be understood as meaning anything, or implying more than just a distinction of opposites. We may often for shortness use the sign + instead of the words "positive, or vitreous electricity," and the sign – instead of "negative, or resinous electricity."

Flies Like a Pendulum.

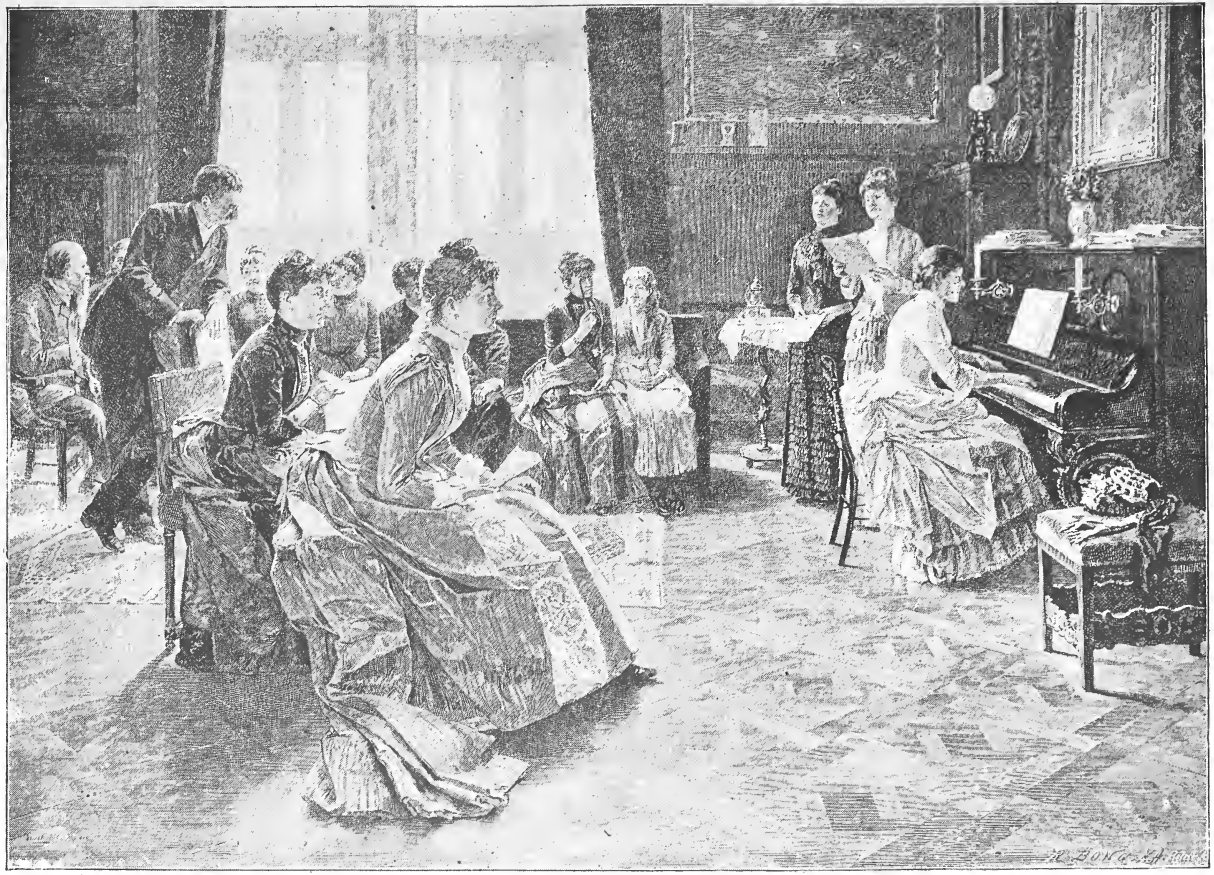
If you hold the rubbed glass near one side of the pith-ball, and the rubbed ebonite or sealing-wax on the other, the pith-ball will oscillate between them like a pendulum for a considerable time. Connect two pith-balls together with a piece of *linen* thread, so that the pith-balls shall be about 2½ in. apart. Attach to the linen thread halfway between the two balls a fibre of cocoon silk, and by this suspend the balls, which will hang down touching each other. Charge them with – electricity by touching them with the rubbed sealing-wax (or ebonite); the silk fibre will not carry off the electricity, and two charged balls will diverge widely from each other, showing mutual repulsion.

Discharge the balls by touching them with the finger, and repeat the experiment with + electricity. The balls will again repel each other. These facts summed up are quite parallel to the case of magnetism, and may be stated thus—*Bodies charged with the same electricity repel each other, but bodies charged with opposite electricities attract each other.*

Conductors and Non-conductors.—Suspend horizontally a length of ordinary hemp-cord by fibres of silk at intervals, in such a way that the cord shall nowhere be in contact with anything but the silk fibres. A short length may be so suspended from the top of the frame, but the experiment is more striking when other supports are used, so that a greater length of cord may be hung. To one end of the cord attach the pair of pith-balls connected by linen, and apply to the other end the well-rubbed glass or ebonite. You see the pith-balls immediately diverge, and that with the same electricity as you have imparted to the other end of the hempen cord. If now the experiment be repeated with an indiarubber or guttapercha cord there will be no effect. The hempen cord *conducts* the electricity, the guttapercha does not. Metals are among the best conductors, then follow carbon, black-lead, vegetable and animal bodies, aqueous vapor, etc. The *non-conductors* include indiarubber, porcelain, dry paper, hair, wool, silk, glass, wax, guttapercha, ebonite or vulcanite, sulphur, resins, amber, etc.

Electric Flashes.

Electricity is very largely produced in Nature's operations. The clouds are charged with it, and when they happen to come near to some other body which has electricity in it of a different kind, as, for example, a tall chimney, the steeple of a church, or a towering tree, a huge spark, which we call lightning, may pass between them, and the chimney or steeple may be hurled down or the tree riven asunder. Electricity is produced in our own bodies, each of the white cords in our systems which we call nerves having the power,



AN EVENING MUSICALE

WINTER RECREATION AND PLEASURE

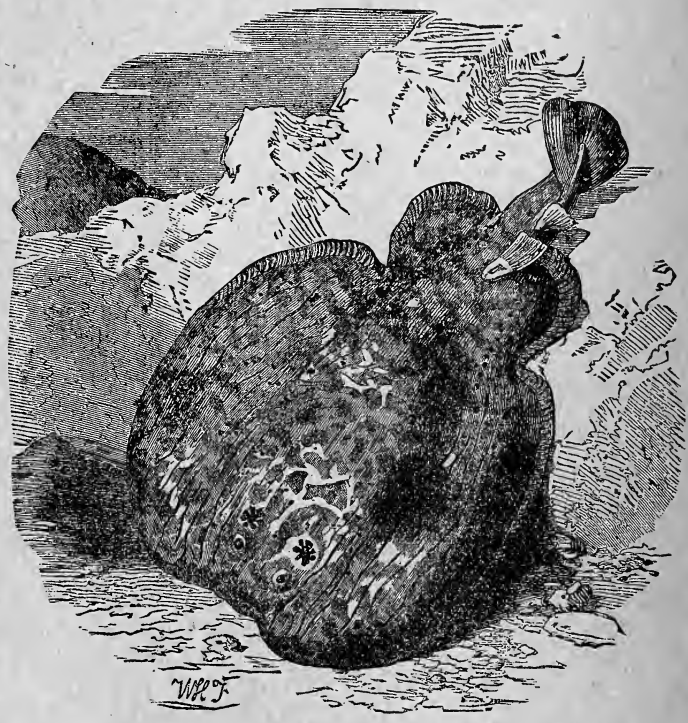
when experimented with, of turning the galvanometer needle. In some animals we may even have manifestations of the electricity produced in their bodies without having recourse to cutting them up.

It is so in the case of a flat-fish called the torpedo, also in another called the electric eel. Both fishes may now often be seen in the tanks of our public acquaria, and you have doubtless often seen the big eel, with its belly-fin wriggling like a long blanket in the wind when its top has been fastened on hooks to dry before being sent into the market.

The torpedo has a clumsy body, in shape a little like a musical instrument. The machine Nature has given it, and that produces the shock, is very curious. It consists of a number of tubes, and is not unlike a piece of honeycomb. The tubes take up the whole length of the body, between the upper and under surface, and a secretion of thick mucus is found in them.

The torpedo is very much dreaded by its neighbors in the sea. It feeds upon fishes, and whatever it can find, and uses its machine to stun its prey. In the warm seas of the Tropics very large torpedoes are found. If you were to touch one it would give you a curious sensation. You would feel as you do when you give your elbow a blow against some sharp corner. The torpedo is a sluggish creature, and likes to bury itself in the sand. This is just the time when it is most to be dreaded. If an unlucky person were to disturb it by accident, it would give him one of its most angry shocks.

In these days a great deal is said about electricity, and the doctors are trying to make use of it to cure many complaints. But so long ago as the days of Antony and Cleopatra, the torpedo was used as medicine too. Its shocks were thought to cure pains in the head, and various other mala-

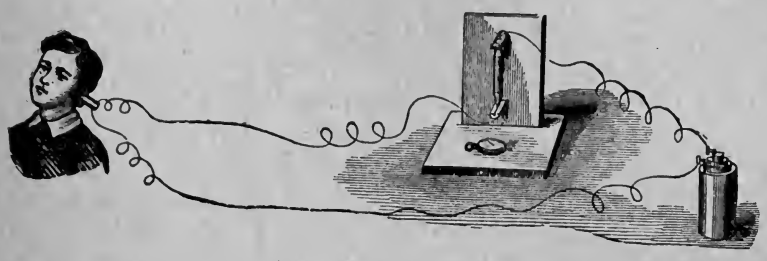


THE TORPEDO, OR ELECTRIC FISH.

dies. And in later times, if a man had the gout, he was told to put his foot on the torpedo, and to keep it there, until he felt a sensation of being numbed, as high up as his knee. Electricity is a very ancient remedy. Much amusement may be caused in an evening company by having a small battery, from which a slight shock may be given to a circle having their hands joined. Peals of laughter always accompany these electric experiments.

HOW SOUND IS INCREASED.

The microphone is an instrument for intensifying and making audible very feeble sounds. It produces its effects by the changes of intensity in an electric current, occasioned by variations in the contact resistance of conducting bodies. It has always been known that many solids are excellent conductors of sound.



THE MICROPHONE.

One of the little experiments of boyhood is for one lad to hold his head under water while another, not far away, strikes two stones together under the surface. The water coming in close contact with the ear, and being a good conductor of sound, produces something in the nature of a shock, quite as startling as would be the firing of a pistol near one's head. This, it must be understood, is not the principle of the microphone or telephone. There must be a conductor for the electric current, but the current itself is indispensable.

Thus, not only by the telegraph can words be transmitted, but also in a more direct way, and even the tones of the human voice can be distinguished.

It is literally true that we talk by lightning, and can speak to a listener a thousand miles away. Our age finds in electricity its most marvelous field of discovery.

MAGNETISM.

SIMPLE MAGNETS, AND EXPERIMENTS WITH THEM.

To commence experimental operations, a horseshoe magnet may be obtained for a few cents at any toy-shop. Draw one of the limbs of this magnet over a sewing-needle several times, and always in the same direction. Now, upon sticking this needle into a piece of paper, and suspending it by a long thread from some convenient support, it will be observed that the needle takes up a position such that one end points to where the sun is at noon, and the other end, of course, in just the opposite direction. The former end of the needle is called the south pole, and the latter the north. So that there may be no mistake, put an N and an S at the ends of the paper corresponding to these poles.

You are now in possession of a very simple magnet, with its poles pointing north and south ; and as it will have taken you no more time to make it than it has taken us to tell you how, you may as well make another just in the same way, marking N and S on the paper again, so that there may be no mistake as to the individuality of the poles.

We have now two sewing-needle magnets, and upon bringing their like ends together, *i. e.*, the ends marked N or the ends marked S, they shun each other,

from which fact we are justified in saying that *like poles repel each other*. But suppose now we present unlike poles to each other, *i. e.*, N to S, or, what amounts to the same thing, S to N, will they still repel each other?

Upon trying the experiment you will find this not to be the case, for upon bringing unlike poles near each other they display, as it were, the greatest desire to come together, from which we derive another important lesson that *unlike poles attract each other*. Hence, if you have a magnet, and do not know which is its north pole or which is its south, you have nothing to do but bring it near one of these suspended needles, when its behavior towards it will soon show which is its north and which its south pole.

Put a very light sewing-needle on to a sheet of white paper resting on the table, bring now one of the ends of the horseshoe magnet towards the needle; the needle will be attracted and slide towards the magnet. If now the needle be stroked with one of the poles of the magnet, and if it is stroked say a dozen times in the same direction always, it will now differ in its behavior, for while one end of the needle will be attracted when one of the limbs of the horseshoe is brought near it, the other end of the needle will be repelled by the same limb of the horseshoe. What has happened? The sewing-needle has been converted into a magnetic needle by the stroking.

To Make a Bar Magnet.

Procure a strip of steel a few inches long. Make the ends square by filing, and now draw one end of your horseshoe magnet along its whole length. Repeat this operation a great many times, taking care to always use the same limb of your horseshoe and to draw it always in the same direction. Ascertain the names of its two poles by means of one of your magnetised needles in the way we have described.

Experiment With Iron Filings.

As the bar magnet lies on the table, cover it with a sheet of writing-paper, keeping the paper perfectly flat by means of packing on each side of the magnet, or what is better, perhaps, use stiff cardboard. Sprinkle iron filings over the paper or cardboard. The filings dispose themselves. You will observe that on each side of the bar magnet each particle disposes itself, like the magnetised needle we have just been experimenting with. The iron filings, therefore, arrange themselves in curves, and these are generally spoken of as *lines of magnetic force*.

How to Copy the Lines of Magnetic Force.

Make a solution of ground gall-nuts, and brush over a sheet of paper with the solution, removing superfluous moisture with blotting-paper. Place the damp paper over the curves, and press it evenly on them. Carefully lift the paper, dry quickly, and shake the adhering filings off. A picture of the curves is left on the paper.

The Mariner's Compass.

For steering his ship on the pathless ocean, the mariner wants some means of telling which is north, south, east or west; and he employs the magnetic needle for this purpose. It is hardly worth while describing it, as every boy must have seen a compass, and you may, indeed, buy a small one from any optician for a few cents. This constancy, however, of the

needle in pointing north and south makes one ask—"What is it which makes the compass needle take up nearly always the same position with respect to north and south?"

The Earth is a Magnet.

It is generally supposed, in answer to the preceding question, that the earth is an immense magnet. There is another peculiarity also which we should look for, and this is indicated in our study of the behavior of a magnetised needle when near a bar magnet. Just over either of the poles the needle was perpendicular to the surface of the bar; so, likewise, a magnetic needle, if free to move in a vertical plane, ought to take quite a vertical position over the earth's magnetic poles

A pole of this sort has been found in the northern hemisphere, and likewise one in the southern, where a magnetized needle of this sort called a "dipping" needle, takes a vertical position. Neither of these magnetic poles coincides with the poles of the earth's axis.

Never since the years 1657-1662 has the needle pointed in a true northerly direction, and it alters its position slightly every year. In 1850, for example, the needle pointed about 22½° west of true north, and fifteen years later it was 21° 6′ west of north. Hence, where observations of the bearings of places have to be made for surveying and such like purposes, one has to learn from the recognized authorities what is the amount of deviation from the true north, or the *declination*, as it is termed, for the current year.

How to Make a Tom Thumb Electro-Magnet.

Take a piece of iron wire about two inches long, and bend it into a horseshoe shape. Closely wrap round this from one end to the other silk-covered wire. Upon connecting the ends of the wire to a small battery the ends of the wire will draw to them a sewing-needle, thus showing that the iron wire has been magnetized by the electric current flowing round it. It would appear, then, that the iron wire has been converted into a magnet by the electricity, because it would not attract a needle at all before the current was passed through the silk-covered wire.

It will now be highly interesting to see whether the ends of the iron wire possess the peculiarity of repelling one end of a magnetic sewing-needle and attracting the other. With this end in view, bring one of your sewing-needle magnets carefully near to one of the ends of this iron wire while the current is flowing through. One end of the needle is very evidently shunned, while the other is drawn towards the wire.

North and South Poles.

It is now pretty obvious that we can tell what are the names of the poles of our Tom Thumb electro-magnet, because we have learnt that like poles repel each other, while unlike poles attract each other; hence, that end of the iron wire which repels the north end of our needle is the wire's north pole, and the remaining pole is its south one, and it will repel the south pole of our needle.

Let the poles of the Tom Thumb electro-magnet be marked, so that we may now inquire into the relation between the electricity and the magnetism. Now, if we follow the current of positive electricity proceeding from the copper on its way to the spiral enclosing one end of the iron, we see that in creating a north pole of the electro-magnet the electricity flows round it in a direction opposed to the motion of the

hands of a watch, whereas in creating a south pole it flows in the same direction as the hands of a watch.

Very large electro-magnets are often made, which will lift, instead of a tiny needle, many hundredweights of things. The magnet consists of a round bar of soft iron, around which wire has been turned and connected with a battery (*i. e.*, a number of cells all joined together). The magnetism thus produced in it keeps the flat bar of iron adhering to it, in opposition to its tendency to fall to the ground.

Under the flat piece of iron there is a hook, from which a board holding weights may be suspended, and on this as many weights may be piled as the strength of the electro-magnet will permit of. The weights will be held up as long as the current flows round the iron bar; but immediately the current stops, down fall the weights with a tremendous bang.

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

A long time ago, when men knew nothing at all about what things are made of, they supposed that there were only four simple things in the whole world; and those four things were—the air they breathed, the water they drank, the earth they trod on, and the fire wherewith they warmed themselves and performed ordinary cooking operations. In course of time, however, they found that air consists of two very different substances; they discovered likewise that water is made up of two very dissimilar bodies; and they found besides that the earth is formed from a great number of things; while fire is no substance at all, but only a change that bodies are passing through. All that they learned, and that men have since learned about these matters, is now included under the head of Chemistry.

The air, as being one of the most common things on the surface of the earth, received a large share of their attention. But it would weary you to hear all the operations they subjected it to, and all the suppositions they framed about it, after they had begun to suspect it was not a simple substance. We must therefore content ourselves with repeating a simple and beautiful experiment they were wont to perform.

Burning Phosphorus.

Buy a stick of *phosphorus* from a chemist, and when you go to purchase it take a small bottle filled with water to put it in. Do not handle it with your fingers. Label the bottle "Phosphorus," and any substance you obtain in future carefully label in the same way. When you require a small piece of phosphorus for an experiment, you simply take out your pocket-knife and stick the point of the blade in it, and draw it out on to a piece of board or stone; you may then cut off a small bit for use and put the larger piece back into the bottle, quickly.

And now to perform this experiment. Take an egg-shell, and break it down until the end forms a little saucer. Float this shell-saucer in a basin full of water. Put a bit of phosphorus into the floating shell, and now, having a pretty large tumbler in one hand, with the other apply a match to the phosphorus. Immediately the phosphorus begins to burn bring the tumbler over it, with its mouth in contact with the water, so that the phosphorus burns only in the limited supply of air contained in the tumbler. The inside of the tumbler soon becomes filled with white smoke.

You ought properly to have some support under the glass, so that you can leave it awhile with its mouth still dipping in

the water. You will find, after a time, that the smoke has disappeared, and that the water has risen up into the tumbler, and occupies about a fifth of the interior. We have now to inquire what has taken place, and, in doing so honestly, we shall acquire some very interesting information.

First, then, let us examine the inside of the shell-boat. All the phosphorus is not burnt up. It would seem, then, that during the burning of the phosphorus *something* was taken from the air; and when this *something* was done, when there was no more of it left, the phosphorus went out. It is pretty evident, then, that the air we breathe consists of two parts, one of which supports combustion, while the other does not.

And the experiment likewise tells us the relative proportions of these two substances which go to make up air; for when any air is removed from a vessel opening into a liquid, that liquid rises to take its place, because of the atmospheric pressure. Therefore, since water has risen in the tumbler to the extent of one-fifth of its capacity, we may at once infer that the part of air which supports combustion forms one-fifth of it, and also that the part which does not support combustion forms four-fifths of it.

And now we shall, for a few moments, have to turn from this experiment to take into consideration other facts which throw further light on it.

An Acid.

You are aware that vinegar has a sour taste, and it is commonly spoken of as an *acid* substance; for the Latin word *acidus*, from which we derive ours, means sharp to the taste. Well, there are a great variety of substances which have this sour taste; but it would be highly dangerous for you to apply the tongue to all of them, as you would probably get poisoned. We require, then, a simple test by means of which you can tell an acid when you come across it. This simple test is furnished in the next paragraph.

Procure some red cabbage leaves, cut them up, and put them in a teapot. Now pour boiling water on them, and allow them to stand for awhile. Pour off the liquid, and preserve in clean bottles. And here we may say that you will do well to turn to account all the physic and pickle bottles you can lay hold of, only *clean them well.* In doing this you will be following the example of Sir Humphry Davy, who, when a boy, had to utilize all the spare domestic articles he could get hold of.

But to return to our infusion of red cabbage. Pour some of it into a tumbler, and notice that it is nearly colorless, being only very slightly tinted bluish. Upon adding a few drops of vinegar, the solution turns *red.* An acid will therefore turn an infusion of red cabbage red, and by this property we may know it. To another portion of red cabbage infusion add a drop of *oil of vitriol:* it immediately turns red, proving to us at once that it is an acid, and chemists call it *sulphuric acid.*

The Constituents of Air.

We may now, then, return to our first experiment regarding the composition of air. The only substances which disappeared in this experiment were a portion of the air and a portion of the phosphorus, and a cloud of white smoke was formed from them. This white substance soon disappeared, however, and it is not difficult to see where it disappeared to, for there was nowhere for it to go except into the water. The water dissolved it just as it

dissolves sugar; and now comes the interesting fact.

After dissolving this white substance, the water became acid; for if you take the water in the basin, and add it to our cabbage infusion, it will turn it red. To see that this is so, without any doubt, take a saucer, and after putting a bit of phosphorus on it, set it on fire, and turn a tumbler upside down on it. The white substance collects on the inside of the tumbler, and you may now add a little water to it, which will dissolve it before your eyes; and upon pouring this solution into a portion of cabbage infusion, it at once turns red.

We have clearly, then, *produced an acid*. And it has been done by making phosphorus burn in air, and take to itself a particular portion of that air, and the white substance formed has then been dissolved. This one-fifth of the air, then, which enters into combination with phosphorus, was regarded by the old chemists as an acid producer, and they called it by that name; for they christened it oxygen, which is a word derived from the Greek *oxys* (acid), and *gennao* (I produce). One-fifth, then, of the air we breathe is oxygen, and the remaining four-fifths is a substance entirely different, to which the name of nitrogen has been given.

ELEMENTS AND COMPOUNDS.

Such a body as red precipitate is called by the chemist *compound*, because it is possible to split it up into simpler substances. Rust is a compound of iron and oxygen, and the white substance we have spoken about is a compound of phosphorous and oxygen. Now, by no means that we have yet discovered, can we split up oxygen into anything else but oxygen, or nitrogen, phosphorous, iron and mercury into anything else but these bodies. Simple substances, like these, are therefore, known to us as *elements*; and, so far as we know, they are elements in the strictest sense of the word, and thus very unlike the so-called elements known to the ancients.

There are more than sixty elements, and all the substances the world is made of consist of various combinations of them. Among the more common elements we have four gases: oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and chlorine; the metals iron, mercury, tin, zinc, gold, silver, copper, platinum, potassium, sodium, aluminum and calcium; and the non-metals bromine, iodine, carbon, phosphorus and sulphur.

SOME EXPERIMENTS WITH OXYGEN.

To get a quantity of oxygen for experimental purposes, procure some chlorate of potash and powder it; mix well with fine oxide of manganese, and place the mixture in a saucer, to be dried well before using. The mixture may now be put in a flask, from which a delivery tube leads under the surface of a jar filled with water. The flask is now heated strongly. After a time, the oxygen begins to come off very rapidly, and the jar is soon filled; another ought to be in readiness close by, so that no gas may be wasted.

Let us suppose, then, that you have obtained a couple of jars full of oxygen. You may now perform a couple of brilliant experiments. Procure a piece of brimstone, to burn in the oxygen. You require first a piece of cardboard, which may be used to replace the glass cover of the jar, and, having pushed a piece of wire through this, its lower end must be twisted into a close spiral, so as to form a small cup. Place a bit of sulphur in the cup and set it on fire; it will begin to burn with a faint blue flame in air, likewise giving off,

at the same time, a something with a most suffocating odor.

Quickly remove the glass plate from a jar of oxygen, and replace it with the card cover. Now, the sulphur flame is quickened into life, for it burns most vividly, whereas, before placing it in the jar of oxygen, it had only a feeble flame. If, after this experiment, you pour a little fresh water into the flask, and rinse it round, you will find that it possesses acid properties.

An Oxide.

And now, as this testing for acids is a most frequent operation with us, it would be very convenient if we could manage it in a handier form than having to use an infusion of red cabbage each time. You may, therefore, buy at the druggist's a small book of litmus paper for a dime. The leaves are of a blue color; and when you want to test anything, you take a small portion of one of them and dip it into the solution. If the solution be acid, it will at once turn the blue litmus paper red, even as it turned the color of our red-cabbage infusion. Upon testing the water in the jar, after burning sulphur in it, the blue litmus paper is turned to a decided red.

Sulphur and oxygen have evidently combined to form an oxide, and this oxide is known to chemists as *sulphurous anhydride*. It is a transparent gas, so that you cannot see it; but your nose soon tells you of its presence, as it possesses an exceedingly pungent odor. It is also very soluble in water, and the solution acts like an acid.

And now, having cleaned our wire cup, if it be still all right after the sulphur experiment, we may use it for another of a similar nature. You must, this time, place a bit of charcoal or carbon in it, and, having just managed to make some portion of the charcoal red hot, you may quickly introduce it into a jar of oxygen as before, when you will produce a most brilliant display, and soon all the carbon will have burnt away; or else, if there be too much of it, there will not be enough oxygen to burn it up.

In this experiment, oxygen and carbon are brought together, and consequently, an oxide of carbon is formed. This oxide of carbon is generally known as *carbonic acid*, and chemists call it *carbonic anhydride*. It will be found upon washing the inside of the bottle with fresh cold water again as before, that the blue litmus paper gives a feeble acid reaction.

HYDROGEN.

And now we turn for a few minutes to consider the lightest of all known gases, which is also invisible and transparent. Place scraps of zinc in a bottle, cover with a little water, and now, when a funnel tube dips into it, pour through it some hydrochloric acid. Hydrogen will begin to rise from the surface of the liquid at once, and if you want it to come off fast, you add more acid by the funnel. After *sufficient* time has elapsed for the air within the bottle to be all expelled, you may now bring the delivery tube under an inverted jar filled with water. The gas is so very light, that you may even fill a jar by holding it mouth downwards, and passing the gas up to the top, where by reason of its lightness, it will displace the air.

Take a jar of the gas with its mouth downwards, and rapidly pass a lighted taper up into it. The taper is put out, but the gas at the mouth of the jar burns. We are taught two things by this simple ex-

INDUCING THE HINDOO SLEEP.

Used by courtesy of The HENNEBERRY Company, Chicago, Publishers of DeLaurence's wonderful work on Hypnotism.

SLEEP INDUCED BY FIXATION OF GAZE.
Object being a Diamond Ring held in the Author's Hand.

Used by courtesy of The HENNEBERRY Company, Chicago Publishers of DeLaurence's Wonderful work on Hypnotism.

periment, for we learn, from the fact of the taper being put out, that hydrogen does not support combustion, and farther, from the blaze at the mouth, that hydrogen burns in air. Now, when a substance burns in air, such as carbon, for example, we have an oxide formed, therefore we shall probably have an oxide of hydrogen produced in this experiment, and we may as well at once anticipate matters by saying that this oxide of hydrogen which is produced goes by the very common name of *water*.

Hydrogen in the Sun.

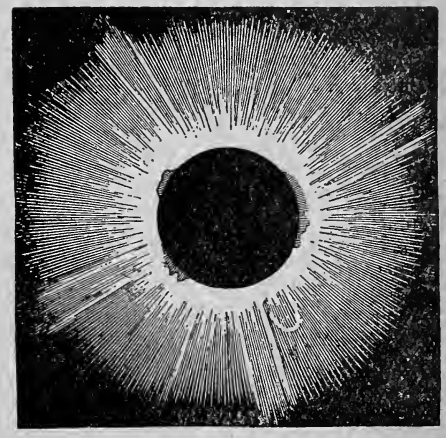
It is not unreasonable to suppose that the sun, moon, and stars have substances in them such as the chemist is continually studying. And in many cases we can actually prove that it is so, as we have already described in speaking of the spectroscope. Now among astronomers there was, for a long time, a great wish to know what the red prominences might be which are seen when the sun is eclipsed.

Here, for example, in this diagram which represents an eclipse of the sun, you see three prominences extending out of the black disc; these prominences are of a ruddy color. When their nature was inquired into by means of the spectroscope it was found that hydrogen was most certainly in them, so that we can say, without fear of contradiction, that there is an enormous ocean of glowing hydrogen on the sun's surface.

Composition of Water.

That water is produced when hydrogen is burned is readily shown. Suppose that the materials for making hydrogen are in A (see figure)—namely, zinc, water, and hydrochloric acid—the gas may be passed along the tube B, into the vessel C, containing fragments of lime, which will dry the hydrogen, and now, if the dry gas be conducted along the tube D drawn out to a jet at its end, when lit it will burn with a hot non-luminous flame, and in burning it combines with the oxygen of the air to form water.

To prove this, bring a perfectly clean

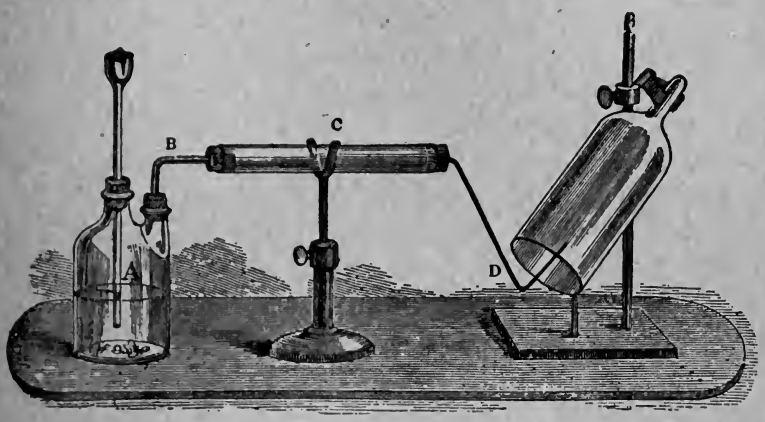


ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

and dry bell-jar over it: soon its surface will be covered with dew or condensed water vapor. Be careful in performing this experiment that you do not light the jet too soon, otherwise you may have an explosion. And we may further add that you need not go to any extra expense in making this experiment, for instead of the bell-jar at D you may use a clean dry tumbler; C you may make yourself, and the apparatus for generating the hydrogen may be the same as that used before.

The diagram will serve, however, to show you how you ought to dispose of the various pieces of apparatus you are using. This way of making water by putting together hydrogen and oxygen is called *synthesis* by the chemists, from the Greek word *synthesis*, a putting or placing together.

The composition of water can be shown, however, in a variety of ways: you can, for example, decompose it by means of electricity. A vessel contains water which has been acidulated with sulphuric acid, two plates of platinum stick up in the fluid on either side of the vessel, and over them a couple of test tubes are inverted, quite full of the liquid. Now the platinum wires pass through the glass vessel, and are connected with the poles of a battery.



BURNING HYDROGEN FROM A JET.

Composition of Water Indirectly Shown.

Bubbles of gas begin to rise from each pole and fill the tubes. The two tubes are filled at different rates, for it is soon evident that the gas contained in one of the tubes is twice the volume of the gas contained in the other. Upon testing the gases, the one of lesser volume is found to be oxygen, and the other is proved to be hydrogen. In this experiment we learn not only that hydrogen and oxygen go to form water, but we also learn the proportions of each, viz.: one measure of oxygen to two measures of hydrogen.

Besides the direct ways of proving the composition of water, there are a number of ways in which it is indirectly shown. For example, the metal potassium has so strong an attraction for oxygen that it will even rob water of it, so that when you throw a bit of the metal into water it rushes up and down on the surface, seizing the oxygen to itself, and liberating the hydrogen. So much heat is likewise produced during the experiment that the hydrogen begins to burn, and you have what appears to be water set on fire. This is a striking experiment, and at any time, where you think water is produced, you may test it by adding a bit of this potassium.

An Alkali.

When the potassium combines with oxygen, an oxide is formed as usual, which is very soluble in water, but if you test the water now with litmus paper it does not turn red; and you will find that if you dip a bit of litmus paper into it, that has already been reddened by acid, the redness disappears, and the blue color is restored. The acid has evidently been neutralised; and substances which can neutralise acids in this way are called *alkalies*.

Spirits of hartshorn or ammonia is a strong alkali; so that you may readily restore the blue back to reddened litmus paper by means of it.

A Trick with Colors.

If you now take the infusion of red cabbage, you may perform with it what will appear to your companions to be a magical trick. Pour two wine-glasses full of the infusion, and now to one add a few drops of sulphuric acid, it turns red; to the other add a few drops of the solution of

oxide of potassium in water, it turns green; and you may now remove the color from either by adding alkali to the acid solution, and acid to the alkali solution.

CHLORINE.

A little while ago we mentioned four common gasseous elements, and one of them, viz., chlorine, we have got to experiment with. It is an element we take into our system every day, just as we take oxygen and hydrogen, for common salt, of which we use so much with our food, contains a great amount of chlorine. It is transparent like the other gases we have studied, but it is colorless, for when you have made some you will see clearly that it is of a greenish tinge, and because of its color it was named chlorine, from the Greek, *chloros* (grass green). It has a most disagreeable smell, and if breathed in quantities it is exceedingly dangerous, and may cause one's death.

How to Prepare Chlorine.

To prepare the gas you take one part by weight of common salt, one part of black oxide of manganese, and mix in a large flask with two parts of sulphuric acid and two of water. The gas will begin to come off with a very slight heat. It is very soluble in water, so that it would cause a great waste of the gas to catch it over water in the usual way. It is therefore collected by displacement of the air, as it is about two and a half times heavier than it; therefore, if the delivery tube reaches to the bottom of the jar the chlorine will gradually displace the air as the jar fills.

Striking Experiments with Chlorine.

Chlorine combines with the metals to form chlorides, just as oxygen unites with them to form oxides, and in combining with the metals some brilliant effects are produced. If you take a jar filled with chlorine, and sprinkle into it some finely-powdered antimony, you will observe a sort of fiery shower, which results from the powdered metal and chlorine uniting with great force to produce the chloride of antimony.

Phosphorus will take fire of itself in chlorine gas, burning with a pale and feebly luminous flame. If you take a piece of paper and wet it with oil of turpentine you will now find, upon thrusting it into a jar of chlorine, that the element attacks the hydrogen contained in the oil of turpentine with such violence that it at once breaks out into a very smoky flame. This experiment with turpentine illustrates the action of chlorine on what are called organic substances, so that you will perceive that if some unfortunate individual were to get his mouth full of this gas, his destruction would arise from the tissues of his inside being decomposed.

Chlorine and Hydrogen.

We have seen that hydrogen has a remarkable tendency to combine with oxygen. It also shows the same desire to unite with chlorine, so much so, in fact, that if equal measures of these gases, mixed together, be exposed to the action of diffuse daylight, they form a compound gas called hydrochloric acid.

If, however, the light be very strong, such, for example, as you obtain when you burn magnesium wire, then the two gases combine with great violence. The latter experiment is illustrated in, where a glass vessel containing the mixed gases is placed under a wire screen while a piece of magnesium wire is being burned. The thin glass vessel will be shivered into a thou-

sand pieces, hence the necessity for its being covered.

How to Bleach.

Bleaching powder is a substance which contains chlorine, and the gas may be liberated from it by the addition of a weak acid, like diluted sulphuric acid, for example. Now, owing to this property chlorine has of destroying organic matters, it is sometimes used to destroy organic coloring substances.

Suppose, now, you have a piece of cloth dyed with some organic dye, and you want to bleach it, this would be your method of proceeding. You first mix a small quantity of bleaching powder with warm water, and filter. The dyed material is now washed in the filtered solution. You have beside you a basin containing very dilute sulphuric acid, and in this you rinse the material you have just taken out of the bleaching powder solution. This operation is repeated for several times, until you have got all the color out.

When the material, with the bleaching solution on it, was transferred to the bath of dilute sulphuric acid, the chlorine of the bleaching powder was liberated in the presence of water. It robbed the water of its hydrogen, and the oxygen newly set free, then combined with the coloring matter of the dye, to form a new and colorless compound. This is how it is supposed the bleaching operation proceeds.

How to Ignite Paper Without Match or Fire.

Now, chlorine, besides combining with metals, to form chlorides, also combines rather *loosely* with oxygen; for, it would seem to be a general rule that, where substances are remarkably unlike each other, as, for example, metals and chlorine, the compounds formed by their union are remarkably firm and not easily to be destroyed; while, on the other hand, where the substances are somewhat akin in their general qualities, like chlorine and oxygen, then, if they can be made to unite, their union is very feeble, and they may at any moment dissolve partnership in the most violent manner.

What is known to chemists as chloric peroxide, is a compound of chlorine and oxygen of this sort. Its preparation is attended with no small amount of danger, but the following experiment may be tried without fear, and it is exceedingly striking. Powder some chlorate of potash and sugar, and mix them well together. If you now take paper and put on it a little of this mixture, you only require to touch the mixture with a drop of sulphuric acid, from the end of a glass rod, and the paper will immediately be set on fire.

And now, if you want to have a remarkable and harmless blaze up, place the remainder of the mixture on a plate in a conical heap, and touch it as before, with a drop of oil of vitrol (sulphuric acid) from the end of a glass rod. There will be a great and momentary blaze instantly.

What happens in this experiment is the production of chloric peroxide, along with other bodies, by the action of the sulphuric acid on the chlorate of potash. Instantly the peroxide is liberated, and comes into contact with the sugar, the partnership existing between the ill-sorted oxygen and chlorine is dissolved; or, in chemical language, there is violent decomposition.

Action of Light on Silver

Light has a peculiar effect on silver compounds, turning their color in a very short time. If, for example, you make

some chloride of silver, by adding a solution of common salt to a solution of nitrate of silver, you will find that the chloride, which appears white upon being first made, becomes, in the course of a day or two, of a purplish tint. The iodide of silver is similarly acted upon, and these facts are utilized by the photographer in making his sun pictures. He places a very thin film of a compound of silver (the iodide) on a glass plate, and then puts this in a camera for the picture to fall on it. The picture which is thus projected on to the film of silver compound, is formed by rays of every degree of intensity and color, so that the silver compound is acted upon in a manner which differs for nearly every point of its surface.

In the Dark Room.

After an extremely short exposure, the plate is taken into a dark room, lit up only by the light coming through yellow glass ; but nothing can be seen on the glass plate. The image, if there be one, is hidden or latent, and it must be "developed," or brought out. A mixture of copperas and acetic acid, in distilled water, is poured over the silver compound, and now a picture begins to show itself. The image is then well washed and "fixed," that is, so dealt with that it is invulnerable to the further assaults of light. To this end it is washed in a solution of cyanide of potassium.

Now suppose the photographer had taken your likeness and brought it to you at this stage, you would probably be surprised to find yourself appearing on the glass plate like a grey-headed negro, so far as color goes, because, on the plate, your skin seems dark and your black hair white; in fact, things seem just the contrary from what they are, and the image is therefore called a *negative*. A picture representing you as you are is termed a "positive," and the operation of getting a positive from a negative is known as "printing;" and here again the action of light on a silver compound is made use of, something in this way :

A sheet of paper with chloride of silver in it, is placed in a frame, and the negative is fastened over it, just as you fasten a plate of ground glass and a drawing you are about to copy. Now, upon exposing this to the light of the sun, the chloride of silver in the paper will be acted on wherever it is exposed, and unacted on where it is not exposed; and thus the blacks on the negatives are made into whites on the paper, and so on.

This positive picture on the paper has to be fixed, or protected from the further action of the light ; that is, any chloride of silver, which might be still further colored by the action of light, so as to mar the picture, must now be removed ; and this is done by dissolving it away with a solution of hyposulphite of soda.

In the Photographer's Studio.

We shall suppose that you have the privilege of walking about the photographer's workshop, of watching him in all his operations, and listening to his explanations. You will now understand his remarks about negatives, positives, printing, fixing, and so on as you stand in his operating-room. He takes a photograph while you are there, and you innocently ask him whether you could not manage to take a photograph with your *camera obscura*. He smiles, and says "No ;" for while his own camera is essentially the same in principle as yours, it throws a practically *perfect* image on the screen at G. In the tube at A B there is a

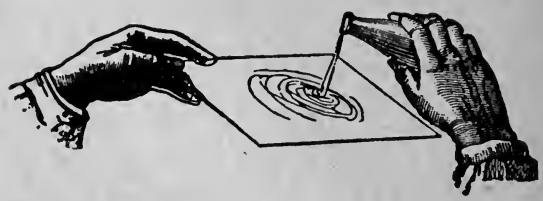
couple of lenses instead of one, as in your camera, and each of these is of a compound nature, to get rid of the color defect we mentioned before. You will, therefore, understand that the photographer's camera is rather a dear piece of apparatus.

While he is making these observations he points the lens at B towards the object, and while looking at the ground glass screen at G, he turns the screw (V) until the picture cast upon the screen seems, in his eyes, perfect. The light coming from the object imprints itself into the film of iodide of silver on the plate in a moment.

THE CAMERA.

Let us inquire into the history of this sensitive plate before it is placed in the camera and after it is taken out. It was first a plate of glass without anything on it save dirt; this the photographer got rid of by scrupulous cleaning; and now it had to go through the operation of having a thin film of iodide of silver placed on one side. A substance called "iodized collodion" was first poured carefully on to its surface, and then poured off carefully at one corner, so that a very thin, even film was left on the surface of the plate.

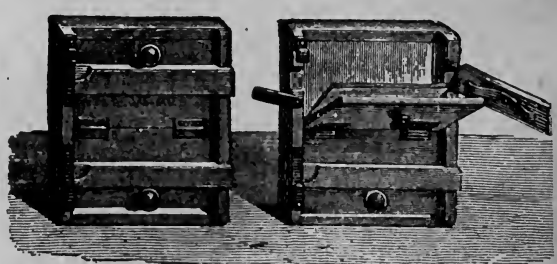
This collodion is a solution of gun-cotton in ether and alcohol, and the iodized collodion is the solution with iodide of potassium added. You will, therefore, understand that the plate was now coated with the iodide of potassium, and upon dipping it into a bath of nitrate of silver the film became impregnated with the sen-



POURING COLLODION ON PLATE.

sitive iodide of silver, and was then placed in the dark frame preparatory to taking to the camera to replace G.

And now for the history of the plate after exposure. The photographer carefully carries it back in the dark frame to a small room lit up only by red or yellow light, and there a developing solution is poured over it. There are a great many of these developing solutions, the solution of copperas in distilled water and acetic acid being one of them. The image on the plate now comes out, and is washed and then fixed by placing in a dish containing a solution of cyanide of potassium; it is now coated with a very thin covering of



PRINTING FRAMES.

copal varnish, and when dry is ready for the operation of printing.

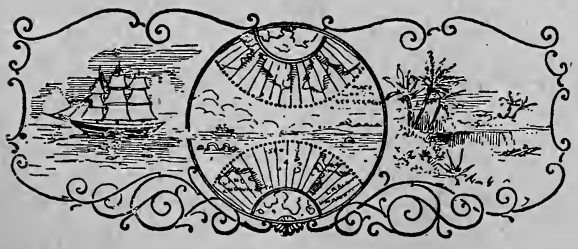
The future history of the negative plate

is, therefore, now one of repeated use for obtaining positives. It is placed in a frame with the film side in close contact with paper which has been impregnated with chloride of silver, while the other side of the glass is freely exposed to the light. The daylight passes through the glass negative to the sensitive paper, where the pattern is reversed, and everything appears natural ; and now the last operation is to take the paper and place it, picture-side downwards, on the surface of a solution of hyposulphite of soda, which dissolves the unused chloride of silver. The picture is then mounted.

How to Write Your Name upon Glass.

Hydrofluoric acid has the peculiar property of attacking glass, so that you may readily write your name or anything else on glass in indestructible characters by means of it. To prepare the acid you powder some fluorspar (fluoride of calcium), and place it in a little leaden saucer. Such a saucer you may easily beat out from a small piece of sheet lead, and now you add to the powdered fluorspar some strong sulphuric acid. You next take the plate of glass on which you are going to write, and cover it with a thin coating of beeswax, With the point of a needle you may now write on it whatever you wish, and then place the glass over the leaden vessel with its waxed face downwards.

The leaden vessel with fluorspar and sulphuric acid in it is now gently heated, care being taken not to raise the temperature sufficiently to melt the wax. In a few minutes you may remove the glass from the saucer. Hold it now near the fire, and wipe off the wax with a cloth. Whatever you wrote will be seen now graved in the glass. When the mixture in the saucer was heated, hydrofluoric acid was given off, and attacked the glass wherever the point of the needle had left it exposed, while the rest of its surface was protected by the thin coating of wax.



PHRENOLOGY;
OR
HOW TO READ CHARACTER.

HRENOLOGY always awakens great curiosity, and is a never ending source of amusement. Anyone who has sufficient skill to apply this science can amuse a company by the hour. Or, if he have no practical knowledge of phrenology, he can yet create boisterous merriment by pretending to examine the heads of those present, and at the same time humorously describing their characteristics.

A glib tongue, a good collection of witticisms, a readiness to turn little incidents into jokes is all that is required for this very pleasant pastime. Those who venture to undergo the ordeal of an examination before the company should be prepared to take in the right spirit all playful remarks and fun at their expense.

NAMES AND LOCATIONS OF THE FACULTIES.

The reader will be able to learn from the diagram the names of the various organs of the brain and where they are located.

1. AMATIVENESS.

Conjugal love; attachment to the opposite sex; desire to love, be loved, and marry; adapted to perpetuate the race. It causes those mutual attractions which exist between the sexes; creates love; induces marriage; eventuates in offspring; renders woman winning, persuasive, urbane, affectionate, loving and lovely; and develops all of the feminine charms and graces; and makes man noble in feeling and bearing; elevated in aspiration; tender and bland in manner; affectionate toward women; pure in feeling; highly susceptible to female charms; and clothes him with that dignity, power and persuasiveness, which accompanies the masculine.

Perverted, it occasions a grossness and valgarity in expression and action; licentiousness in all its forms; a feverish state of mind; and depraves all the other propensities; treats the other sex merely as a minister to passion; now caressing, and now abusing them; and renders the love-feeling every way gross, animal and depraved to a considerable degree.

2. CONJUGALITY.

Love of husband for wife and wife for husband; the instinct that mates; conjugal fidelity; appreciation of life companion; normal state makes the good husband and the good wife.

3. Parental Love.

Parental love; attachment to one's own offspring; love of children, pets and animals generally, especially those young or small; adapted to that infantile condition in which man enters the world, and to children's need of parental care and education.

This faculty renders children the richest treasure of their parents; casts into the shade all the toil and expense they cause, and lacerates them with bitter pangs when death or distance tears them asunder.

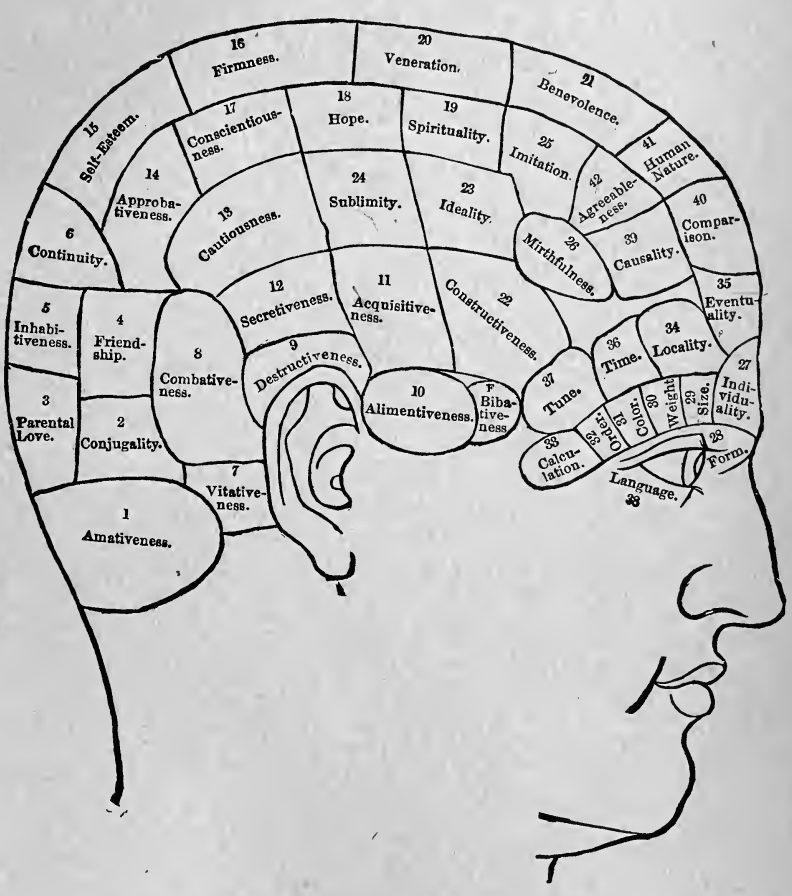
It is much larger in woman than in man; and nature requires mothers to take the principal care of infants. Perverted, it spoils children by excessive fondness, pampering and humoring.

4. Friendship.

Social feeling; love of society; desire to congregate, associate, visit, seek company, entertain friends, form and reciprocate attachments, and indulge friendly feelings. When perverted, it forms attachments for the low, vulgar, or vicious, and leads to bad company. Adapted to man's requisition for concert of action, co-partnership, combination, and community of feeling and interest, and is a leading element of his social relations.

5. Inhabativeness.

The home feeling; love of house, the place where one was born or has lived, and of home associations. Adapted to man's need of an abiding place, in which to exercise the family feelings; patriotism. Perversion—homesickness when away from home; pining for the absent.



LOCATION, NUMBER AND DEFINITION OF THE ORGANS.

6. Continuity.

A patient dwelling upon one thing till it is finished; consecutiveness and connectedness of thought and feeling. Adapted to man's need of doing one thing at a time.

Perversion—prolixity, repetition, and excessive amplification.

7. VITATIVENESS.

Love of life and keen appreciation of its bright things; opposed to morbid melancholy; believes in looking on the bright side; sees enjoyment everywhere and bravely meets adversity.

8. COMBATIVENESS.

Resistance; opposition; defence; defiance; boldness; courage; resentment; spirit; willingness to encounter; self-protection; presence of mind; determination; get-out-of-my-way; let-me-and-mine-alone. Adapted to man's requisition for overcoming obstacles, contending for rights, etc. Perversion—anger; contrariety; fault-finding; contention; ill-nature, and fighting.

9. DESTRUCTIVENESS.

Executiveness; severity; sternness; the destroying and pain-causing faculty; harshness; extermination; indignation; disposition to break, crush, and tear down; the walk-right-through-spirit; adapted to man's destroying whatever is prejudicial to his happiness; performing and enduring surgical operations; undergoing pain, etc. Perversion—wrath; revenge; malice; disposition to murder, etc.

10. ALIMENTIVENESS.

Appetite; the feeding instinct; relish for food; hunger adapted to man's need of food, and creating a disposition to eat. Perverted, it produces gormandizing and gluttony, and ends in dyspepsia and all its evils.

11. ACQUISITIVENESS.

Economy; frugality; the acquiring, saving, and hoarding instinct; laying up of surplus, and allowing nothing to be wasted; desire to possess and own; the mine and thine feeling; claiming of one's own things; love of trading and amassing property. Adapted to man's need of laying up the necessities and comforts of life against a time of future need. Perversion—a miserly, grasping, close-fisted penuriousness.

12. SECRETIVENESS.

Self-government; ability to restrain feelings; policy; management; reserve; evasion; discretion; cunning. Adapted to man's requisition for controlling his animal nature. Perverted, it causes duplicity, double-dealing, lying, deception, and all kinds of false pretensions.

13. CAUTIOUSNESS.

Carefulness; watchfulness; prudence; provision against want and danger; solicitude; anxiety; apprehension; security; protection; avoiding prospective evils; the sentinel. Adapted to those dangers which surround us, and those provisions necessary for our future happiness. Perversion—irresolution; timidity; procrastination; indecision.

14. APPROBATIVENESS.

Desire to be esteemed; regard for character; appearances, etc.; love of praise; desire to excel; ambition; affability; politeness; desire to display and show off; sense of honor; desire for a good name; for notoriety, fame, eminence, distinction, and to be thought well of; pride of character; sensitiveness to the speeches of people; and love of popularity. Adapted to the reputable and disgraceful. Perversion—vanity; affectation; cermoniousness; aristocracy; pomposity; eagerness for popularity; outside display, etc.

15. SELF-ESTEEM.

Self-appreciation and valuation; self-respect and reliance; magnanimity, nobleness; independence; dignity; self-satis-

faction and complacency; love of liberty and power; an aspiring, self elevating, ruling instinct; pride of character; manliness; lofty-mindedness, and desire for elevation. Adapted to the superiority, greatness, and exalted dignity of human nature.

Perversion—haughtiness; forwardness; overbearing, tyranny; egotism and superciliousness.

16. Firmness.

Stability; decision; perserverance; fixedness of purpose; tenacity of will, and aversion to change. Adapted to man's requisition for holding out to the end. Perversion—obstinacy; willfulness; mulishness; stubbornness; unwillingness to change, even though reason requires.

17. Conscientiousness.

Moral principle; integrity; perception and love of right; innate sense of accountability and obligation; love of justice and truth; regard for duty; desire for moral purity and excellence; disposition to fulfill promises, agreements, etc.; the internal monitor which approves the right and condemns the wrong; sense of guilt; contrition; desire to reform; penitence; forgiveness.

Adapted to the rightness of right, and the wrongness of wrong, and to the moral nature and constitution of things. Perverted, it makes one do wrong from conscientious scruples, and torments with undue self-condemnation.

18. Hope.

Expectation; anticipation of future success and happiness. Adapted to man's relations with the future. Perverted, it becomes visionary and castle-building.

19. Spirituality.

Faith; prescience; the "light within;" trust in divine guiding; perception and feeling of the spiritual; interior perception of truth, what is best, what is about to transpire, etc. Adapted to a spiritual state of mind and feeling. Perversion—superstition; witchcraft; and with Cautiousness large, fear of ghosts.

20. Veneration.

Devotion; adoration of a Supreme Being; reverence for religion and things sacred; disposition to pray, worship, and observe religious rites. Adapted to the existence of a God, and the pleasures and benefits experienced by man in worshiping him. Perverted, it produces idolatry, bigotry, religious intolerance, etc.

21. Benevolence.

Kindness; humanity; desire to make others happy; a self-sacrificing disposition; philanthropy; generosity; the accommodating, neighborly spirit. Adapted to man's capability of making his fellowmen happy. Perversion—misplaced sympathies.

22. Constructiveness.

The making instinct; the tool-using talent; sleight of hand in constructing things. Adapted to man's need of things made, such as houses, clothes, and manufacturing articles of all kinds. Perverted, it wastes time and money on perpetual motion, and other like futile inventions.

23. Ideality.

Perception and admiration of the beautiful and perfect; good taste and refinement; purity of feeling; sense of propriety, elegance and gentility; polish and imagination. Adapted to the beautiful in nature and art. Perverted, it gives fastidiousness and extra niceness.

24. SUBLIMITY.

Shows love of nature; appreciation of the sublime and beautiful; is enraptured with a snow-capped mountain or glowing sunset. Perverted, would do nothing but admire the grandeur and beauty of the natural world.

25. IMITATION.

Ability and disposition to copy, take pattern, and imitate. Adapted to man's requisition for doing, talking, acting, etc., like others. Perverted, it copies even their faults.

26. MIRTHFULNESS.

Intuitive perception of the absurd and ridiculous; disposition and ability to joke and make fun, and laugh at what is improper, ill-timed, or unbecoming; pleasantness; facetiousness. Adapted to the absurd, inconsistent, and laughable.

Perverted, it makes fun on solemn occasions, and where there is nothing ridiculous at which to laugh.

27. INDIVIDUALITY.

Observation; desire to see and examine; cognizance of individual objects. Adapted to individual existence, or the thingness of things; and is the door through which most forms of knowledge enter the mind. Perverted, it makes the starer and the person who is impudently observing.

28. FORM.

Cognizance and recollection of shape; memory of countenances and the looks of persons and things seen; perception of resemblances, family likenesses, etc. Adapted to shape. Perverted, sees imaginary shapes of persons, things, etc.

29. SIZE.

Cognizance of bulk, magnitude, quantity, proportion, etc., ability to measure by the eye. Adapted to the absolute and relative magnitude of things. Perverted, it is pained by slight departure from proportion, or architectural inaccuracies.

30. WEIGHT.

Intuitive perception and application of the laws of gravity, motion, etc. Adapted to man's requisition for motion. Perverted, it runs imminent risk of falling.

31. COLOR.

Perception, recollection, and application, of colors, and delight in them. Adapted to that infinite variety of coloring interspersed throughout nature. Perverted, is over-particular to have colors just right.

32. ORDER.

Method, system, arrangement. Adapted to Heaven's first law. Perverted, it overworks, and annoys others to keep things in order, and is tormented by disarrangement.

33. CALCULATION.

Cognizance of numbers; ability to reckon figures in the head; mental arithmetic. Adapted to the relations of numbers.

34. LOCALITY.

Cognizance of place; recollection of the looks of places, roads, scenery, and the location of objects; where on a page ideas are to be found, and position generally; the geographical faculty; desire to see places, and the ability to find them. Adapted to the arrangement of space and place. Perverted, it creates a cosmopolitic disposition, and would spend everything in traveling.

35. EVENTUALITY.

Memory of facts; recollection of circumstances, news, occurrences, and historical, scientific, and passing events; what has been said, seen, heard, and once known.

Adapted to action, or those changes constantly occurring around or within us.

36. Time.

Cognizance and recollection of duration and succession; the lapse of time, when things occurred, etc., and ability to carry the time of the day in the head punctually. Adapted to periodicity. Perverted, it is excessively pained by bad time in music, not keeping steps in walking, etc.

37. Tune.

Ability to learn and remember tunes by rote; the music instinct and faculty. Adapted to the musical octave. Perversion—excessive fondness for music to the neglect of other things.

38. Language.

Expression of ideas and feelings by words, written or spoken, gesture, looks, and action; the communicative faculty and instinct in general. Adapted to man's requisition for holding communcation with man. Perverted, it creates garrulity, excessive talkativeness, telling what does harm, etc.

39. Causality.

Perception and application of causes; adaptation of ways and means to ends. Adapted to the institution in nature of causes and effects. Perverted by selfishness, it reasons in favor of untruth, and attains injurious ends.

40. Comparison.

Inductive reasoning; ability and disposition to classify, compare, draw inferences from analogy, etc. Adapted to those classifications which pervade universal nature. Perverted, is too redundant in proverbs, fables, and figures of speech.

41. Human Nature.

Discernment of character; perception of motives; intuitive physiognomy. Adapted to man's need of knowing his fellow-men. Perverted, it produces suspiciousness.

42. Agreeableness.

Persuasiveness, pleasantness, blandness. Adapted to please and win others.

THE SELF-INSTRUCTOR

PHYSIOLOGICAL GONDITIONS AS AFFECTING AND INDICATING CHARACTER

"KNOWLEDGE is power"—to accomplish, to enjoy—and these are the only ends for which man was created. All knowledge confers this power. Thus, how incalculably, and in how many ways, have recent discoveries in chemistry enhanced human happiness, of which the lucifer match furnishes a home example. Increasing knowledge in agriculture is doubling the means of sustenance. How immeasurably have modern mechanical improvements multiplied, and cheapened all the comforts of life. How greatly have steamboats and railroads added to the former stock of human success and pleasures.

Similar remarks apply to all other kinds of knowledge, and as it increases from age to age will it proportionally multiply all forms of human happiness. In fact, its inherent nature and legitimate effect is to promote every species of enjoyment and success. Other things being equal, those who know most, by a law of things, can both accomplish and enjoy most; while ignorance instead of being bliss, is the greatest cause of human weakness, wickedness and woe. Hence to enlighten man, is the way to reform and perfect him.

But self-knowledge is, of all its other kinds, both the most useful and promotive of personal and universal happiness and success. "Know thyself" was written, in golden capitals, upon the spendid temple of Delphos, as the most important maxim the wise men of Greece could transmit to unborn generations; and the Scriptures wisely command us to "search our own hearts." Since all happiness flows from obeying, and all pain from violating, the laws of our being, to know our own selves is to know these laws, and becomes the first step in the road of their obedience, which is life.

"KNOW THYSELF."

Self-knowledge, by teaching the laws and conditions of life and health, becomes the most efficacious means of prolonging the former and increasing the latter—both of which are *paramount* conditions of enjoying and accomplishing. It also shows us our natural talents, capabilities, virtues, vices, strong and weak points, liabilities to err, etc., and thereby points out, unmistakably, those occupations and spheres in which we can and cannot succeed and shine; and develops the laws and conditions of human and personal virtue and moral perfection, as well as of vice, and how to avoid it.

It is, therefore, the quintessence of all knowledge; places its possessor upon the very acme of enjoyment and perfection:

bestows the highest power and richest treasures mortals can possess. In short, to know ourselves perfectly, is to know every law of our being, every condition of happiness, and every cause of suffering; and to *practice* such knowledge, is to render ourselves as perfectly happy, throughout every department of our being, as we can possibly be and live.

One Magnificent Whole.

And since nothing in nature stands alone, but each is reciprocally related to all, and all, collectively, form one magnificent whole—since all stars and worlds mutually act and react upon each other, to cause day and night, summer and winter, sun and rain, blossom and fruit; since every genus, species and individual throughout nature is second or sixteenth cousin to every other; and since man is the epitome of universal nature, the embodiment of all her functions, the focus of all her light, and representative of all her perfections—of course to understand *him* thoroughly is to know *all* things. Nor can nature be studied advantageously without him for a text book, nor he without her.

Moreover, since man is composed of mind *and* body, both reciprocally and most intimately related to each other—since his mentality is manifested only by bodily organs, and the latter depends wholly upon the former, of course his mind can be studied only through its organic relations. If it were manifested independently of his physiology, it might be studied separately, but since all his organic conditions modify his mentality the two must be studied together.

Heretofore humanity has been studied by piece-meal. Anatomists have investigated only his organic structure, and there stopped; and mental philosophers have studied him metaphysically, wholly regardless of all his physiological relations; while theologians have theorized upon his moral faculties alone; and hence their utter barrenness, from Aristotle down. As if one should study nothing but the trunk of a tree, another only its roots, a third its leaves, or fruit, without compounding their researches, of what value is such piece-meal study?

If the physical man constituted one whole being, and the mental another, their separate study might be useful; but since all we know of mind, and can do with it, is manifested and done wholly by means of physical instruments—especially since every possible condition and change of the physiology correspondingly affects the mentality—of course their mutual relations, and the laws of their reciprocal action, must be investigated *collectively*.

A New Star.

Besides, every mental philosopher has deduced his system from his own closest cogitations, and hence their babel-like confusion. But within the last half century, a new star, or rather sun, has arisen upon the horizon of mind—a sun which puts the finger of scientific certainty upon every mental faculty, and discloses those physiological conditions which affect, increase or diminish, purify or corrupt, or in any other way modify, either the mind itself, or its products—thought, feeling and character—and thereby reduces mental study to the same tangible basis of proportion in which all science consists; leaving nothing dark or doubtful, but developing the true science of mind, and the laws of its action.

Of this, the greatest of all discoveries, Gall was the author, and Phrenology and

Physiology the instruments which conjointly embrace whatever appertains to mind, and to man, in all his organic relations, show how to perfect the former by improving the latter, and disclose specific signs of character, by which we may know ourselves and our fellow-men with certainty—a species of knowledge most delightful in acquisition, and valuable in application.

Structure Corresponds with Character.

Throughout universal nature, the structure of all things is powerful or weak, hard or soft, coarse or fine, etc., in accordance with its functions; and in this there is a philosophical fitness or adaptation. What immense power of function trees put forth, to rear and sustain aloft, at such great mechanical disadvantage, their ponderous load and vast canvas of leaves, limbs, and fruit or seeds, spread out to all the surgings of tempestuous winds and storms; and the *texture* of wood is as compact and firm as its functional power is prodigious. Hence its value as timber.

But tender vegetables, grains, etc., require little power, and accordingly are fragile in structure. Lions, tigers, hyenas, and all powerfully strong beasts, have a correspondingly powerful organic structure. The muscular strength of lions is so extraordinary, that seizing wild cattle by the neck, they dash through thicket, marsh, and ravine, for hours together, as a cat would drag a squirrel, and their roar is most terrific. So compact are the skins of the elephants, rhinoceros, alligator, and some other animals of great muscular might, that rifle-balls, shot against them, often flatten and fall at their feet—their structure being as dense as their strength is mighty—while feeble animals have a correspondingly soft structure. In like manner, the flesh of strong persons is dense and most elastic, while those of weakly ones are flabby, and yield to pressure.

Moreover, fineness of texture manifests exquisiteness of sensibility, as seen by contrasting human organism and feelings with brutes, or fine-haired persons with coarse-haired. Of course, a similar relation and adaptation exist between all other organic characteristics and their functions. In short, it is a law as philosophical as universal, that the structure of all beings, and of each of their organs, corresponds perfectly with their functions—a law based in the very nature and fitness of things, and governing all shades and diversities of organization and manifestation.

Accordingly, those who are coarse-skinned are coarse in feeling, and coarse-grained throughout; while those finely organized are fine-minded, and thus of all other textures of hair, skin, etc.

Shape Corresponds with Character.

Matter, in its primeval state, was "without form, and void," or gaseous, but slowly condensing, it solidified or crystallized into minerals and rocks—and all rocks and minerals are crystalline—which, decomposed by sun and air, form soil, and finally assume organic, or animal and vegetable forms. All crystals assume angular forms, and all vegetables and animals those more or less spherical, as seeds, fruits, etc., in proportion as they are lower or higher in the creative scale; though other conditions sometimes modify this result.

Nature also manifests certain types of character in and by corresponding types of form. Thus all trees bear a general resemblance to all other trees in growth and general character, and also in shape; and those most nearly allied in character ap-

proximate in shape, as pine, hemlock, firs, etc., while every tree of a given kind is shaped like all others of that kind, in bark limb, leaf, and fruit. So all grains, grasses, fruits, and every bear, horse, elephant, and human being bear a close resemblance to all others of its kind, both in character and configuration, and on this resemblance all scientific classification is based.

And, since this general correspondence exists between all the divisions and subdivisions into classes, genera, and species of nature's works, of course the resemblance is perfect between all the details of outward forms and inward mental characteristics; for this law, seen to govern nature in the outline, must of course govern her in all her minutest details; so that every existing outward shape is but the mirrored reflection of its inner likeness.

Resemblances of Shape.

Moreover, since nature always clothes like mentalities in like shapes, as oak, pine, apple, and other trees, and all lions, sheep, fish, etc., in other general types of form, of course the more nearly any two beings approximate to each other in mental disposition, do they resemble each other in shape. Thus, not only do tiger form and character always accompany each other, but leopards, panthers, cats, and all feline species resemble this tiger shape more or less closely, according as their dispositions approach or depart from his; and monkeys approach nearer to the human shape, and also mentality, than any other animal except orang-outangs, which are still more human both in shape and character, and form the connecting link between man and brute.

How absolute and universal, therefore, the correspondence, both in general outline and minute detail, between shape and character. Hence the shape of all things becomes a sure index of its mentality.

Resemblance Between Human and Animal Physiognomy.

Moreover, some men closely resemble one or another of the animal species, in both looks and character; that is, have the eagle, or bull-dog, or lion, or baboon expression of face, and when they do, they have the corresponding characteristics.

Thus the lion's head and face are broad and stout built, with a heavy beard and mane, and a mouth rendered square by small front and large eye teeth, and its corners slightly turning downward; and the human lion who takes hold only of some great undertaking, which he pursues with indomitable energy, rarely pounces on his prey, but when he does, so roars that a nation quakes; demolishes his victim; and is an intelligent king among men—bears no slight physiognomical resemblance in stout form, square face and mouth, large nose, and open countenance, to the king of beasts.

Tristam Burgess, called in Congress the "Bald Eagle," from his having the aquiline or eagle-bill nose, a projection in the upper lip, falling into an indentation in the lower, his eagle-shaped eyes and eyebrows, general contour of his striking face, eagle-like in character, was the most sarcastic, tearing and soaring man of his day, John Randolph excepted. And whoever has a long, hooked, hawk-bill, or common nose, wide mouth, spare form, prominence at the lower and middle part of the forehead, is very fierce when assailed, high tempered, vindictive, efficient, and aspiring, and will fly higher and farther than others.

Tigers are always spare, muscular, long, full over the eyes slanting downward from

their outer to inner angles; and human beings thus physiognomically characterized, are fierce, domineering, revengeful, most enterprising, not over humane, a terror to enemies, and conspicuous somewhere.

BULL-DOGS, generally fleshy, square-mouthed—because their tusks project and front teeth retire—broad-headed, indolent unless roused, but then terribly fierce, have their correspondent men and women, whose growling, coarse, heavy voices, full habit, logy yet powerful motions, square face, down-turned corner of mouth, and general physiognomical cast betoken their second-cousin relationship to this growling, biting race, of which the old line-tender at the Newburgh dock is a sample.

SWINE—fat, logy, lazy, good-dispositioned, flat and hollow-nosed—have their cousins in large-abdomened, pad-nosed-double-chinned, talkative, story-enjoying, beer-loving, good-feeling, yes, yes, humans, who love some easy business, and hate hard work.

Horses, oxen, sheep, owls, doves, snakes, and even frogs, etc., also have their men and women cousins, together with their accompanying characters.

These resemblances are more difficult to describe than to recognize; but the forms of mouth, nose, and chin, and sound of voice, are the best basis of observation.

BEAUTIFUL, HOMELY, AND OTHER FORMS.

In accordance with this general law, that shape is a character, well-proportioned persons have harmony of features, and well-balanced minds; whereas those, some of whose features stick right out, and others fall far in, have uneven, ill-balanced characters, so that homely, disjointed exteriors indicate corresponding interiors, while even-balanced and exquisitely formed men and women have well-balanced and susceptible mentalities. Hence, women, more beautiful than men, have finer feelings, and greater perfection of character, yet are less powerful—and the more beautifully formed the woman the more exquisite and perfect her mentality.

True, some handsome women often make the greatest scolds, just as the sweetest things, when soured, become correspondingly sour. The finest things, when perverted, become the worst. These two extremes are the worst tempered—those naturally beautiful and fine skinned, become so exquisitely organized, that when perverted they are proportionally bad, and those naturally ugly-formed, become ugly by nature.

Yet ordinary-looking persons are often excellent dispositioned, benevolent, talented, etc., because they have a few powerful traits, and also features—the very thing we are explaining; that is, they have extremes alike of face and character. Thus it is that every diversity of character has its correspondence in both the organic texture and physiognomical form. To elucidate this subject fully we must explain another law, that of

HOMOGENEOUSNESS, OR ONENESS OF STRUCTURE.

Every part of every thing bears an exact correspondence to that thing as a whole. Thus, tall-bodied trees have long branches and leaves, and short-bodied trees, short branches and roots; while creeping vines, as the grape, honey-suckle, etc., have long, slim roots that run under ground as extensively as their tops do above. The Rhode Island greening is a large, well-proportioned apple, and its tree is large in trunk, limb, leaf, and root, and symmetrical, while the gillifleur is conical and its tree

long limbed and even high to a peak at the top, while flat and broad-topped trees bear wide, flat, sunken-eyed apples.

Very thrifty growing trees, as the Baldwin, fall pippin, Bartlet, black Tartarian, etc., generally bear large fruit, while small fruit, as the seckle pear, lady apple, bell de choisa cherry, grow slowly, and have many small twigs and branches. Beautiful trees that bear red fruit, as the Baldwin, etc., have red inner bark; while yellow and green-colored fruits grow on trees the inner rind of whose limbs is yellow or green. Peach-trees, that bear early peaches, have deeply-notched leaves, and the converse of late ones; so that, by these and other physiognomical signs, experienced nurserymen can tell what a given tree is at first sight.

Features and Limbs.

In accordance with this law of unity of structure, long-handed persons have long fingers, toes, arms, legs, bodies, heads, and phrenological organs; while short and broad-shouldered persons are short and broad-handed and fingered, faced, nosed, and limbed, and wide and low bodied. When the bones on the hand are prominent, all the bones, nose included, are generally so, and thus all the other characteristics of the hand and any other part of the body. Hence, let a hand be thrust through a hole, and I will tell the general character of its owner, because if it is large or small, hard or soft, strong or weak, firm or flabby, coarse-grained or fine-textured, even or prominent, rough or smooth, small-boned or large-boned, or whatever else, his whole body is built upon the same principle, with which his brain and mentality also correspond. Hence small-nosed persons have little soul, and large-nosed a great deal of character of some kind; large nostrils indicate powerful lungs and body; while narrow nostrils indicate weak ones.

Flat noses indicate flat minds, and prominent noses, keen, clear, intellects and intense feelings; blunt noses, obtuse minds; long noses, long heads; hollow noses, tame characters; finely-formed noses, well-proportioned characters, etc.; and thus of every part of the body. And it is meet philosophical, accordant with the principles of adaptation, that this should be thus; and renders observations on character easy and correct. In general, too, tall persons have high heads, and are more aspiring, aim high, and seek conspicuosity, while short ones have flat heads, and seek worldly pleasures.

Tall persons are rarely mean, though often grasping; but very penurious persons are often broad built. Small persons generally have exquisite mentalities, yet less power; while great men are rarely dwarfs, though great size often co-exists with sluggishness. To particularize—there are four leading forms which indicate generic characteristics, all existing in every one, yet in different degrees. They are these:

The Broad, or Vital Structure.

Thus, Indian ponies are broad built or thick set, and accordingly very tough, hardy, enduring of labor, and tenacious of life, yet less active and nimble. Bulldogs, elephants, and all round-favored animals and men, also illustrate this law.

Rotundity, with a moderate-sized head, indicates ancestral longevity; and, unless health has been abused, renders its possessor strong constitutioned, slow to ripen, or better as they grow older; full of animal life; self-caring; money-making; fond of animal pleasures; good feeling, yet spirited when roused; impulsive; more given to

physical than mental action; better adapted to business than study, and talking than writing; more eloquent than argumentative; wide rather than high or long headed; more glowing than cool in feeling; and more enthusiastic than logical or deep.

The Muscular, or Powerful Temperament,

Gives projecting features, bones, noses, eyebrows, etc., with distinctness of muscle; and renders its possessors strong; tough; thorough-going; forcible; easy, yet powerful of motion; perhaps slow, but very stout; strongly marked, if not idiosyncratic; determined; and impressive, both physically and mentally, who stamp their character on all they touch.

The long, or active form, gives activity. Thus the gazelle, deer, greyhound, weasel, and all long and slim animals, are sprightly, light-motioned, agile, quick, nimble, and full of action; and those persons thus formed are restless, wide awake, always doing, eager, uncommonly quick to think and feel, sprightly in conversation, versatile in talent, flexible, suggestive, abounding in idea, apt at most things; exposed to consumption, because their action exceeds their strength, early ripe, brilliant, and liable to premature exhaustion and disease, because the mentality predominates over the vitality.

The Sharp and Angular, or Mental Organization.

Have ardent desires; intense feelings; keen susceptibilities; enjoy and suffer in the extreme; are whole-souled; sensitive; positive in likes and dislikes; cordial; enthusiastic; impulsive; have their hobbies; abound in good feeling; yet are quick-tempered; excitable; liable to extremes; too much creatures of feeling, and have a great deal of what we call soul, or passion, or warmth of feeling.

This temperament prevails in brilliant writers or speakers, who are too refined and sensitive for the mass of mankind. They gleam in their career of genius, and are liable to burn out their vital powers on the altar of nervous excitability, and like Pollok, H. K. White, McDonald Clarke, or Leggett, fall victims to premature death. Early attention to the physical training of children, would spare to the world the lives and usefulness of some of the brightest stars in the firmament of science.

Combinations of Temperament.

These shapes, or structures, called temperaments, however, never exist separately; yet, since all may be strong, or all weak, or either predominant or deficient, of course their combinations with each other and with the Phrenology exert potent influences over character, and put the observer in possession of both the outline and the inner temple of character.

Breadth of organization gives endurance, animal power, and animal feelings; and sharpness gives intensity of action, along with mind as mind; and the two united, give both that rapidity and clearness of mind and that intense glow of feeling which makes the orator.

Intensity of feeling is the leading element of good speaking, for this excites feeling, and moves the masses. Wirt had this temperament. It predominates in Depew, Beveridge, and Bailey, and in every man noted for eloquence.

The sharp and broad, combined with smallness of stature, is still more susceptible, yet lacks strength. Such will be extremely happy, or most miserable, or

both, and are liable to die young, because their action is too great for their endurance.

The vital mental, or broad and sharp, gives great power of constitution, excellent lungs and stomach, strongly enjoying susceptibilities, intense love of pleasure, a happy, ease-loving cast of body and mind; powerful passions, most intense feelings, and a story and song-loving disposition, and, with large Tune, superior in singing powers. This is, par excellence, the singing temperament. It also loves poetry and eloquence, and often executes them.

Animal Temperament.

The Vital Motive Apparatus, or powerful and animal temperament, is indicated by the broad and prominent shape, and renders its possessor of good size and height, if not large; well-proportioned; broad-shouldered; muscular; nose and cheek-bones prominent; visage strongly marked; features often coarse and homely; countenance stern and harsh; face red; hair red or sandy, if not coarse; and movements strong, but often awkward, and seldom polished.

He will be best adapted to some laborious occupation, and enjoy hard work more than books or literary pursuits; have great power of feeling, and thus require much self government; possess more talent than he exhibits to others; manifest his mind more in his business, in creating resources and managing matters, than in literary pursuits or mind as such; and improve with age, growing better and more intellectual as he grows older; and manufactures as much animal steam as he can work off, even if he works all the time hard.

Such men accomplish; are strong-minded; sensible; hard to beat: indomitable; often impulsive; and strong in passion when once aroused; as well as often excellent men. Yet this temperament is capable of being depraved, especially if the subject drinks. Sailors usually have this temperament, because fresh air and hard work induce it.

Tall and Slim.

The Motive Mental Temperament, or the prominent and sharp in structure, with the motive predominent, and the vital average or full, is of good size; rather tall or slim; lean or raw-boned, if not homely and awkward; poor in flesh; bones and features prominent, particularly the nose; a firm and distinct muscle, and a good physical organization; a keen, piercing, penetrating eye; the front upper teeth rather large and projecting; the hands, fingers, and limbs all long; a long face, and often a high forehead; a firm, rapid, energetic walk; and great ease and efficiency of action, accompanied with little fatigue.

He will have strong desires, and much energy of character; will take hold of projects with both hands, and drive forward in spite of obstacles, and hence is calculated to accomplish a great deal; is not idle or lazy, but generally prefers to wait upon himself; will move, walk, etc., in a decided, forcible, and straightforward manner; have strong passions; a tough and wiry brain and body; a strong and vigorous mind; good judgment; a clear head, and talents more solid than brilliant; be long headed, bold; cool; calculating; fond of deep reasoning and philosophizing, of hard thinking, and the graver and more solid branches of learning.

This is the thorough-going temperament; imparts business powers; predisposes to hard work, and is indispensable to

those who engage in great undertakings, or who would rise to eminence.

One having the mental temperament predominent, the motive full or large, and the vital average to full, will differ in build from the preceding description only in his being smaller, taller in proportion, and more spare.

He will have a reflective, thinking, planning, discriminating cast of mind; a great fondness for literature, science, and intellectual pursuits of the deeper, graver kind; be inclined to choose a professional or mental occupation; to exercise his body much, but his mind more; will have a high forehead; good moral faculties; and the brain developed more from the root of the nose, over to Philoprogenitiveness, than around the ears.

In character, also, the moral and intellectual faculties will predominate. This temperament is seldom connected with depravity, but generally with talent, and a manifestation, not only of superior talents, but of the solid metaphysical, reasoning, investigating intellect; a fondness for natural philosophy, the natural sciences, etc. It is also the temperament for authorship and clear-headed, labored productions.

The Long and Sharp combine the highest order of action and energy with promptness, clearness, and untiring assiduity, and considerable power. Such are best fitted for some light, active business, requiring more brightness and quickness than power, such as merchants.

The Organs that Accompany Given Temperaments.

Not only do certain outlines of character and drifts of talent go along with certian kinds of organizations, but certain phrenological developments accompany certain temperaments. As the pepper secretes the smarting, the sugar-cane sweetness, castor-beans and whales, oil, etc., throughout nature, so certain temperaments secrete more brain than others; and some, brain in particular regions of the head; and others, brain in other regions of the head—but all form most of those organs best adapted to carry out those characteristics already shown to accompany the several temperaments.

Thus, the vital or animal temperament secretes brain in the neighborhood of the ears, so that along with breadth of body goes that width of head which gives that full development of the animal organs which is required by the animal temperament. Thus, breadth of form, width of head, and animality of temperament and character, all go together.

Prominence of organization, or the motive or powerful temperament, gives force of character, and secretes brain in the crown of the head, and over the eyes, along with Combativeness, Destructiveness, Appetite, and Acquisitiveness. These are the very organs required by this temperament; for they complete that force which embodies the leading element of this organization. I never saw this temperament unaccompanied with prodigious Firmness, and great Combativeness and perceptives.

The Mental Vital.

The finest and most exquisite organization is that which unites the mental in predominance with the animal, the prominent retiring. In this case, the person is rather short, the form light, the face and person full, and the hair brown or auburn, or between the two.

It will sometimes be found in men, but much oftener in women. It is the feeling,

sentimental, exalted, angelic temperament; and always imparts purity, sweetness, devotion, exquisiteness, susceptibility, loveliness, and great moral worth.

The phrenological organs which accompany this temperament, are smaller Firmness, deficient Self-Esteem, large or very large Approbativeness, smaller Destructiveness, Appetite not large, Adhesiveness and Philoprogenitiveness very large, Amativeness fair; the head wide, not directly round the ears, but at the upper part of the sides, including Ideality, Mirthfulness, Sublimity, and Cautiousness; and a fine top head, rising at Benevolence quite as much as at Firmness, and being wide on the top, whereas the motive temperament gives perhaps a ridge in the middle of the head, but not breadth on top, and leaves the head much higher at the back part than at Benevolence.

Benevolence, however, often accompanies the animal temperament, and especially that quiet goodness which grants favors because the donor is too pliable, or too easy, to refuse them. But for tenderness of sympathy, and whole-souled interest for mankind, no temperament is equal to the vital mental. The motive mental, however, is the one most common in reformers. The reason is this. The mentality imparted by this temperament sees the miseries of mankind, and weeps over them; and the force of character imparted by it pushes vigorously plans for their amelioration.

Danger of Overwork.

Greater breadth than sharpness, or more vitality than action, dullness of feeling, and inertness, while too great action for strength, wears out its possessor prematurely. More prominence than sharpness leaves talents latent, or undeveloped, while predominant sharpness and breadth, give such exquisite sensibilities, as that many things harrow up all the finer sensibilities of keen-feeling souls.

But when all are powerful and equally balanced, they combine all the conditions of power, activity, and susceptibility; allows neither icy coldness, nor passion's burning heat, but unite cool judgment, intense but well-governed feelings, great force of both character and intellect, and perfect consistency and discretion with extraordinary energy; sound common sense, and far seeing sagacity, with brilliancy; and bestow the highest order of Physiology and Phrenology. Such an organization and character were those of Washington.

Besides these prominent signs of character, there are many others, among which,

The Laugh Corresponds With the Character.

Those who laugh very heartily, have much cordiality and whole-souledness of character, except that those who laugh heartily at trifles, have much feeling, yet little sense. Those whose giggles are rapid, but light, have much intensity of feeling, yet lack power; whereas those who combine rapidity with force in laughing, combine them in character.

One of the greatest workers I ever employed, I hired just because he laughed heartily, and he worked just as he laughed. But a colored domestic who laughed very rapidly, but lightly, took a great many steps to do almost nothing, and though she worked fast, accomplished little. Vulgar persons always laugh vulgarly, and refined persons show refinement in their laugh. Those who ha, ha, right out, unreservedly, have no cunning, and are open-hearted in every thing;

while those who suppress laughter, and try to control their countenances in it, are more or less secretive.

Those who laugh with their mouth closed, are non-committal; while those who throw it wide open, are unguarded and unequivocal in character. Those who, suppressing laughter for a while, burst forth volcano-like, have strong characteristics, but are well governed, yet violent when they give way to their feelings. Then there is the intellectual laugh, the love laugh, the horse laugh, the Philoprogenitive laugh, the friendly laugh, and many other kinds of laugh, each indicative of corresponding mental developments.

The Walk as Indicating Character.

As already shown, texture corresponds to character, and motion to texture, and therefore to character. Those whose motions are awkward, yet easy, possess much efficiency and positiveness of character, yet lack polish; and just in proportion as they become refined in mind, will their mode of carriage be correspondingly improved. A short and quick step, indicates a brisk and active, but rather contracted mind, whereas those who take long steps, generally have long heads; yet if their step be slow, they will make comparatively little progress, while those whose step is long and quick, will accomplish proportionately much, and pass most of their competitors on the highway of life.

Their heads and plans, too, will partake of the same far-reaching character evinced in their carriage. Those who sluff or drag their heels, drag and drawl in every thing; while those who walk with a springing, bounding step, abound in mental snap and spring. Those whose walk is mincing, affected, and artificial, rarely, if ever, accomplish much; whereas those who walk carelessly, that is, naturally, are just what they appear to be, and put on nothing for outside show. Those who, in walking, roll from side to side, lack directness of character, and side every way, according to circumstances; whereas, those who take a bee line—that is, whose body moves neither to the right nor left, but straight forward—have a corresponding directness of purpose, and oneness of character.

Irregular Motions.

Those also who teeter up and down when they walk, rising an inch or two every step, will have many corresponding ups and downs in life, because of their irregularity of character and feeling. Those, too, who make a great ado in walking, will make much needless parade in every thing else, and hence spend a great amount of useless steam in all they undertake, yet accomplish little; whereas those who walk easily, or expend little strength in walking, will accomplish great results with a little strength, both mentally and physically.

In short, every individual has his own peculiar mode of moving, which exactly accords with his mental character; so that, as far as you can see such modes, you can decipher such outlines of character.

To dancing, these principles apply equally. Dr. Wieting, the celebrated lecturer on physiology, once asked where he could find something on the temperaments, and was answered, "Nowhere; but if I can ever see you among men, I will give you a practical lesson upon it." Accordingly, afterward, chance threw us together in a hotel, in which was a dancing-school that evening.

Insisting on the fulfillment of our

promise, we accompanied him into the dancing saloon, and pointed out, first, a small, delicately moulded, fine skinned, pocket-Venus, whose motions were light, easy, waving, and rather characterless, who put forth but little strength in dancing. We remarked—"She is very exquisite in feelings, but rather light in the upper story, lacking sense, thought, and strength of mind."

Of a large, raw-boned, bouncing Betty, who threw herself far up, and came down good and solid, when she danced, we remarked—"She is one of your strong, powerful, determined characters, well suited to do up rough work, but utterly destitute of polish, though possessed of great force." Others came in for their share of criticism—some being all dandy, others all business, yet none all intellect.

The Mode of Shaking Hands.

This also expresses character. Those who give a tame and loose hand, and shake lightly, have a cold, if not heartless and selfish disposition, rarely sacrificing much for others—probably conservatives, and lack warmth of soul. But those who grasp firmly, and shake heartily, have a corresponding whole-souledness of character, are hospitable, and will sacrifice business to friends; while those who bow low when they shake hands, add deference to friendship, and are easily led, for good or bad, by friends.

Mouth and Eyes Peculiarly Expressive of Character.

Every mouth differs from every other, and indicates a coincident character. Large mouths express a corresponding quantity of mentality, while small ones indicate a lesser amount of mentality. A coarsely formed mouth indicates power of character, while one finely formed indicates exquisite susceptibilities. Hence small, delicately-formed mouths, indicate only common minds, but very fine feelings, with much perfection of character. Whenever the muscles about the mouth are distinct, the character is correspondingly positive, and the reverse. Those who open their mouths wide and frequently, thereby evince an open soul, while closed mouths, unless to hide deformed teeth, are proportionately secretive.

Intonations as Expressive of Character.

Whatever makes a noise, from the deafening roar of sea, cataract, and whirlwind's mighty crash, through all forms of animal life, to the sweet and gentle voice of woman, makes a sound which agrees perfectly with its character. Thus the terrific roar of the lion, and the soft cooing of the dove, correspond exactly with their respective dispositions; while the rough and powerful bellow of the bull, the fierce yell of the tiger, the coarse guttural moan of the hyena, and the swinish grunt, the sweet warblings of birds, in contrast with the raven's croak, and owl's hoot, each corresponds perfectly with their respective characteristics.

And this law holds equally true of man—that the human intonations are as superior to brutal as human character exceeds animal. Accordingly, the peculiarities of every human being are expressed in his voice, and mode of speaking. Coarse-grained and powerfully animal organizations have a coarse, harsh, and grating voice, while in exact proportion as persons become refined, and elevated mentally, will their tones of voice become correspondingly refined and perfected.

We little realize how much of character

we infer from this source. Thus, some female friends are visiting me transiently. A male friend, staying with me, enters the room, is seen by my female company, and his walk, dress, manners, etc., closely scrutinized, yet says nothing, and retires, leaving a comparatively indistinct impression as to his character upon my female visitors, whereas, if he simply said yes or no, the mere sound of his voice communicates to their minds most of his character, and serves to fix distinctly upon their minds clear and correct general ideas of his mentality.

The barbarous races use the guttural sounds more than the civilized. Thus Indians talk more down the throat than white men, and thus of those men who are lower or higher in the human scale. Those whose voices are clear and distinct have clear minds, while those who only half form their words, or are heard indistinctly, say by deaf persons, are mentally obtuse, or more than ordinarily dull.

Signs of Deep Feeling.

Those who have sharp, shrill intonations have correspondingly intense feelings, and equal sharpness both of anger and kindness, as is exemplified by every scold in the world ; whereas those with smooth, or sweet voices have corresponding evenness and goodness of character. Yet contradictory as it may seem, these same persons not unfrequently combine both sharpness and softness of voice, and such always combine them in character.

There is also the intellectual, the moral, the animal, the selfish, the benignant, the mirthful, the devout, the love, and many other intonations, each accompanying corresponding peculiarites of characters. In short, every individual is compelled, by every word he utters, to manifest something of his true character—a sign of character as diversified as it is correct.

Hair, Skin, Etc., as Indicating Character.

Coarseness of texture indicates a coarseness of function ; while a fine organization indicates a corresponding fineness of mentality. And since when one part is coarse or fine, all are equally so, so, therefore, coarseness of skin and hair indicate a coarse-grained brain, and coarseness of mind ; yet since coarseness indicates power, such persons usually possess a great deal of character of some kind. Hence dark-skinned nations are behind light-haired in all the improvements of the age, and the higher finer manifestations of humanity.

So, too, dark-haired persons, like Webster, are frequently possessed of great power, yet lack the finer and more delicate shadings of sensibility and purity. Coarse black hair and skin, or coarse red hair and face, indicate powerful animal propensities, together with corresponding strength of character ; while fine and light hair indicate quick susceptibilities, together with purity, refinement, and good taste.

Fine dark or brown hair, indicates a combination of exquisite susceptibilities with great strength of character ; while auburn-colored hair, and a florid countenance, indicate the highest order of exquisiteness and intensity of feeling, yet with corresponding purity of character and love of virtue, together with the highest susceptibilities of enjoyment and suffering. And the intermediate colors and textures indicate intermediate mentalities.

Coarse-haired persons should never turn dentists or clerks, but should seek some out-door employment ; and would be better contented with rough, hard work than light or sedentary occupations, although

mental and sprightly occupations would serve to refine and improve them; while dark and fine-haired persons may choose purely intellectual occupations, and become lecturers or writers with fair prospects of success. Red-haired persons should seek out-door employment, for they require a great amount of air and exercise; while those who have light, fine hair, should choose occupations involving taste and mental acumen, yet take bodily exercise enough to tone and vigorate their system.

Generally, whenever skin, hair, or features are fine or coarse, the others are equally so. Yet some inherit fineness from one parent, and coarseness from the other, while the color of the eye generally corresponds with that of the skin, and expresses character. Light eyes indicate warmth of feeling, and dark eyes power.

The mere expression of eye conveys precise ideas of the existing and predominant states of the mentality and physiology. As long as the constitution remains unimpaired, the eye is clear and bright, but becomes languid and soulless in proportion as the brain has been enfeebled. Wild, erratic persons, have a half-crazed expression of eye, while calmness, benignancy, intelligence, purity, sweetness, love, lasciviousness, anger, and all the other mental affections, express themselves quite as distinctly in the eye as voice, or any other mode.

Physiognomy.

Jackson Davis well remarked that, in the spirit land, conversation is carried on mainly, not by words, but by expression of countenance—that spirits look their thoughts and motions, rather than talk them. Certain it is that the countenance discloses a greater amount of thought and feeling, together with their nicer shades and phases, than words can possibly communicate. Whether we will or no, we cannot help revealing the innermost recesses of our souls in our faces. By what means is this effected? Clairvoyants say by magnetic centres, called poles; each physical and mental organ has its pole stationed in a given part of the face, so that, when such organ becomes active, it influences such poles, and contracts facial muscles, which express the corresponding emotions.

Vital Organs.

That there exists an intimate relation between the stomach and one part of the face, the lungs and another, etc., is proved by the fact that consumptive patients always have a hectic flush on the cheek, just externally from the lower portion of the nose, while inactive lungs cause paleness, and healthy ones give the rosy cheek; and that dyspeptic patients are always lank and thin opposite the double teeth, while those whose digestion is good, are full between the corners of the mouth and lower portion of the ears.

Since, therefore, some of the states of some of the internal organs express themselves in the face, of course every organ of the body must do the same—the magnetic pole of the heart beginning in the chin. Those whose circulation is vigorous, have broad and rather prominent chins; while those who are small and narrow-chinned have feeble hearts; and thus all the other internal organs have their magnetic poles in various parts of the face.

Firmness is in the upper lip, midway between its edge and the nose giving length, prominence and a compression of the upper lip. Hence, when we would exhort to determined perseverance, we

say, "Keep a stiff upper lip." Self-esteem has its pole externally from that of firmness, and between the outer portion of the nose and the mouth, causing a fullness, as if a quid of tobacco were under the upper lip. The affections were described as having their poles in the edges of the lips, and hence the philosophy of kissing.

The pole of Mirthfulness is located externally, and above the outer corners of the mouth, and hence the drawing up of these corners in laughter. Approbativeness has its pole directly outward from these corners, and hence the approbative laugh does not turn the corners of the mouth upward, but draws them straight back, or outwardly. Like locations were assigned to nearly all the other organs. That physiognomy has its science—that fixed and absolute relations between the phrenological organs and given portions of the face is not a matter of question.

Their Language.

The natural language of the organs, as seen in the attitudes at the head, indicate not only the presence of large and active organs, but also the signs of their deficiency. Self-Esteem throws the head upward and backward toward the seat of its organ; Approbativeness, back and toward the side; Philoprogenitiveness, directly back, but not upward; Firmness draws the head up in a stiff, perpendicular position; Individuality thrusts the head forward toward its organ, and gives the man a staring, gazing aspect; small Self-Esteem lets the head droop forward.

Man was made both to disclose his own character, and to read that of others. Than this form of knowledge none is more inviting or useful. Hence God has caused the inherent character of every living being and thing to gush out through every organ of the body, and every avenue of the soul; and also created in both brute and man a character-reading faculty, to take intuitive cognizance of the mental operations. Nor will she let any one lie, any more than lie herself, but compels all to carry the flag of their character at their mast-heads, so that all acquainted with the signs may see and read.

If we attempt description, the very effort convicts us. If all nature's signs of character were fully understood, all could read not only all the main characters of all they see, but even most thoughts and feelings passing in the mind for the time being—a gift worth more than millions.

Redness and Paleness of Face.

Thus far our remarks have appertained to the constant colors of the face, yet those colors are often diversified or changed for the time being.

Thus, at one time, the whole countenance will be pale, at another, very red; each of which indicates the existing states of body and mind. Or thus, when the system is in a perfectly healthy state, the whole face will be suffused with the glow of health and beauty, and have a red, but never an inflamed aspect; yet any permanent injury of health, which prostrates the bodily energies, will change this florid complexion into dullness of countenance, indicating that but little blood comes to the surface or flows to the head, and a corresponding stagnation of the physical and mental powers.

Yet, after a time, this dullness frequently gives way to a fiery redness; not the floridness of health, but the redness of inflammation and false excitement, which indicates a corresponding depreciation of the mental faculties.

Very red-faced persons, so far from being the most healthy, are frequently the most diseased, and are correspondingly more animal and sensual in character; because physiological inflammation irritates the propensities more, relatively, than the moral and intellectual faculties, though it may, for the time being, increase the latter also.

When the moral and the intellectual faculties greatly predominate over the animal, such redness of face may not cause coarse animality, because while it heightens the animal nature, it also increases the intellectual and moral, which, being the larger, hold them in check, but when the animal about equals the moral and intellectual, this inflammation evinces a greater increase of animality than intellectuality and morality.

Gross sensualists, and depraved sinners, generally have a fiery, red countenance. Stand aloof from them, for their passions are all on fire, ready to ignite and explode on provocations so slight that a healthy physiology would scarcely notice them. This point can hardly be more fully intelligible; but let readers note the difference between a healthy floridness of face, and the fiery redness of drunkards, debauchees, meat-eaters, etc. Nor does an inflamed physiology merely increase the animal nature, but gives a far more depraved and sensual cast to it, thus doubly increasing the tendency to depravity.

Health and Disease as Affecting Mentality.

Health and disease affects the mind as much as body. Virtue, goodness, etc., are only the healthy, or normal exercise of our various faculties, while depravity and sin are only the sickly exercise of these same organs. Holiness and moral excellence, as well as badness, depend far less upon the relative size of the phrenological organs, than upon their direction or tone and character, and this depends upon the state of the body.

Or thus, a healthy physiology tends to produce a healthy action of the phrenological organs, which is virtue and happiness while an unhealthy physiology produces that sickly exercise of the mental faculties, especially of the animal propensities, which constitutes depravity and produces misery. Hence these phrenologists who look exclusively to the predominent size of the animal organs, for vicious manifestations, and regard their average size as indicative of virtue, have this great lesson to learn, that health of body produces health of mind and purity of feelings, while all forms of bodily disease, in the very nature of things, tend to corrupt the feelings and deprave the soul.

Modified by Health.

While, therefore, phrenologists should scrutinize the size of organs closely, they should observe the state of health much more minutely, for most of their errors are explainable on this ground: that the organs described produce vicious inclinations, not because they were so large, but because they were physically sick, and hence take on a morally deformed mode of action.

The brain is subdivided into two hemispheres, the right and left, by the falciform process of the dura matter, a membrane which dips down one to two inches into the brain, and runs from the root of the nose over to the nape of the neck. This arrangement renders all the phrenological organs double. Thus, as there are two eyes, ears, etc., that when one is diseased, the other can carry forward the function, so

there are two lobes to each phrenological organ, one on each side.

The brain is divided thus: the feelings occupy that portion commonly covered by the hair, while the forehead is occupied by the intellectual organs. These greater divisions are subdivided into the animal brain, located between and around the ears; the aspiring faculties, which occupy the crown of the head; the moral and religious sentiments, which occupy the top; the physico-perceptives, located over the eyes; and the reflectives, in the upper portion of the forehead. The predominence of these respective groups produces both particular shapes, and corresponding traits of character.

Social Affections.

Thus, when the head projects far back behind the ears, hanging over and downward in the occipital region, it indicates very strong domestic ties and social affections, a love of home, its relations and endearments, and a corresponding high capacity of being happy in the family, and of making the family happy. Very wide and round heads, on the contrary, indicate strong animal and selfish propensities, while thin, narrow heads, indicate a corresponding want of selfishness and animality.

A head projecting far up at the crown, indicates an aspiring, self-elevating disposion, proudness of character, and a desire to be and to do something great; while the flattened crown indicates a want of ambition, energy and aspiration. A head high, long, and wide upon the top, but narrow between the ears, indicates Causality, moral virtue, much practical goodness and a corresponding elevation of character; while a low or narrow top head indicates a corresponding deficiency of these humane and religious susceptibilities.

Meaning of Wide Head.

A head wide at the upper part of the temples, indicates a corresponding desire for personal perfection, together with a love of the beautiful and refined, while narrowness in this region evinces a want of taste, with much coarseness of feeling. Fullness over the eyes indicates excellent practical judgment of matters and things appertaining to property, science and nature in general; while narrow, straight eyebrows, indicate poor practical judgment of matter, its quality, relations and uses.

Fullness from the root of the nose upward, indicates great practical talent, love of knowledge, desire to see, and ability to do to advantage, together with sprightliness of mind; while a hollow in the middle of the forehead indicates want of memory and inability to show off to advantage. A bold, high forehead, indicates strong reasoning capabilities, while a retiring forehead indicates less soundness, but more availability of talent.

SPEECHES OF GREAT WARRIORS

CONTAINING THE

ADDRESSES AND EXTRACTS FROM IMPUTED SPEECHES OF FAMOUS GENERALS AND NOTED MARTIAL HEROES, DELIVERED IN THE CAMP, ON THE EVE OF BATTLE, AND BEFORE THE PUBLIC ON STIRRING OCCASIONS

RECALLING HISTORIC MILITARY EVENTS FROM THE DAYS OF ANCIENT GREECE TO RECENT TIMES

REPLY OF ACHILLES TO THE ENVOYS OF AGAMEMNON, SOLICITING A RECONCILIATION.—*Cowper's "Homer."*

Agamemnon had taken the beautiful captive maiden whom Achilles had made his wife, thus incensing the latter. To appease Achilles, Agamemnon proffered him his daughter in marriage, but Achilles spurned the offer.

I MUST with plainness speak my fixed resolve;
For I abhor the man,—not more the gates
Of hell itself!—whose words belie his heart.
So shall not mine! My judgment undisguised
Is this: that neither Agamemnon me
Nor all the Greeks shall move! For ceaseless toil
Wins here no thanks; one recompense awaits
The sedentary and the most alert!
The brave and base in equal honor stand,—
And drones and heroes fall unwept alike.
I, after all my labors, who exposed
My life continual in the field, have earned
No very sumptuous prize! As the poor bird
Gives to her unfledged brood, a morsel gained
After long search, though wanting it herself,
So I have worn out many sleepless nights,
And waded deep through many a bloody day
In battle for their wives. I have destroyed
Twelve cities with my fleet; and twelve, save one,
On foot contending, in the fields of Troy.
From all these cities precious spoil I took
Abundant, and to Agamemnon's hand
Gave all the treasure. He within his ships
Abode the while, and, having all received,
Little distributed, and much retained.
He gave, however, to the Kings and Chiefs
A portion, and they keep it. Me alone,
Of all the Grecian host, hath he despoiled!
My bride, my soul's delight, is in his hands!
Tell him my reply:
And tell it him aloud, that other Greeks
May indignation feel like me, if, armed
Always in imprudence, he seek to wrong
Them also. Let him not henceforth presume
Canine and hard in aspect though he be—
To look me in the face. I will not share

His counsels, neither will I aid his works.
Let it suffice him, that he wronged me once,—
Deceived me once;—henceforth his glozing arts
Are lost on me! But, let him rot in peace,
Crazed as he is, and, by the stroke of Jove,
Infatuate! I detest his gifts!—and him
So honor as the thing which most I scorn!
And would he give me twenty times the worth
Of this his offer,—all the treasured heaps
Which he possesses, or shall yet possess,
All that Orchŏmĕnos within her walls,
And all that opulent Egyptian Thebes
Receives,—the city with a hundred gates,
Whence twenty thousand chariots rush to war,
And would he give me riches as the sands,
And as the dust of earth,—no gifts from *him*
Should soothe me, till my soul were first avenged
For all the offensive license of his tongue.
I will not wed the daughter of your Chief,—
Of Agamemnon. Could she vie in charms
With golden Venus,—had she all the skill
Of blue-eyed Pallas,—even so endowed.
She were no bride for me!
Bear ye mine answer back.

HECTOR'S REBUKE TO POLYDAMUS.—*Cowper's "Homer."*

Hector was the son of King Priam. He was killed in battle by Achilles.

POLYDAMĂS to dauntless Hector spake:
Ofttimes in council, Hector, thou art wont
To censure me, although advising well;
Yet hear my best opinion once again.
Proceed we not in our attempt against
The Grecian fleet. The omens we have seen
All urge against it. When the eagle flew,
Clutching the spotted snake, then dropping it
Into the open space between the hosts,
Troy's host was on the left. Was this propitious?
No. Many a Trojan shall we leave behind,
Slain by the Grecians in their fleet's defence.
An augur skilled in omens would expound
This omen thus, and faith would win from all.
To whom dark-louring Hector thus replied:
Polydămus! I like not thy advice;
Thou couldst have framed far better; but if this
Be thy deliberate judgment, then the Gods
Make thy deliberate judgment nothing worth,
Who bidd'st me disregard the Thunderer's firm
Assurance to myself announced, and make
The wild inhabitants of air my guides,
Which I alike despise, speed they their course
With right-hand flight toward the ruddy East,
Or leftward down into the shades of eve!
Consider *we* the will of Jove alone,
Sovereign of Heaven and Earth. *Omens abound,*
*But the best omen is our country's cause.**
Wherefore should fiery war *thy* soul alarm?
For were we slaughtered, one and all, around
The fleet of Greece, *thou* need'st not fear to die,
Whose courage never will thy flight retard.
But if thou shrink thyself, or by smooth speech
Seduce one other from a soldier's part,
Pierced by this spear incontinent thou diest!

* The nobleness of this reply may have been paralleled, but not surpassed, by patriots of succeeding times.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT TO HIS MEN.—*Quintus Curtius.*

AT length, fellow-soldiers, we enter on the last of our battles. How many regions have we traversed, looking forward to the victory which we must this day achieve! We have crossed the Gran'i-cus, we have climbed the ridges of Cilicia, we have passed through Syria and Egypt; our very entrance into a country has been the signal of victory; what more irresistible incitements could we have to confidence and glory? The Perisian fugitives, overtaken, rally and attempt to make head against us, simply because they cannot fly. This is the third day that they have stood under their loads of armor, fixed in one position, scarcely surviving their terrors.

What stronger proof of their desperate condition could they give than in burning their

cities, and laying waste their fields; thus acknowledging, in act, that whatever they cannot destroy must fall into our hands? We hear of unknown tribes that have joined them,—tribes with barbarous names. Be sure, soldiers, their names are the most formidable part of them. But when were brave men scared by names? And how does it affect the fate of this contest to know who are Scythians, or who Cadusians? Obscurity is the lot of the ignoble. Heroes do not dwell in oblivion. These unwarlike hordes, dragged from their dens and caves, bring into the field—their alarming *names!* Well, even in names we can beat them; for to such eminence in manly virtue have you arrived, that there is not a spot in the whole earth where the name of the Macedonians is not known and respected.

Observe the wretched appointments of these barbarians. Some have no weapon but a dart; others poise stones in a sling; few have proper and efficient arms. *There* stands the larger *mob*—here stands the stronger *army!*

Soldiers! Intrepid sons of Macedonia! Your courage has been tried in many a well-fought field; nor do I ask you now to show once more that bravery which could defy all odds, unless you see *me*, Alexander, your general, fighting to the last gasp, in front of the banners! My scars I shall count as ornaments. What spoils we seize shall be bestowed in honoring and enriching yourselves. Did Alexander ever stint you of your share?

Thus much to the brave. Should there be others here,—very few, if any, they must be,—let them consider, that, having advanced thus far, it is impossible for us to retreat. We must conquer—or we must perish. There is no alternative. Such is the extent of country to be retraced, so multiplied and difficult are the rivers and mountains obstructing return, so hostile the tribes in our way, that we can cut a passage to our native land and our household gods no otherwise than by the sword. Forward, then, Macedonians—forward to the field, and victory shall secure at once your glory and your safety!

DARIUS TO HIS ARMY.—*Quintus Curtius.*

THIS day, O soldiers, will terminate or establish the largest empire that any age has known. But recently lords of all the climes from the Hellespont to the ocean, we have now to fight, not for glory, but for safety, and, for what we prize above safety—liberty! If we cannot make a stand *here*, no place of retreat remains. By continued armaments everything in our rear is exhausted. The cities are deserted. The very fields are abandoned by their cultivators. Our wives and children, who have followed the levies, are but so many spoils prepared for the enemy, unless we interpose our bodies as a rampart before the dearest objects and pledges of affection.

On *my* part, I have collected an army such as the largest plain can hardly contain. I have chosen a field of battle where our whole line can act. The rest depends on yourselves. *Dare* to conquer, and you *will* conquer! We hear of the enemy's reputation. Reputation!—as if that were a weapon which brave men had not learnt to despise! These spacious plains expose the poverty of your foe—a poverty which the Cilician mountains concealed. We perceive thin ranks, wire-drawn wings, a centre quite drained; while their last line faces to the rear, in readiness to fly.

If we but conquer *now*, all the victories of the war will be transferred to us. The enemy have no place of refuge; here the Euphrates bars them in, and there the Tigris. A heavy booty impedes their operations. Entangled in the spoils they have won from us, they may be easily overwhelmed; and thus the means of our triumph will be its reward.

Does a name startle you?—the name of Alexander? Let girls and cowards stand in awe of it! Imprudent, reckless, absurd, our own irresolution, and not his courage, has been the cause of his successes hitherto. Nothing that is not built on moderation can last. His prosperity

has reached its height, and punishment now awaits his presumption.

By our guardian deities, O soldiers! by the eternal fire carried before us on our altars; by the dazzling sun which rises within the limits of my dominions; by the immortal memory of Cyrus, who transferred the empire from the Medes and Lydians to the Persians; by your hopes of freedom and your scorn of oppression, I con-juré you to vindicate your name and nation from the last disgrace! In your own right hand you carry liberty, power, and every future reliance. Whoever despises death, escapes it. Follow me, then,—for home and country, family and freedom,—follow me to the field!

ADDRESS OF NICIAS TO HIS TROOPS.—(*From "The Peloponnesian War."*)—*Thucydides.*

ATHENIANS, I must remind you that you left behind you no more such ships in your docks, nor so fine a body of heavy-armed troops; and that if anything else befall you but victory, your enemies here will immediately sail thither, and those of our countrymen who are left behind there will be unable to defend themselves against both their opponents on the spot and those who will join them; and thus, at the same time, you who are here will be at the mercy of the Syracusans (and you know with what feelings you came against them), and those who are there at home at that of the Lacedæmonians. Being brought then to this one struggle for both parties, fight bravely now, if you ever did; and reflect, both individually and collectively, that those of you who will now be on board your ships represent both the army and the navy of the Athenians, all that is left of your country, and the great name of Athens: in behalf of which, whatever be the point in which one man excels another, either in science or courage, on no other occasion could he better display it, so as both to benefit himself and to contribute to the preservation of all.

BRUTUS OVER THE DEAD LUCRETIA.—*Original and Compiled.*

YOU are amazed, O Romans! even amid the general horror at Lucretia's death, that Brutus, whom you have known hitherto only as the fool, should all at once assume the language and bearing of a man. Did not the Sibyl say, a fool should set Rome free? I am that fool! Brutus bids Rome be free! If he has played the fool, it was to seize the wise man's opportunity. Here he throws off the mask of madness. 'Tis Lucius Junius now, your countryman, who calls upon you, by this innocent blood, to swear eternal vengeance against kings!

Look, Romans! turn your eyes on this sad spectacle!—the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus' wife! By her own hand she died! See there a noble lady, whom the ruffian lust of a Tarquin reduced to the necessity of being her own executioner, to attest her innocence! Hospitably entertained by her as her husband's kinsman, Sextus, the perfidious guest, became her brutal ravisher. The chaste, the generous Lucretia, could not survive the outrage. Heroic matron! But once only treated as a slave, life was no longer endurable! And if she, with her soft woman's nature, disdained a life, that depended on a tyrant's will, shall we—shall *men*, with such an example before their eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious servitude—shall we, through a fear of death, delay one moment to assert our freedom? No, Romans! The favorable moment is come. The time is—now! Fear not that the army will take the part of their Generals, rather than of the People. The love of liberty is natural to all; and your fellow-citizens in the Camp feel the weight of oppression as sensibly as you. Doubt not they will as eagerly seize the opportunity of throwing off their yoke.

Courage, Romans! The Gods are for us! those Gods whose temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned. By the blood of the wronged Lucretia, I swear,—hear me, ye

Powers Supreme!—by this blood, which was once so pure, and which nothing but royal villiany *could* have polluted,—I swear that I will pursue, to the death, these Tarquins, with fire and sword; nor will I ever suffer any one of *that* family, or of *any other family whatsoever*, to be King in Rome!—On to the Forum! Bear the body hence, high in the public view, through all the streets! On, Romans, on! The *fool* shall set you free!

LEONIDAS TO HIS THREE HUNDRED.—*Translated.*

Leonidas was King of Greece. Xerxes, King of Persia, was marching against him with an overwhelming army. With three hundred men, Leonidas defended the pass of Thermopylæ until he and all of his soldiers perished.

YE men of Sparta, listen to the hope with which the Gods inspire Leōnĭdas! Consider how largely our death may redound to the glory and benefit of our country. Against this barbarian King, who, in his battle array, reckons as many nations as our ranks do soldiers, what could united Greece effect? In this emergency there is need that some unexpected power should interpose itself; that a valor and devotion, unknown hitherto, even to Sparta, should strike, amaze, confound this ambitious Despot! From our blood, here freely shed to-day, shall this moral power, this sublime lesson of patriotism, proceed.

To Greece it shall teach the secret of her strength; to the Persians the certainty of their weakness. Before our scarred and bleeding bodies, we shall see the great King grow pale at his own victory, and recoil affrighted. Or, should he succeed in forcing the pass of Thermŏpylæ, he will tremble to learn, that, in marching upon our cities, he will find ten thousand, after us, equally prepared for death. Ten thousand, do I say? O, the swift contagion of a generous enthusiasm! Our example shall make Greece all fertile in heroes.

An avenging cry shall follow the cry of her affliction. Country! Independence! From the Messēnian hills to the Hellespont, every heart shall respond; and a hundred thousand heroes, with one sacred accord, shall arm themselves, in emulation of our unanimous death. These rocks shall give back the echo of their oaths. Then shall our little band,—the brave three hundred,—from the world of shades, revisit the scene; behold the haughty Xerxes, a fugitive, re-cross the Hellespont in a frail bark; while Greece, after eclipsing the most glorious of her exploits, shall hallow a new Olympus in the mound that covers our tombs.

Yes, fellow-soldiers, history and posterity shall consecrate our ashes. Wherever courage is honored, through all time, shall Thermŏpylæ and the Spartan three hundred be remembered. Ours shall be an immortality such as no human glory has yet attained. And when ages shall have swept by, and Sparta's last hour shall have come, then, even in her ruins, shall she be eloquent. Tyrants shall turn away from them, appalled; but the heroes of liberty—the poets, the sages, the historians of all time—shall invoke and bless the memory of the gallant three hundred of Leōnĭdas!

CATILINE TO HIS ARMY, NEAR FÆSULÆ.—*Ben Jonson. Born 1574. Died 1637.*

A paraphrase of the celebrated speech which Sallust attributes to Catiline, previous to the engagement which ended in the rout of his army, and his own death.

I NEVER yet knew, Soldiers, that in fight
Words added virtue unto valiant men;
Or that a General's oration made
An army fall or stand: but how much prowess,
Habitual or natural, each man's breast
Was owner of, so much in act it showed.
Whom neither glory nor danger can excite,
'Tis vain to attempt with speech.
Two armies wait us, Soldiers; one from Rome
The other from the provinces of Gaul.
The sword must now direct and cut our passage.

I only, therefore, wish you, when you strike,
To have your valors and your souls about you;
And think you carry in your laboring hands
The things you seek,—glory and liberty!
For by your swords the Fates must be instructed!
If we can give the blow, all will be safe;
We shall not want provision, nor supplies;
The colonies and free towns will lie open;
Where, if we yield to fear, expect no place,
Nor friend, to shelter those whom their own fortune
And ill-used arms have left without protection.
You might have lived in servitude or exile,
Or safe at Romē, depending on the great,
But that you thought those things unfit for men;
And, in that thought, my friends, you then were valiant;
For no man ever yet changed peace for war
But he that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose.
Meet the opposing army in that spirit.
There's more necessity you should be such,
In fighting for yourselves, than they for others.
He's base who trusts his feet, who hands are armed.
Methinks I see Death and the Furies waiting
What we will do, and all the Heaven at leisure
For the great spectacle. Draw then your swords,
And, should our destiny begrudge our virtue
The honor of the day, let us take care,
To sell ourselves at such a price as may
Undo the world to buy us.

MARCUS BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.—*Shakespeare.*

Marcus Junius Brutus. Born 80 B. C. Killed himself 36 B. C. A noted Roman general who joined the conspiracy against the life of Cæsar, and afterwards became the leader of the republican army against Antony and Octavius.

(This selection, and the one following, will be rendered more effective if the speakers dress in Roman costume, and have several spectators on the stage to represent the Roman people. Other details, such as the mantle, coffin, etc., suggested by the text, may be added with good effect.)

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly,—any dear friend of Cæsar's,—to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was not less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition! Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.——

None?—Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antŏny; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying a place in the commonwealth: As which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please ,my country to need my death.

MARK ANTONY TO THE PEOPLE, ON CÆSAR'S DEATH.—*Shakespeare.*

Mark Antony. Born 83 B. C. Died 30 B. C. A noted Roman general and statesman who was a friend of Cæsar, and after Cæsar's death conducted, with Octavius, a war against Brutus and Cassius.

(For convenience in recitation, this selection is divided into two parts.)

Part I.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen lend me your ears
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interréd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:—
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grieously hath Cæsar answered it!
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man!
So are they all! all honorable men,
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me,—
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man!
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff!—
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
And Brutus is an honorable man!
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?—
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honorable man!
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him!
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar;
And I must pause till it come back to me.—
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world;—now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence!
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men!—
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men!—
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,—
I found it in his closet,—'tis his will!
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue!

Part II.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through!
See what a rent the envious Casca made!—
Through this,—the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed
And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no!
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all!
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,—

Which all the while ran blood!—great Cæsar fell!
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us!
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops!
Kind souls! what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded?—look you here!
Here is himself,—marred, as you see, by traitors!——
Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend,—and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him,—
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds,—poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

HANNIBAL TO HIS ARMY.—*Abridgment from Livy.*

When Hannibal was a child his father made him swear eternal enmity to Rome.

HERE soldiers, you must either conquer or die. On the right and left two seas enclose you; and you have no ship to fly to for escape. The river Po around you,—the Po, larger and more impetuous than the Rhone,—the Alps behind, scarcely passed by you when fresh and vigorous, hem you in. Here Fortune has granted you the termination of your labors; here she will bestow a reward worthy of the service you have undergone. All the spoils that Rome has amassed by so many triumphs will be yours. Think not that, in proportion as this war is great in name, the victory will be difficult. From the Pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the remotest limits of the world, over mountains and rivers, you have advanced victorious through the fiercest Nations of Gaul and Spain. And with whom are you now to fight? With a raw army, which this very summer was beaten, conquered, and surrounded; an army unknown to their leader, and he to them! Shall I compare myself, almost born, and certainly bred, in the tent of my father, that illustrious commander,—myself, the conqueror, not only of the Alpine Nations, but of the Alps themselves,—myself, who was the pupil of you all, before I became your commander,—to this six months' general? or shall I compare *his* army with *mine?*

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength:—a veteran infantry; a most gallant cavalry; you, our allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthagenians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The valor, the confidence of invaders, are ever greater than those of the defensive party. As the assailants in this war, we pour down, with hostile standards, upon Italy. We bring the war. Suffering, injury and indignity, fire our minds. First they demanded me, your leader, for punishment; and then all of you, who had laid siege to Saguntum. And, had we been given up, they would have visited us with the severest tortures. Cruel and haughty Nation! Everything must be *yours*, and at *your* disposal! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall have war, with whom peace! You are to shut us up by the boundaries of moun-

tains and rivers, which we must not pass! But you—*you* are not to observe the limits yourselves have appointed!

Soldiers, there is nothing left to us, in any quarter, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Let those be cowards who have something to look back upon; whom, flying through safe and unmolested roads, their own country will receive. There is a necessity for *us* to be brave. There is no alternative but victory or death; and if it must be *death*, who would not rather encounter it in battle than in flight? The immortal gods could give no stronger incentive to victory. Let but these truths be fixed in your minds, and once again I proclaim, you are conquerors!

After the above speech, Hannibal gained a great victory over Scipio, the Roman general. The following address is supposed to be delivered by Scipio to his army, prior to the same engagement, namely, Ticinus, 218 B. C.

SCIPIO TO HIS ARMY.—*Abridgment from Livy.*

NOT because of their courage, O soldiers, but because an engagement is now inevitable, do the enemy prepare for battle. Two-thirds of their infantry and cavalry have been lost in the passage of the Alps. Those who survive hardly equal in number those who have perished. Should any one say, "Though few, they are stout and irresistible," I reply,—Not so! They are the veriest shadows of men; wretches, emaciated with hunger, and benumbed with cold; bruised and enfeebled among the rocks and crags; their joints frost-bitten, their sinews stiffened with the snow, their armor battered and shivered, their horses lame and powerless. Such is the cavalry, such the infantry, against which you have to contend;—not enemies, but shreds and remnants of enemies! I fear nothing more, than that when you have fought Hannibal, the Alps may seem to have been beforehand, and to have robbed you of the renown of a victory. But perhaps it was fitting that the gods themselves, irrespective of human aid, should commence and carry forward a war against a leader and a people who violate the faith of treaties; and that we, who next to the gods have been most injured, should complete the contest thus commenced, and nearly finished.

I would, therefore, have you fight, O soldiers, not only with that spirit with which you are wont to encounter other enemies, but with a certain indignation and resentment, such as you might experience if you should see your slaves suddenly taking up arms against you. We might have slain these Carthaginians, when they were shut up in Eryx, by hunger, the most dreadful of human tortures. We might have carried over our victorious fleet to Africa, and, in a few days, have destroyed Carthage, without opposition.

We yielded to their prayers for pardon; we released them from the blockade; we made peace with them when conquered; and we afterwards held them under our protection, when they were borne down by the African war. In return for these benefits, they come, under the leadership of a hot-brained youth, to lay waste our country. Ah! would that the contest on your side were now for glory, and not for safety! It is not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, but for Italy, that you must fight: nor is there another army behind, which, should we fail to conquer, can resist the enemy; nor are there other Alps, during the passage of which, fresh forces may be procured.

Here, soldiers, here we must make our stand. Here we must fight, as if we fought before the walls of Rome! Let every man bear in mind, it is not only his own person, but his wife and children, he must now defend. Nor let the thought of them alone possess his mind. Let him remember that the Roman Senate—the Roman People—are looking, with anxious eyes, to our exertions; and that, as our valor and our strength shall this day be, such will be the fortune of Rome—such the welfare—nay, the very existence, of our country!

ALFRED THE GREAT TO HIS MEN.—*Adaptation from Knowles.*

MY friends, our country must be free! The land
Is never lost that has a son to right her,—
And here are troops of sons, and loyal ones!
Strong in her children should a mother be:
Shall ours be helpless, that has sons like us?
God save our native land, whoever pays
The ransom that redeems her! Now, what wait we?—
For Alfred's word to move upon the foe?
Upon him, then! Now think ye on the things
You most do love! Husbands and fathers, on
Their wives and children; lovers, on their beloved;
And *all*, upon their COUNTRY! When you use
Your weapons, think on the beseeching eyes,
To whet them, could have lent you tears for water!
O, now be men, or never! From your hearths
Thrust the unbidden feet, that from their nooks
Drove forth your agéd sires—your wives and babes!
The couches, your fair-handed daughters used
To spread, let not the vaunting stranger press,
Weary from spoiling you! Your roofs, that hear
The wanton riot of the intruding guest,
That mocks their masters,—clear them for the sake
Of the manhood to which all that's precious clings
Else perishes. The land that bore you—O!
Do honor to her! Let her glory in
Your breeding! Rescue her! Revenge her,—or
Ne'er call her mother more! Come on, my friends,
And, where you take your stand upon the field,
However you advance, resolve on this,
That you will ne'er recede, while from the tongues
Of age, and womanhood, and infancy,
The helplessness, whose safety in you lies,
Invokes you to be strong! Come on! Come on!
I'll bring you to the foe! And when you meet him,
Strike hard! Strike home! Strike while a dying blow
Is in an arm! Strike till you're free, or fall!

GALGACUS TO THE CALEDONIANS.—*Abridgment from Tacitus.*

REFLECTING on the origin of this war, and on the straits to which we are reduced, I am persuaded, O Caledonians, that to your strong hands and indomitable will is British liberty this day confided. There is no retreat for us, if vanquished. Not even the sea, covered as it is by the Roman fleet, offers a path for escape. And thus war and arms, ever welcomed by the brave, are now the only safety of the cowardly, if any such there be. No refuge is behind us; naught but the rocks, and the waves, and the deadlier Romans: men whose pride you have vainly tried to conciliate by forbearance; whose cruelty you have vainly sought to deprecate by moderation. The robbers of the globe, when the land fails, they scour the sea. Is the enemy rich,—they are avaricious; is he poor,—they are ambitious. The East and the West are unable to satiate their desires. Wealth and poverty are alike coveted by their rapacity. To carry off, to massacre, to make seizures under false pretences, this they call empire; and when they make a desert, they call it peace!

Do not suppose, however, that the prowess of these Romans is equal to their lust. They have thrived on our divisions. They know how to turn the vices of others to their own profit. Casting off all hope of pardon, let us exhibit the courage of men to whom salvation and glory are equally dear. Nursed in freedom as we have been, unconquered and unconquerable, let us, in the first onset, show these usurpers what manner of men they are that Old Cale-

RECITATION AT AN EVENING ENTERTAINMENT

THE MERRY GAME OF BLINDMAN'S-BUFF

donia shelters in her bosom! All the incitements to victory are on our side. Wives, parents, children,—these we have to protect; and these the Romans have not. They have none to cry shame upon their flight; none to shed tears of exultation at their success. Few in numbers, fearful from ignorance, gazing on unknown forests and untried seas, the gods have delivered them, hemmed in, bound and helpless, into our hands.

Let not their showy aspect, their glitter of silver and gold, dismay you. Such adornments can neither harm nor protect from harm. In the very line of the enemy we shall find friends. The Britons, the Gauls, the Germans, will recognize their own cause in ours. Here is a leader; here an army! There are tributes, and levies, and badges of servitude,—impositions, which to assume, or to trample under foot forever, lies now in the power of your arms. Forth, then, Caledonians, to the field! Think of your ancestors! Think of your descendants!

MARULLUS TO THE ROMAN POPULACE.—*Shakespeare.*

WHEREFORE rejoice that Cæsar comes in triumph?
What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!
Knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up the walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The life-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you *now* put on your best attire?
And do you *now* cull out a holiday?
And do you *now* strew flowers in *his* way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Begone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude!

CATILINE TO THE GALLIC CONSPIRATORS.—*Adaptation from Croly.*

MEN of Gaul!
What would you give for Freedom?—
For Freedom, if it stood before your eyes;
For Freedom, if it rushed to your embrace;
For Freedom, if its sword were ready drawn
To hew your chains off?
Ye would give death or life! Then marvel not
That I am here—that Catiline would join you!—
The great Patrician?—Yes—an hour ago—
But *now* the rebel; Rome's eternal foe,
And *your* sworn friend! My desperate wrong's my pledge
There's not in Rome,—no—not upon the earth,
A man so wronged. The very ground I tread
Is grudged me.—Chieftains! ere the moon be down,
My land will be the Senate's spoil; my life,
The mark of the first villain that will stab
For lucre.—But there's a time at hand!—Gaze on!
If I had thought you cowards, I might have come
And told you lies. But you have now the thing
I am;—Rome's enemy,—and fixed as fate
To you and yours forever!
The State is weak as dust.
Rome's broken, helpless, heart-sick. Vengeance sits
Above her, like a vulture o'er a corpse,
Soon to be tasted. Time, and dull decay,
Have let the waters round her pillar's foot;
And it *must* fall. Her boasted strength's a ghost,
Fearful to dastards;—yet, to trenchant swords,

Thin as the passing air! A single blow,
In this diseased and crumbling state of Rome,
Would break your chains like stubble.
But "ye've no swords!"
Have you no ploughshares, scythes?
When men are brave, the sickle is a spear!
Must Freedom pine till the slow armorer
Gilds her caparison, and sends her out
To glitter and play antics in the sun?
Let hearts be what they ought,—the naked earth
Will be their magazine;—the rocks—the trees—
Nay, there's no idle and unnoted thing,
But, in the hand of Valor, will out-thrust
The spear, and make the mail a mockery!

CATILINE'S LAST HARANGUE TO HIS ARMY.—*Croly.*

BRAVE comrades! all is ruined! I disdain
To hide the truth from you. The die is thrown!
And now, let each that wishes for long life
Put up his sword, and kneel for peace to Rome.
Ye are all free to go.—What! no man stirs!
Not one!—a soldier's spirit in you all?
Give me your hands! (This moisture in *my* eyes
Is womanish—'twill pass.) My noble hearts!
Well have you chosen to die! For, in my mind,
The grave is better than o'erburthened life;—
Better the quick release of glorious wounds,
Than the eternal taunts of galling tongues;—
Better the spear-head quivering in the heart,
Than daily struggle against Fortune's *curse;*
Better, in manhood's muscle and high blood,
To leap the gulf, than totter to its edge
In poverty, dull pain, and base decay.—
Once more, I say,—are ye resolved?
Then, each man to his tent, and take the arms
That he would love to die in,—for, *this hour,*
We storm the Consul's camp.—A last farewell!
When next we meet, we'll have no time to look,
How parting clouds a soldier's countenance:—
Few as we are, we'll rouse them with a peal
That shall shake Rome!—
Now to your cohorts' heads,—the word's—
Revenge!

REGULUS TO THE ROMAN SENATE.—*Sargent.*

In the wars with Carthage, Regulus, the Roman general, was taken prisoner. He was released to make a tour to Rome to sue for peace, and, on the condition of its being granted, Regulus was to be liberated; otherwise, he gave his word to return. On appearing before the Roman Senate, to the astonishment of the Carthaginian ambassadors, he advised Rome against the overtures of Carthage, and returned to captivity, where he suffered death rather than break his promise to return.

ILL does it become *me*, O Senators of Rome!—ill does it become Regŭlus,—after having so often stood in this venerable Assembly clothed with the supreme dignity of the Republic, to stand before you a captive—the captive of Carthage! Though outwardly I am free,—though no fetters encumber the limbs, or gall the flesh,—yet the heaviest of chains,—the pledge of a Roman Consul,—makes me the bondsman of the Carthaginians. They have my promise to return to them, in the event of the failure of this their embassy. My life is at their mercy. My honor is my own;—a possession which no reverse of fortune can jeopard; a flame which imprisonment cannot stifle, time cannot dim, death cannot extinguish.

Of the train of disasters which followed close on the unexampled successes of our arms,—of the bitter fate which swept off the flower of our soldiery, and consigned me, your General, wounded and senseless, to Carthaginian keeping,—I will not speak. For five years, a rigorous captivity has been my portion. For five years, the society of family and friends, the dear amenities of home, the sense of freedom, and the sight of country, have been to me a recollection and a dream,—no more! But during that period Rome has retrieved her defeats. She has recovered under Metellus what under Regŭlus she lost. She has routed armies. She has taken unnumbered prisoners. She has struck terror to the hearts of the Carthaginians; who have now

sent me hither with their Ambassadors, to sue for peace, and to propose that, in exchange for me, your former Consul, a thousand common prisoners of war shall be given up. You have heard the Ambassadors. Their intimations of some unimaginable horror—I know not what—impending over myself, should I fail to induce you to accept their terms, have strongly moved your sympathies in my behalf. Another appeal, which I would you might have been spared, has lent force to their suit. A wife and children, threatened with widowhood and orphanage, weeping and despairing, have knelt at your feet, on the very threshold of the Senate-chamber.—Conscript Fathers! Shall not Regŭlus be saved? Must he return to Carthage to meet the cruelties which the Ambassadors brandish before our eyes? With one voice you answer, No!—Countrymen! Friends! For all that I have suffered—for all that I may have to suffer—I am repaid in the compensation of this moment! Unfortunate, you may hold me; but, O, not undeserving! Your confidence in my honor survives all the ruin that adverse fortune could inflict. You have not forgotten the past. Republics are not ungrateful! May the thanks I cannot utter bring down blessings from the Gods on you and Rome!

Conscript Fathers! There is but one course to be pursued. Abandon all thought of peace. Reject the overtures of Carthage! Reject them wholly and unconditionally! What! Give back to her a thousand able-bodied men, and receive in return this one attenuated, war-worn, fever-wasted frame,—this weed, whitened in a dungeon's darkness, pale and sapless, which no kindness of the sun, no softness of the summer breeze, can ever restore to health and vigor? It must not—it shall not be! O! were Regŭlus what he was once, before captivity had unstrung his sinews and enervated his limbs, he might pause,—he might proudly think he were well worth a thousand of the foe;—he might say, "Make the exchange! Rome shall not lose by it!" But now—alas! now 'tis gone,—that impetuosity of strength, which could once make him a leader indeed, to penetrate a phalanx or guide a pursuit.

His very armor would be a burthen now. His battle-cry would be drowned in the din of the onset. His sword would fall harmless on his opponent's shield. But, if he cannot *live*, he can at least *die*, for his country! Do not deny him this supreme consolation. Consider: every indignity, every torture, which Carthage shall heap on his dying hours, will be better than a trumpet's call to your armies. They will remember only Regŭlus, their fellow-soldier and their leader. They will forget his defeats. They will regard only his services to the Republic. Tunis, Sardinia, Sicily,—every well-fought field, won by *his* blood and *theirs*,—will flash on their remembrance, and kindle their avenging wrath. And so shall Regŭlus, though dead, fight as he never fought before against the foe.

Conscript Fathers! There is another theme. My family—forgive the thought! To you, and to Rome, I confide them. I leave them no legacy but my name,—no testament but my example.

Ambassadors of Carthage! I have spoken, though not as you expected. I am your captives. Lead me back to whatever fate may await me. Doubt not that you shall find, to Roman hearts, country is dearer than life, and integrity more precious than freedom!

REGULUS TO THE CARTHAGINIANS.—*E. Kellogg.*

After the return of Regulus to Carthage, he is supposed to have delivered this heroic address to the Carthaginians assembled to put him to death.

YE doubtless thought—for ye judge of Roman virtue by your own—that I would break my plighted oath, rather than, returning, brook your vengeance. If the bright blood that fills my veins, transmitted free from godlike ancestry, were like that slimy ooze which stagnates in your arteries, I had remained at home, and broke my plighted oath to save my life.

I am a Roman citizen; therefore have I re-

turned, that ye might work your will upon this mass of flesh and bones, that I esteem no higher than the rags that cover them. Here, in your capital, do I defy you. Have I not conquered your armies, fired your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels, since first my youthful arms could wield a spear? And do you think to see me crouch and cower before a tamed and shattered Senate? The tearing of flesh and rending of sinews is but pastime compared with the mental agony that heaves my frame.

The moon has scarce yet waned since the proudest of Rome's proud matrons, the mother upon whose breast I slept, and whose fair brow so oft had bent over me before the noise of battle had stirred my blood, or the fierce toil of war nerved my sinews, did with fondest memory of bygone hours entreat me to remain. I have seen her, who, when my country called me to the field, did buckle on my harness with trembling hands, while the tears fell thick and fast down the hard corselet scales,—I have seen her tear her gray locks and beat her aged breast, as on her knees she begged me not to return to Carthage; and all the assembled Senate of Rome, grave and reverend men, proffered the same request. The puny torments which ye have in store to welcome me withal, shall be, to what I have endured, even as the murmur of a summer's brook to the fierce roar of angry surges on a rocky beach.

Last night, as I lay fettered in my dungeon, I heard a strange, ominous sound: it seemed like the distant march of some vast army, their harness clanging as they marched, when suddenly there stood by me Xanthippus, the Spartan general, by whose aid you conquered me, and, with a voice low as when the solemn wind moans through the leafless forest, he thus addressed me: "Roman, I come to bid thee curse, with thy dying breath, this fated city; know that in an evil moment, the Carthaginian generals, furious with rage that I had conquered thee, their conqueror, did basely murder me. And then they thought to stain my brightest honor. But, for this foul deed, the wrath of Jove shall rest upon them here and hereafter." And then he vanished.

And now, go bring your threatened tortures. The woes I see impending over this guilty realm shall be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve should tingle in its agony. I die! but my death shall prove a proud triumph; and, for every drop of blood ye from my veins do draw, your own shall flow in rivers. Woe to thee, Carthage! Woe to the proud city of the waters! I see thy nobles wailing at the feet of Roman Senators! Thy citizens in terror! Thy ships in flames! I hear the victorious shouts of Rome! I see her eagles glittering on thy ramparts. Proud city, thou art doomed! The curse of God is on thee—a clinging, wasting curse. It shall not leave thy gates till hungry flames shall lick the fretted gold from off thy proud palaces, and every brook runs crimson to the sea.

RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.—*Mary Russell Mitford.*

FRIENDS!
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave: not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,—
But base, ignoble slaves!—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell—a name! Each hour, dark fraud
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,

And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye;
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of Heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks—a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters?—Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet, this is Rome,
That sate on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world? Yet, we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a King! And once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear
The Eternal City shall be free!

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.—*E. Kellogg.*

Spartacus was born about 110 B. C. He was a Thracian soldier, who was taken prisoner by the Romans, made a slave, and trained as a gladiator. He escaped with a number of fellow-gladiators to the mountains, where he became leader of a numerous band, and defeated Claudius Pulcher, a Roman general. He proclaimed freedom to all slaves who would join him, and thus raised a powerful army, defeating, repeatedly, the Roman Consuls sent against him. His army numbered more than 100,000 men, and he would, no doubt, have conquered Rome, had not dissentions arisen among his soldiers. He was prudent and brave, and altogether a most extraordinary man with all the qualities of a great hero. He was killed in battle 71 B. C., and the great Servile War, of which he was leader, ended with his death.

IT had been a day of triumph in Capŭa. Lentŭlus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drops on the corslet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard, save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was as still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre, a band of gladiators were assembled; their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows; when Spartăcus, arising in the midst of that grim assembly, thus addressed them:

"Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arēna every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say, that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth, and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancesters came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which

shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marăthon, and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night, the

SPARTACUS.

Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

"To-day I killed a man in the rēna; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arēna, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said: 'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow-*gladiators*, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O, Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe;—to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adōnis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sestĕrces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours—and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men*,—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at Old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound

beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians!—if we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves!* If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors!* If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!"

After the above speech, Spartacus, with his gladiator companion, is supposed to have fought his way out; and, when free, soon collected an army, with which he forced Rome to treat for peace.

SPARTACUS TO THE ROMAN ENVOYS IN ETRURIA.—*Sargent.*

(This should be spoken with great dignity, yet intense suppressed feeling.)

ENVOYS of Rome, the poor camp of Spartăcus is too much honored by your presence. And does Rome stoop to parley with the escaped gladiator, with the rebel ruffian, for whom heretofore no slight has been too scornful? You have come, with steel in your right hand, and with gold in your left. What heed we give the former, ask Cossinĭus; ask Claudĭus; ask Varinĭus; ask the bones of your legions that fertilize the Lucanian plains. And for your gold—would ye know what we do with *that*,—go ask the laborer, the trodden poor, the helpless and the hopeless, on our route; ask all whom Roman tyranny has crushed, or Roman avarice plundered. Ye have seen me before; but ye did not then shun my glance as now. Ye have seen me in the arēna, when I was Rome's pet ruffian, daily smeared with blood of men or beasts. One day—shall I forget it ever?—*ye* were present;—I had fought long and well. Exhausted as I was, your mūnĕrātor, your lord of the games, bethought him, it were an equal match to set against me a new man, younger and lighter than I, but fresh and valiant. With Thracian sword and buckler, forth he came, a beautiful defiance on his brow! Bloody and brief the fight. "He has it!" cried the People! "*habet! habet!*" But still he lowered not his arm, until, at length, I held him, gashed and fainting, in my power. I looked around upon the Podĭum, where sat your Senators and men of State, to catch the signal of release, of mercy. But not a thumb was reversed. To crown your sport, the vanquished man must die!

Obedient brute that I was, I was about to slay him, when a few hurried words—rather a welcome to death than a plea for life—told me he was a Thracian. I stood transfixed. The arēna vanished. I was in Thrace, upon my native hills! The sword dropped from my hands. I raised the dying youth tenderly in my arms. O, the magnanimity of Rome! Your haughty leaders, enraged at being cheated of their death-show, hissed their disappointment, and shouted "Kill!" I heeded them as I would heed the howl of wolves. Kill *him?*—They might better have asked the mother to kill the babe, smiling in her face. Ah! he was already wounded unto death; and, amid the angry yells of the spectators, he died. That night I was scourged for disobedience. I shall not forget it. Should memory fail, there are scars here to quicken it.

Well! do not grow impatient. Some hours after, finding myself, with seventy fellow-gladiators, alone in the amphitheatre, the laboring thought broke forth in words. I said,—I know not what. I only know that, when I ceased, my comrades looked each other in the face—and then burst forth the simultaneous cry, "Lead on! lead on, O Spartăcus!" Forth we rushed,—seized what rude weapons Chance threw in our way, and to the mountains speeded. There, day by day, our little band increased.

Disdainful Rome sent after us a handful of her troops, with a scourge for the slave Spartăcus. Their weapons soon were ours. She sent an army; and down from old Vesuvius we poured, and slew three thousand. Now it was Spartăcus, the dreaded rebel. A larger army, headed by the Prætor, was sent, and routed; then another still. And always I remembered that fierce cry, riving my heart, and calling me to "kill!" In three pitched battles, have I not obeyed it! And now affrighted Rome sends

her two Consuls, and puts forth all her strength by land and sea, as if a Pyrrhus or a Hannibal were on her borders!

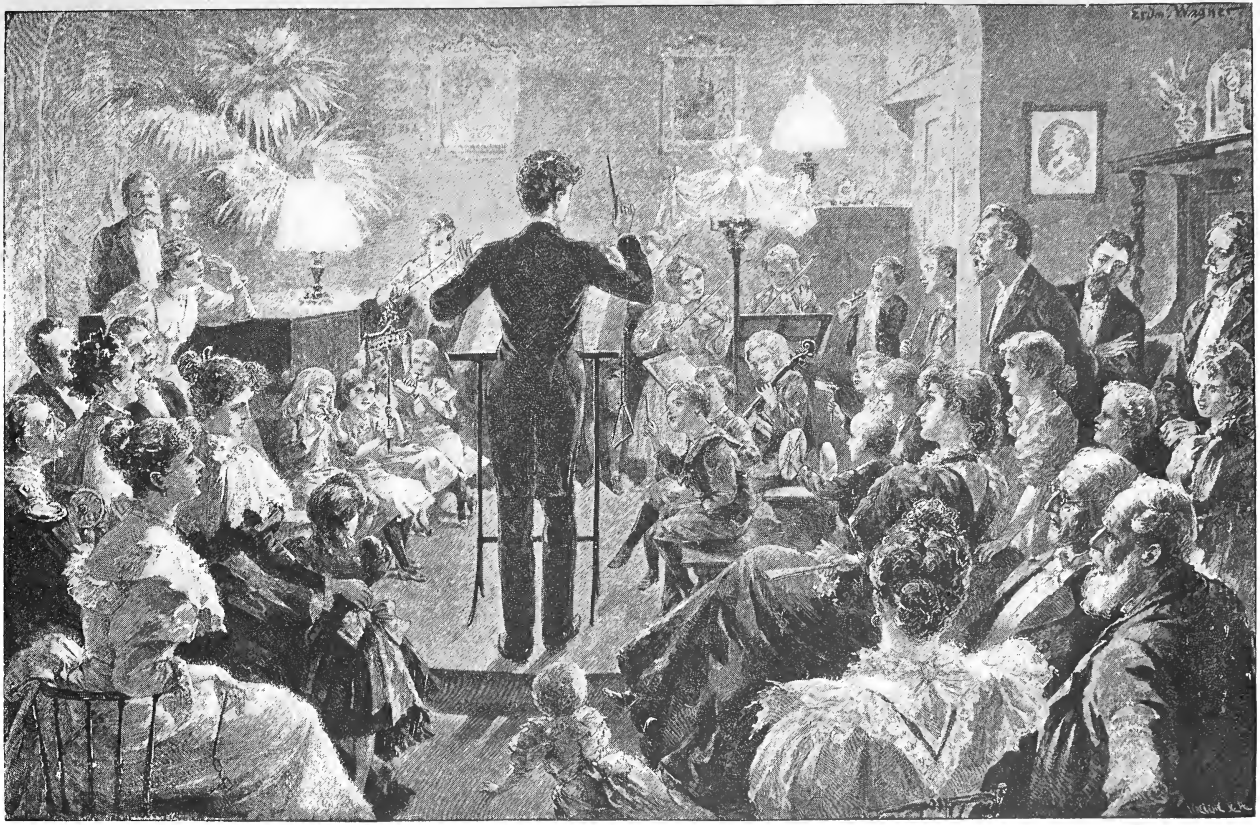
Envoys of Rome! To Lentulus and Gellius bear this message: "Their graves are measured!" Look on that narrow stream, a silver thread, high on the mountain side! Slenderly it winds, but soon is swelled by others meeting it, until a torrent, terrible and strong, it sweeps to the abyss, where all is ruin. So Spartacus comes on! So swells *his* force,—small and despised at first, but now resistless! On, on to Rome we come! The gladiators come! Let Opulence tremble in all his palaces! Let Oppression shudder to think the oppressed may have their turn! Let Cruelty turn pale at thought of redder hands than his! O! we shall not forget Rome's many lessons. She shall not find her training was all wasted upon indocile pupils. Now begone! Prepare the Eternal City for *our* games!

HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS.—*Shakespeare.*

WHAT'S he that wishes for more men from England?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin;
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
I pray thee do not wish for one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous of gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;—
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith my Lord, wish not a man from England:
I would not lose, methinks, so great an honor
As only one man more would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host.
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian!
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,—
Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son:
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

TO THE ARMY BEFORE QUEBEC, 1759.—*General Wolfe. Born 1726. Died 1759.*

I CONGRATULATE you, my brave countrymen and fellow-soldiers, on the spirit and success with which you have executed this important part of our enterprise. The formidable Heights of Abraham are now surmounted; and the city of Quebec, the object of all our toils, now stands in full view before us. A perfidious enemy, who have dared to exasperate you by their cruelties, but not to oppose you on equal ground, are now constrained to face



ENTERTAINMENT FURNISHED BY PUPILS OF A MUSICAL KINDERGARTEN

THE GAME OF MUSICAL CHAIRS

you on the open plain, without ramparts or intrenchments to shelter them.

You know too well the forces which compose their army to dread their superior numbers. A few regular troops from old France, weakened by hunger and sickness, who, when fresh, were unable to withstand the British soldiers, are their General's chief dependence. Those numerous companies of Canadians, insolent, mutinous, unsteady and ill-disciplined, have exercised his utmost skill to keep them together to this time; and, as soon as their irregular ardor is damped by one firm fire, they will instantly turn their backs, and give you no further trouble but in the pursuit. As for those savage tribes of Indians, whose horrid yells in the forests have struck many a bold heart with affright, terrible as they are with a tomahawk and scalping-knife to a flying and prostrate foe, you have experienced how little their ferocity is to be dreaded by resolute men upon fair and open ground: you can now only consider them as the just objects of a severe revenge for the unhappy fate of many slaughtered countrymen.

This day puts it into your power to terminate the fatigues of a siege which has so long employed your courage and patience. Possessed with a full confidence of the certain success which British valor must gain over such enemies, I have led you up these steep and dangerous rocks, only solicitous to show you the foe within your reach. The impossibility of a retreat makes no difference in the situation of men resolved to conquer or die: and, believe me, my friends, if your conquest could be bought with the blood of your General, he would most cheerfully resign a life which he has long devoted to his country.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE TO THE MEN OF GHENT.—*Henry Taylor.*

SIRS, ye have heard these knights discourse to you
Of your ill fortunes, telling on their fingers
The worthy leaders ye have lately lost.
True, they were worthy men, most gallant chiefs;
And ill would it become us to make light
Of the great loss we suffer by their fall.
They died like heroes; for no recreant step
Had e'er dishonored them, no stain of fear,
No base despair, no cowardly recoil.
They had the hearts of freemen to the last,
And the free blood that bounded in their veins
Was shed for freedom with a liberal joy.
But had they guessed, or could they but have dreamed,
The great examples which they died to show
Should fall so flat, should shine so fruitless here,
That men should say, "For liberty these died,
Wherefore let us be slaves,"—had they thought this,
O, then, with what an agony of shame
Their blushing faces buried in the dust,
Had their great spirits parted hence for heaven!
What! shall we teach our chroniclers henceforth
To write, that in five bodies were contained
The sole brave hearts of Ghent! which five defunct,
The heartless town, by brainless counsel led,
Delivered up her keys, stript off her robes,
And so with all humility besought
Her haughty Lord that he would scourge her lightly.
It shall not be—no, verily! for now,
Thus looking on you as ye stand before me,
Mine eye can single out full many a man
Who lacks but opportunity to shine
As great and glorious as the chiefs that fell.
But, lo! the Earl is "mercifully minded!"
And, surely, if we, rather than revenge
The slaughter of our bravest, cry them shame,
And fall upon our knees, and say we've sinned,
Then will my Lord the Earl have mercy on us,
And pardon us our strike for liberty!
O, Sirs! look round you, lest ye be deceived
Forgiveness may be spoken with the tongue,
Forgiveness may be written with the pen,

But think not that the parchment and mouth pardon
Will e'er eject old hatreds from the heart.
There's that betwixt you been which men remember
Till they forget themselves, till all's forgot,—
Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed
From which no morrow's mischief rouses them.
There's that betwixt you been which you yourselves
Should ye forget, would then not be yourselves,
For must it not be thought some base men's souls
Have ta'en the seats of yours and turned you out,
If, in the coldness of a craven heart,
Ye should forgive this bloody-minded man
For all his black and murderous monstrous crimes!

THE EARL OF RICHMOND TO HIS ARMY.—*Shakespeare.*

MORE than I *have* said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on. Yet remember this:—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,
The prayers of holy saints, and wrongéd souls,
Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? Truly, gentleman,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood established;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the means to help him
A base, foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, guard you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But, if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully:
God, and St. George! Richmond and victory!

TO THE ARMY OF ITALY, May 15, 1796.—*Translated.*

Napoleon Bonaparte. Born 1769. Died 1821.

SOLDIERS: You have precipitated yourselves like a torrent from the Apennines. You have overwhelmed or swept before you all that opposed your march. Piedmont, delivered from Austrian oppression, has returned to her natural sentiments of peace and friendship towards France. Milan is yours; and over all Lombardy floats the flag of the Republic. To your generosity only, do the Dukes of Parma and of Modĕna now owe their political existence. The army which proudly threatened you finds no remaining barrier of defence against your courage. The Po, the Tessĭno, the Adda, could not stop you a single day. Those vaunted ramparts of Italy proved insufficient, you traversed them as rapidly as you did the Apennines. Successes so numerous and brilliant have carried joy to the heart of your country. Your representatives have decreed a festival, to be celebrated in all the communes of the Republic, in honor of your victories. There will your fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, all who hold you dear, rejoice over your triumphs, and boast that you belong to them.

Yes, soldiers, you have done much; but much still remains for you to do. Shall it be said of us that we knew how to conquer, but not to profit by victory? Shall posterity reproach us with

having found a Capŭa in Lombardy? Nay, fellow-soldiers! I see you already eager to cry "to arms!" Inaction fatigues you; and days lost to glory are days lost to happiness. Let us, then, begone! We have yet many forced marches to make; enemies to vanquish; laurels to gather; and injuries to avenge! Let those who have sharpened the poniards of civil war in France, who have pusillanimously assassinated our Ministers, who have burned our vessels at Toulon,—let them now tremble! The hour of vengeance has knolled!

But let not the People be disquieted. We are the friends of every People: and more especially of the descendants of the Brutuses, the Scipios, and other great men to whom we look as bright exemplars. To re-establsh the Capitol; to place there with honor the statues of the heroes who made it memorable; to rouse the Roman People, unnerved by many centuries of oppression,—such will be some of the fruits of our victories. They will constitute an epoch for posterity. To you, Soldiers, will belong the immortal honor of redeeming the fairest portion of Europe. The French People, free and respected by the whole world, shall give to Europe a glorious peace, which shall indemnify it for all the sacrifices which it has borne, the last six years. Then, by your own firesides you shall repose; and your fellow-citizens, when they point out any one of you, shall say: "*He* belonged to the army of Italy!"

WAT TYLER'S ADDRESS TO THE KING.—*Robert Southey.*

Born 1774. Died 1843.

KING of England,
Petitioning for pity is most weak,—
The sovereign People ought to *demand* justice.
I lead them here against the Lord's anointed,
Because his Ministers have made him odious!
His yoke is heavy, and his burden grievous.
Why do ye carry on this fatal war,
To force upon the French a King they hate;
Tearing our young men from their peaceful homes,
Forcing his hard-earned fruits from the honest peasant
Distressing *us* to desolate our neighbors?
Why is this ruinous poll-tax imposed,
But to support your Court's extravagance,
And your mad title to the Crown of France?
Shall we sit tamely down beneath these evils,
Petitioning for pity? King of England,
Why are we sold like cattle in your markets,
Deprived of every privilege of man?
Must we lie tamely at our tyrant's feet,
And, like your spaniels, lick the hand that beats us?
You sit at ease in your gay palaces.
The costly banquet courts your appetite;
Sweet music soothes your slumbers: we, the while,
Scarce by hard toil can earn a little food,
And sleep scarce sheltered from the cold night wind,
Whilst your wild projects wrest the little from us
Which might have cheered the wintry hours of age!
The Parliament forever asks more money;
We toil and sweat for money for your taxes;
Where is the benefit,—what good reap *we*
From all the counsels of your government?
Think you that *we* should quarrel with the French?
What boots to *us* your victories, your glory?
We pay, we fight,—*you* profit at your ease!
Do you not claim the country as your own?
Do you not call the venison of the forest,
The birds of Heaven, your own?—prohibiting us,
Even though in want of food, to seize the prey
Which Nature offers? King! is all this just?
Think you we do not feel the wrongs we suffer?
The hour of retribution is at hand,
And tyrants tremble—mark me, King of England!

WASHINGTON TO HIS SOLDIERS.—*General George Washington. Born 1732. Died 1799.*

Addressed to the American troops before the battle of Long Island, 1776.

THE time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freeman or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us; and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life and honor, are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children and parents, expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause. The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad,—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works, and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive, wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

LORD BYRON TO THE GREEKS.—*Translated from Alphonse De Lamartine.*

Lord Byron joined the Greeks in their struggle for liberty from Turkish oppression in 1823. He was put in command of a division of Greek soldiers, and, it is said by his biographers, they were deeply attached to him. He died of fever at Missilongi while serving in the Greek army.

A STRANGER to your clime, O men of Greece!—born under a sun less pure, of an ancestry less renowned, than yours,—I feel how unworthy is the offering of the life I bring you—you, who number kings, heroes, and demi-gods among your progenitors. But, throughout the world, wherever the lustre of your history has shed its rays,—wherever the heart of man has thrilled at the thought of glory, or softened at the mention of misfortune,—Greece may count a friend, and her children an avenger. I come not here in the vain hope to stimulate the courage of men already roused and resolved. One sole cry remained for you, and you have uttered it. Your language has now one only word—Liberty! Ah! what other invocation need the men of Sparta—of Athens—to bid them rise? These blue heavens, these mountains, these waters,—here are your orators,—here is your present Demosthenes! Wherever the eye can range, wherever the feet can tread, your consecrated soil recounts a triumph or a glorious death. From Leuctra to Marăthon, every inch of ground responds to you—cries to you—for vengeance! liberty! glory! virtue! country! These voices, which tyrants cannot stifle, demand,—not words, but steel. 'Tis here! Receive it! Arm. Let the thirsting earth at length be refreshed with the blood of her oppressors! What sound more awakening to the brave than the clank of his country's fetters? Should the sword ever tremble

in your grasp, remember yesterday! think of to-morrow!

For myself, in return for the alliance which I bring you, I ask but the recompense of an honorable grave. I ask but the privilege of shedding my blood with you, in your sacred cause. I ask but to know, in dying, that I, too, belong to Greece—to liberty! Yes, might the Pilgrim hope that, on the pillars of a new Parthĕnon, his name might, one day, be inscribed,—or, that in the nobler mausolēum of your hearts his memory might be cherished,—he were well content. The tomb where Freedom weeps can never have been prematurely reached by its inmate. Such martyrdom is blessed, indeed. What higher fortune can ambition covet?

ADDRESS OF BLACK HAWK TO GENERAL STREET.

The simple, strong eloquence of Indian orators has been dwelt upon by writers of early colonial and United States history. Many of the savage chiefs, in their treaties and dealings with the whites, displayed a natural eloquence of the highest order. The following speeches are fair specimens of their style and spirit of oratory.

YOU have taken me prisoner, with all my warriors. I am much grieved; for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last General understood Indian fighting. I determined to rush on you, and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sank in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, against white men, who came, year after year, to cheat them, and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. They smile in the face of the poor Indian, to cheat him; they shake him by the hand, to gain his confidence, to make him drunk, and to deceive him. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us; but they followed on and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our father. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises; but we got no satisfaction: things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled. The springs were drying up, and our squaws and pappooses without victuals to keep them from starving.

We called a great council, and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose, and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. We set up the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom, when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there, and commend him. Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children, and his friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for the Nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate. Farewell, my Nation! Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are crushed. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk!

LOGAN, A MINGO CHIEF, TO LORD DUNMORE.

The charge against Colonel Cresap, in the subjoined speech,—or, rather, message,—sent to Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, in 1774, through John Gibson, an Indian trader, has been proved to be untrue. Gibson corrected Logan on the spot, but probably felt bound to deliver the speech as it was delivered to him.

I APPEAL to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed at me as they passed, and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not think that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. Logan will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.

TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR, 1824.—*Pushmataha. Born 1764. Died 1824.*

FATHER—I have been here at the council-house some time; but I have not talked. I have not been strong enough to talk. You shall hear me talk to-day. I belong to another district. You have, no doubt, heard of me. I am Pushmataha.

Father—When in my own country, I often looked towards this council-house, and wanted to come here. I am in trouble. I will tell my distresses. I feel like a small child, not half as high as its father, who comes up to look in his father's face, hanging in the bend of his arm, to tell him his troubles. So, father, I hang in the bend of your arm, and look in your face; and now hear me speak.

Father—When I was in my own country, I heard there were men appointed to talk to us. I would not speak there; I chose to come here, and speak in this beloved house; for Pushmataha can boast, and say, and tell the truth, that none of his fathers, or grandfathers, or any Choctaw, ever drew bow against the United States. They have always been friendly. We have held the hands of the United States so long, that our nails are long like birds' claws; and there is no danger of their slipping out.

Father—I have come to speak. My nation has always listened to the applications of the white people. They have given of their country till it is very small. I came here, when a young man, to see my Father Jefferson. He told me, if ever we got into trouble, we must run and tell him. I am come. This is a friendly talk; it is like that of a man who meets another, and says, How do you do? Another of my tribe shall talk further. He shall say what Pushmataha would say, were he stronger.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF A CHIEF OF THE POCUMTUC INDIANS.—*Edward Everett.*

WHITE man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers but with my life. In those woods where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer. Over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark canoe. By those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food. On these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn. Stranger, the land is mine! I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more.

How could my fathers sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did. The stranger came, a timid suppliant, few and feeble, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children; and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, It is mine. Stranger, there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels.

If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the South, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the West?—the fierce Mohawk, the man-eater, is my foe. Shall I fly to the East?—the great water is before me. No, stranger; here I have lived, and here I will die! and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction. For that alone I thank thee; and now take heed to thy steps;—the red man is thy foe.

When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by thee; when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife; thou shalt build, and I will burn, till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way, for this time, in safety; but remember, stranger, there is eternal war between me and thee!

ALASCO TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.—*Shee.*

SOLDIERS, the chief, Malinski, has betrayed
His post, and fled. I would that every knave
He has left behind him would strip the patriot cloak
And follow him. Such ruffian spirits taint
The cause of freedom. They repel its friends,
And so disfigure it by blood and violence,
That good men start, and tremble to embrace it.
But now, my friends, a sterner trial waits us:
Within yon castle's walls we sleep to-night,
Or die to-day before them. Let each man
Preserve the order of advance, and charge
As if he thought his individual sword
Could turn the scale of fate. String every heart
To valor's highest pitch;—fight, and be free!
This is no common conflict, set on foot
For hireling hosts to ply the trade of war.
Ours is a noble quarrel. We contend
For what's most dear to man, wherever found—
Free or enslaved—a savage, or a sage;—
The very life and being of our country.
'Tis ours to rescue from the oblivious grave,
Where tyrants have combined to bury them,
A gallant race, a nation, and her fame;
To gather up the fragments of our State,
And in its cold, dismembered body breathe
The living soul of empire. Such a cause
Might warm the torpid earth, put hearts in stones,
And stir the ashes of our ancestors,
Till from their tombs our warrior sires come forth,
Range on our side, and cheer us on to battle.
Strike, then, ye patriot spirits, for your country!
Fight, and be free!—for liberty and Poland.

ARMINIUS TO HIS SOLDIERS.—*Murphy.*

SOLDIERS and friends! we soon shall reach the ground
Where your poor country waits the sacrifice,
The holiest offering of her children's blood!
Here have we come, not for the lust of conquest,
Not for the booty of the lawless plunderer;
No, friends, we come to tell our proud invaders
That we will use our strength to purchase freedom!

Freedom—prime blessing of this fleeting life!—
Is there a man that hears thy sacred name,
And thrills not to the sound with loftiest hope,
With proud disdain of tyrant whips and chains?
Much-injured friends, your slavish hours are past!
Conquest is ours! not that your German swords
Have keener edges than the Roman falchions;
Not that your shields are stouter, nor your armor
Impervious to the swift and deadly lance;
Not that your ranks are thicker than the Roman;—
No, no; they will outnumber you, my soldiers;—
But that your cause is good! They are poor slaves
Who fight for hire and plunder,—pampered ruffians,
Who have no soul for glory. *We* are Germans;
Who here are bound, by oaths indissoluble,
To keep your glorious birthrights or to die!
This is a field where beardless boys might fight,
And, looking on the angel Liberty,
Might put such mettle in their tender arms
That veteran chiefs would ill ward off their blows.
I say no more, my dear and trusty friends!
Your glorious rallying-cry has music in it,
To rouse the sleepiest spirit from his trance,—
For Freedom and Germania!

SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.—*Byron.*

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the hosts of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom, which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never *we* part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

GUSTAVUS VASA TO THE DALECARLIANS.

Christian II., King of Denmark, having made himself master of Sweden, confined Gustavus at Copenhagen; but he, making his escape, contrived to reach the Dalecarlian mountains, where he worked at the mines like a common slave. Having seized a favorable opportunity, he declared himself to the miners and peasants, whom he incited to join his cause. Fortune befriended him, and in the year 1527 he gained the throne of Sweden.

SWEDES! countrymen! behold at last, after a thousand dangers past, your chief, Gustavus, here. Long have I sighed 'mid foreign bands, long have I roamed in foreign lands;—at length, 'mid Swedish hearts and hands, I grasp a Swedish spear! Yet, looking forth, although I see none but the fearless and the free, sad thoughts the sight inspires; for where, I think, on Swedish ground, save where these mountains frown around, can that best heritage be found—the freedom of our sires?—Yes, Sweden pines beneath the yoke; the galling chain our fathers broke is round our country now! On perjured craft and ruthless guilt his power a tyrant Dane has built, and Sweden's crown, all blood-bespilt, rests on a foreign brow.

On *you* your country turns her eyes—on you, on you, for aid relies, scions of noblest stem! The foremost place in rolls of fame, by right your fearless fathers claim; *yours* is the glory of *their* name—'tis yours to equal *them*.—As rushing down, when winter reigns, resistless to the shaking plains, the torrent tears its way, and all that bars its onward course sweeps to the sea with headlong force,—so swept your sires the Dane and Norse:—can *ye* do less than *they?*

Rise! reassert your ancient pride, and down the hills a living tide of fiery valor pour. Let but the storm of battle lower, back to his den the foe will cower;—then, then shall Freedom's glorious hour strike for our land once more!

What! silent—motionless, ye stand? Gleams not an eye? Moves not a hand? Think ye to fly your fate? Or till some better cause be given, wait ye?—Then wait! till, banished, driven, ye fear to meet the face of Heaven; till ye are slaughtered, wait!

But no! your kindling hearts gainsay the thought. Hark! Hear that bloodhound's bay! Yon blazing village see! Rise, countrymen! Awake! Defy the haughty Dane! Your battle-cry be *Freedom!* We will do or die! On! Death or victory!

HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.—*Shakespeare.*

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height! On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and St. George!

GERMANICUS TO HIS MUTINOUS TROOPS.—*Tacitus.*

A. D. 14, the Roman soldiers on the lower Rhine mutinied on receiving the news of the death of the Emperor Augustus, and the accession of Tiberius. According to Tacitus, the following speech, by Germanicus, the consul, recalled the mutinous troops to their duty, and restored discipline.

TO this audience what name shall I give? Can I call you *soldiers?* Soldiers! you who have beset with arms the son of your emperor—confined him in your trenches? *Citizens*, can I call you? you who have trampled under your feet the authority of the Senate; who have violated the most awful sanctions, even those which hostile states have ever held in respect—the rights of ambassadors and the laws of nations?

Julius Cæsar, by a single word, was able to quell a mutiny; he spoke to the men who resisted his authority: he called them Romans, and they returned to their allegiance. Augustus showed himself to the legions who fought at Actium, and the majesty of his countenance awed them into submission. The distance between myself and these illustrious characters I know is great; and yet, descended from them, with their blood in my veins, I should resent with indignation a parallel outrage from the soldiers of Syria or of Spain; and will you, men of the first and the twentieth legions,—the former enrolled by Tiberius himself, the other his constant companions in so many battles, and by him enriched with so many bounties,—will you thus requite his benefits?

From every other quarter of the empire Tiberius has received none but joyful tidings; and must I wound his ears with the news of your revolt? Must he hear from me, that neither the soldiers raised by himself, nor the veterans who fought under him, are willing to own his authority? Must he be told that neither exemptions from service, nor money lavishly bestowed, can appease the fury of ungrateful men? Must I tell him that here centurions are butchered, tribunes expelled, ambassadors imprisoned; the camp and the rivers polluted with blood; and that a Roman general drags out a precarious existence at the mercy of men implacable and mad?

Wherefore, on the first day that I addressed

you, did you wrest from me that sword which I was on the point of plunging into my heart? Officious friends! Greater was the kindness of that man who proffered me a sword. At all events, I should have fallen ere I had become aware of the enormities committed by my army. You would have chosen a general who, though he might leave my death unatoned for, would yet avenge the massacre of Varus and his three legions. May that revenge be still reserved for the Roman sword! May the gods withhold from the Belgic states, though now they court the opportunity, the credit and renown of retrieving the Roman name, and of humbling the German nations! May *thy* spirit, O, deified Augustus! which is received into heaven,—*thy* image, my father Drusus!—prevail with these soldiers, who, even now, I see, are touched with a noble remorse! May your inspiration dispel the disgrace that sits heavy upon them; and may the rage of civil discord discharge itself on the enemies of Rome!

FAREWELL TO THE ARMY AT FONTAINEBLEAU, 1814.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

SOLDIERS! receive my adieu. During twenty years that we have lived together, I am satisfied with you. I have always found you in the paths of glory. All the powers of Europe have armed against me. Some of my generals have betrayed their trust and France. My country herself has wished another destiny: with you, and the other brave men who have remained true to me, I could have maintained a civil war: but France would have been unhappy.

Be faithful to your new king. Be submissive to your new generals; and do not abandon our dear country. Mourn not my fortunes. I shall be happy while I am sure of your happiness. I might have died; but if I have consented to live, it is still to serve your glory; I shall record now the great deeds which we have done together.

Bring me the eagle standard; let me press it to my heart. Farewell, my children; my hearty wishes go with you. Preserve me in your memories.

THE VETERANS.—*Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman.*

AS you all know, comrades especially, I was but one of those leaders who fought in the war. We are veterans, and our white hairs tell us that, our feelings tell us that, and as we look over the crowds here to-day, we old soldiers realize the fact, without being told, that our days of fighting are past; that our days of rest and peace from the gun are here, and that we should, every one of us, come together on all suitable occasions to press each other's hands and look back and around us; to look back and see if that for which we fought honestly and truly, that for which we left our dead comrades upon the bare pine-fields of the South—whether it remains secure to us and whether we may now sleep in rest and peace.

Every man, be he American, English, French, or German, was as much interested that America should be a free land—to-day free from Main to Texas and from Florida to Oregon—as you who are living here in your homes in New Hampshire. We fought for mankind. We fought for all the earth and for all civilization, and now stand pre-eminent among the nations of the earth, with a glorious past, a magnificent present and future, at which we may all rejoice.

Anybody can fight with a stranger; anybody can shoot an Indian down, and it is not a very hard thing to pull the trigger on a foreigner, but when we come to shoot each other, and when we had to go to fight these Southern friends of ours, and sometimes fight in our own streets, that called for nerve, and the highest kind of nerve; and that is what I want the citizen to bear in mind when he looks at soldiers in this country. They went out, fought and conquered, and when it was done they stopped and went home.

The war has passed and a new generation has grown up, young men capable of doing as much as those who fought. From the simple mechanic

and farmer we can secure as capable men for putting on the blue and buckling on the cartridge-belt and taking a rifle, and if their hearts be in the right place and their heads ordinarily clear, they can go on the field and be as good men as Sheridan, Sherman, and Grant ever were. We have yet 50,000,000 such people in America, and the work is not done yet. I do not think there are any more civil wars before us, but we must be prepared for what God brings us and be true to ourselves, our country, and our God.

WHAT SAVED THE UNION.

(Fourth of July Speech of General Grant at Hamburg.)

I SHARE with you in all the pleasure and gratitude which Americans so far away should feel on this anniversary. But I must dissent from one remark of our consul, to the effect that I saved the country during the recent war. If our country could be saved or ruined by the efforts of any one man, we should not have a country, and we should not now be celebrating our Fourth of July. There are many men who would have done far better than I did, under the circumstances in which I found myself during the war. If I had never held command, if I had fallen, if all our generals had fallen, there were ten thousand behind us who would have done our work just as well, who would have followed the contest to the end, and never surrendered the Union. Therefore, it is a mistake and a reflection upon the People to attribute to me, or to any number of us who hold high commands, the salvation of the Union. We did our work as well as we could, so did hundreds of thousands of others. We demand no credit for it, for we should have been unworthy of our country and of the American name if we had not made every sacrifice to save the Union. What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the nation. They came from their homes and fields, as they did in the time of the Revolution, giving everything to the country. To their devotion we owe the salvation of the Union. The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the results of the war as those who were in command. So long as our young men are animated by this spirit there will be no fear for the Union.

CROMWELL ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES I.—*Adapted from Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

BY what law fell King Charles? By all the laws
He left us! And I, Cromwell, here proclaim it.
Sirs, let us, with a calm and sober eye,
Look on the spectre of this ghastly deed.
Who spills man's blood, his shall by man be shed!
'Tis Heaven's first law; to that law we had come,—
None other left us. Who, then, caused the strife
That crimsoned Naseby's field, and Marston's moor?
It was the Stuart;—so the Stuart fell!
A victim, in the pit himself had digged!
He died not, Sirs, as hated Kings have died,
In secret and in shade,—no eye to trace
The one step from their prison to their pall;
He died i' the eyes of Europe,—in the face
Of the broad heaven; amidst the sons of England,
Whom he had outraged; by a solemn sentence,
Passed by a solemn Court. Does this seem guilt?
You pity Charles! 'tis well; but pity more
The tens of thousand honest humble men,
Who, by the tyranny of Charles compelled
To draw the sword, fell butchered in the field!
Good Lord! when one man dies who wears a Crown,
How the earth trembles,—how the Nations gape,
Amazed and awed!—but when that one man's victims,
Poor worms, unclothed in purple, daily die,
In the grim cell, or on the groaning gibbet,

Or on the civil field, ye pitying souls
Drop not one tear from your indifferent eyes!
He would have stretched his will
O'er the unlimited empire of men's souls,
Fettered the Earth's pure air,—for freedom is
That air, to honest lips,—and here he lies.
In dust most eloquent, to after time
A never-silent oracle for Kings!
Was this the hand that strained within its grasp
So haught a sceptre?—this the shape that wore
Majesty like a garment? Spurn that clay,—
It can resent not; speak of royal crimes,
And it can frown not; schemeless lies the brain
Whose thoughts were sources of such fearful deeds.
What things are we, O Lord, when, at thy will,
A worm like this could shake the mighty world!
A few years since, and in the port was moored
A bark to far Columbia's forests bound;
And I was one of those indignant hearts
Panting for exile in the thirst for freedom.
Then, that pale clay (poor clay, that was a King!)
Forbade my parting, in the wanton pride
Of vain command, and with a fated sceptre
Waved back the shadow of the death to come.
Here stands that baffled and forbidden wanderer,
Loftiest amid the wrecks of ruined empire,
Beside the coffin of a headless King!
He thralled my fate,—I have prepared his doom;—
He made me captive,—lo! his narrow cell!
So hands unseen do fashion forth the earth
Of our frail schemes into our funeral urns;
So, walking dream-led in Life's sleep, our steps
Move blindfold to the scaffold or the Throne!

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will you look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must:—
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

PIERPONT.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS

CONTAINING

CHOICE READINGS, RECITATIONS, DECLAMATIONS AND DIALOGUES

EMBRACING

PATRIOTIC, MARTIAL, RELIGIOUS, TEMPERANCE, DRAMATIC, DESCRIPTIVE, PATHETIC, HUMOROUS AND DIALECTIC SELECTIONS, SUITABLE FOR LYCEUMS, SCHOOLS AND GENERAL OCCASIONS

THE RED KING'S WARNING.

Historians relate that the death of William Rufus, in the New Forest, was preceded by several predictions clearly announcing his fate.

WITH hound and horn the wide New Forest rung,
When William Rufus, at the bright noon-day,
Girt by his glittering train, to saddle sprung,
And to the chase spurred forth his gallant gray.
O'er hill, o'er dale, the hunters held their track;
But that gray courser, fleeter than the wind,
Was foremost still—and as the king looked back,
Save Tyrrell, all were far and far behind.
Slow through a distant pass the train defiled;
Alone the king rode on—when in mid course,
Lo! rushed across his path a figure wild,
And on his bridle-rein with giant force
Seized *——then swift pointing to a blighted oak,
Thus to the astonished king his warning spoke:

"Curb thy race of headlong speed!
Backward, backward, turn thy steed!
Death is on thy onward track,—
Turn, O, turn thy courser back!

"See'st thou, King, yon aged tree,—
Blighted now, alas! like me?
Once it bloomed in strength and pride,
And my cottage stood beside;

"Till on Hastings' fatal field
England's baleful doom was sealed!
Till the Saxon stooped to own
Norman lord on English throne!

"Where the forest holds domain,
Then were fields of golden grain;
Hamlets then and churches stood
Where we see the wide waste wood.

"But the Norman king must here
Have his wood to hunt his deer.
What were we?——He waved his hand,
And we vanished from the land.

"Fiercely burned my rising ire
When I saw our cots on fire!
When ourselves were forced to fly,
Or to beg, or rob, or die!

"Then on William's head abhorred,
Then my deepest curse I poured. ——
Turning to this aged oak,
Thus in madness wild I spoke:

"'Powers of Hell, or Earth, or Air,
Grant an injured Saxon's prayer!——
Ne'er may one of William's race
Pass alive this fatal place!

"'Powers of Hell, or Earth, or Air,
Give a sign ye grant my prayer!
Give! O, give!'——While yet I spoke,
Lightning struck yon witness oak!

* The right hand should be here thrust forward, as in the act of grasping the bridle, while the other hand should be extended, pointing to the supposed object. There should be a suspensive pause at "Seized."

"Shun, O King! thy certain lot!——
Fly with speed the fatal spot!——
Here to death thy uncle passed;——
Here thy nephew breathed his last!

"Yes, my curse has worked too well!
Sorrow seized me when they fell.
Would, O would I might revoke
What in madness wild I spoke!

——"Monarch! to my words give heed,
Backward,—backward turn thy steed!
Danger, death, beset thee round;
Chase not on the fated ground!"

"Away," fierce William cried, "ill-boding seer!
Think'st thou to strike thy sovereign's heart with fear?—
Think'st thou with idle threats to bar my way?—
—I scorn thy warning!—On my gallant gray!"
He plunged his spurs deep in his courser's side,
When from the blighted oak as he advanced,
Right to the monarch's heart an arrow glanced:
The blood gushed forth,—he FELL! he GROANED!
he DIED! ANON. (*altered*).

CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

The body of Henry II. lay in state in the abbey-church of Fontevrault, where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely death.

TORCHES were blazing clear,
Hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier
In the church of Fontevrault,
Banners of battle o'er him hung,
And warriors slept beneath,
And light as noon's broad light was flung
On the settled face of death,—

On the settled face of death
A strong and ruddy glare;
Though dimmed at times by the censer's breath,
Yet it fell still brightest there;
As if each deeply furrowed trace
Of earthly years to show.
Alas! that sceptred mortal's race
Had surely closed in woe!

The marble floor was swept
By many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept,
Sang mass for the parted soul;
And solemn were the strains they poured
Through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,
As of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
With a sounding thrill of dread;
And the holy chant was hushed awhile,
As by the torch's flame,
A gleam of arms up the sweeping aisle
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
An eagle glance and clear;
But his proud heart through its breast-plate shook
When he stood beside the bier!
He stood there still with a drooping brow,
And clasped hands o'er it raised;
For his father lay before him low,
It was Cœur de Lion gazed!

And silently he strove
With the workings of his breast;
But there's more in late repentant love
Than steel may keep suppressed!
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain,
Men held their breath in awe,
For his face was seen by his warrior-train,
And he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead,
And sorrow seemed to lie,—
A weight of sorrow, even like lead,
Pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stooped and kissed the frozen cheek,
And the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—
Gave his soul's passion way.

"O father! is it vain,
This late remorse and deep?
Speak to me, father, once again!
I weep,—behold, I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire.
Were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire,
To hear thee bless thy son.

"Speak to me! mighty grief
Ere now the dust hath stirred!
Hear me, but hear me!—father, chief,
My king, I *must* be heard!
Hushed, hushed,—how is it that I call,
And that thou answerest not?
When was it thus, woe, woe for all
The love my soul forgot!

"Thy silver hairs I see,
So still, so sadly bright!
And father, father! but for me,
They had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart, at last!
No longer couldst thou strive;—
Oh, for one moment of the past,
To kneel and say,—'Forgive!'

"Thou wert the noblest king
On royal throne e'er seen;
And thou didst wear in knightly ring,
Of all, the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved,
In war, the bravest heart.
Oh, ever the renowned and loved
Thou wert,—and *there* thou art!

"Thou that my boyhood's guide
Didst take fond joy to be!
The times I've sported at thy side,
And climbed thy parent knee!
And there before the blessed shrine,
My sire, I see thee lie;
How will that sad still face of thine
Look on me till I die!"

FELICIA HEMANS.

CATO OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HIS SON.

The opening line of the following should be uttered with emotion, and with eyes and hands elevated. At the second line the speaker may take a step forward, as if to meet the body. He is to imagine friends around him, and, in places, to address them. The beautiful climax, beginning "The mistress of the world," etc., should be spoken with animation; the voice rising at each successive step of the climax. In the sixth line from the end of the extract, at the words "brave youth," the speaker may point to where the dead body is supposed to lie.

THANKS to the Gods! my boy has done his duty.
Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight; that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
——How beautiful is Death when earned by Virtue!
Who would not be *that youth!* what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
——Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood
Secure and flourished in a civil war.
——Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.
Alas, my friends!
Why mourn you thus? Let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free,—Rome is no more!
O, liberty! O virtue! O, my country!
Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued,
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's!
For him the self-devoted Decii died,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquered:
Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. O, my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fallen! O, cursed ambition!
Fallen into Cæsar's hands! our great forefathers
Had left him naught to conquer but his country.

Lose not a thought on me,—I'm out of danger:
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say, "I *conquered* Cato!"
——But, O! my friends, *your* safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul: how shall I save my *friends?*
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee!
Farewell, my friends! If there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ships prepared by my command
(Their sails already opening to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wished for port.
——Is there aught else, my friends, I can do *for* you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more, farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar *never* shall approach us more.
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquered. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Though still by Faction, Vice, and Fortune crost,
Shall find the generous labor—was not lost.

ADDISON.

CÆSAR'S MESSAGE TO CATO.

(Dialogue between Decius and Cato.)

Decius. Cæsar sends health to Cato.

Cato. Could he send it
To Cato's slaughtered friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the Senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato, Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato? Bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who checked his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend.
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honors:
Do but comply and make your peace with Cæsar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more;
I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman Senate;
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

Cato. Nay, more,—though Cato's voice was ne'er employed
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the Rostrum in his favor,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar, he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little Senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that who drives us hither;
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's Senate little,

And thinned [illegible] anks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and—crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes;
But, as I love my country, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares and proffered friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends;
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By sheltering men much better than himself.

ADDISON.

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE

To the Roman Senate on the following decree being read by the Consul: "Lucius Sergius Catiline, by the decree of the Senate, you are declared an enemy and an alien to the State, and banished from the territory of the Commonwealth."

BANISHED from Rome!—what's banished but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!"*—Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished?—I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
But *now* my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you:—here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your Consul's merciful. For this all thanks.
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline.
"Traitor!" I go—but I *return*. This—trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrows!—This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions.—Look to your hearths, my lords,
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tar'tarus!—all shames and crimes;—
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

*Here he quotes the words of Cicero against him.

THE FOUR KISSES.

(By permission of the Author.)

A BABY on a woman's breast,
Has fallen asleep in peaceful rest;
With tender care she lays it down,
Draws o'er its feet the tiny gown;
Then, thrilled with love, with holy bliss.
Bends low and gives
A mother's kiss.

With blushing cheeks, with downcast eyes
A maiden struggles, softly sighs,
Then yields. And from her fancy's flow
Drinks deep the joy that angels know;
Thus two hearts learn the rapturous bliss
That comes to all, with
Love's first kiss.

A troop halts at a cottage door,
A young wife craves one moment more;
Her husband draws her to his side,
"Thou art," says he, "a soldier's bride;
O love, I can but give thee this—
And this—and this—
My farewell kiss."

The lamps shed forth a tender light
Upon a sweet face, cold and white;
The flowers lie strewn, the dirge is sung,
The rite is o'er, the bell has rung:
God help them, by that dread abyss,
Who sobbing press
The last sad kiss.

GEO. M. VICKERS.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

(Pathetic. An incident of the Crimean War.)

"CAPTAIN GRAHAM, the men were sayin'
Ye would want a drummer lad,
So I've brought my boy Sandie
Tho' my heart is woful sad:
But nae bread is left to feed us,
And no siller to buy more,
For the gudeman sleeps forever,
Where the heather blossoms o'er.

"Sandie, make your manners quickly,
Play your blithest measure true—
Give us 'Flowers of Edinboro','
While yon fifer plays it too.
Captain, heard ye e'er a player
Strike in truer time than he?"
"Nay, in truth, brave Sandie Murray
Drummer of our corps shall be."

"I give ye thanks—but, Captain, maybe
Ye will hae a kindly care
For the friendless, lonely laddie,
When the battle wark is sair;
For Sandie's aye been good and gentle,
And I've nothing else to love,
Nothing—but the grave off yonder.
And the Father up above."

Then her rough hand gently laying
On the curl-encircled head,
She blest her boy. The tent was silent,
And not another word was said;
For Captain Graham was sadly dreaming
Of a benison long ago,
Breathed above his head, then golden,
Bending now, and touched with snow.

"Good-bye, Sandie." "Good-bye, mother;
I'll come back some summer day;
Don't you fear—they don't shoot drummers
Ever. Do they, Captain Gra—?
One more kiss—watch for me, mother,
You will know 'tis surely me,
Coming home—for you will hear me
Playing soft the reveille."

After battle. Moonbeams ghastly
Seemed to link in strange affright,
As the scudding clouds before them
Shadowed faces dead and white;
And the night wind softly whispered,
When low moans its light wing bore—
Moans that ferried spirits over
Death's dark wave to yonder shore.

Wandering where a footstep careless
Might go splashing down in blood,
Or a helpless hand lie grasping
Death and daisies from the sod—
Captain Graham walked swift onward,
While a faintly-beaten drum
Quickened heart and step together:
"Sandie Murray! See, I come!

"Is it thus I find you, laddie?
Wounded, lonely, lying here,
Playing thus the reveille?
See—the morning is not near."
A moment paused the drummer boy,
And lifted up his drooping head:
"Oh, Captain Graham, the light is coming,
'Tis morning, and my prayers are said.

"Morning! See, the plains grow brighter—
Morning—and I'm going home;
That is why I play the measure,
Mother will not see me come;
But you'll tell her, won't you, Captain—"
Hush, the boy has spoken true;
To him the day has dawned forever,
Unbroken by the night's tattoo.

TO A SKELETON.

The MSS. of this poem was found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton, and sent by the curator to the *Morning Chronicle* for publication. It excited so much attention that every effort was made to discover the author, and a responsible party went so far as to offer fifty guineas for information that would discover its origin. The author preserved his incognito, and, we believe, has never been discovered.

BEHOLD this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void;
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,—
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth and fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

BETTY AND THE BEAR.

(Humorous.)

IN a pioneer's cabin out West, so they say,
A great big black grizzly trotted one day,
And seated himself on the hearth, and began,
To lap the contents of a two-gallon pan
Of milk and potatoes,—an excellent meal,—
And then looked about to see what he could steal.
The lord of the mansion awoke from his sleep,
And, hearing a racket, he ventured to peep
Just out in the kitchen, to see what was there,
And was scared to behold a great grizzly bear.

So he screamed in alarm to his slumbering *frow*,
"Thar's a bar in the kitching as big's a cow!"
"A what?" "Why a bar!" "Well, murder him, then!"
"Yes, Betty, I will, if you'll first venture in."
So Betty leaped up, and the poker she seized,
While her man shut the door, and against it he squeezed.

As Betty then laid on the grizzly her blows,
Now on his forehead, and now on his nose,
Her man through the key-hole kept shouting within,
"Well done, my brave Betty, now hit him agin,
Now a rap on the ribs, now a knock on the snout,
Now poke with the poker, and poke his eyes out."
So, with rapping and poking, poor Betty *alone*,
At last laid Sir Bruin as dead as a stone.

Now when the old man saw the bear was no more,
He ventured to poke his nose out of the door,
And there was the grizzly, stretched on the floor.
Then off to the neighbors he hastened, to tell
All the wonderful things that that morning befell;
And he published the marvellous story afar,
How "*me* and my Betty jist slaughtered a bar!
O yes, come and see, all the neighbors hev sid it,
Come see what we did, ME and Betty, we did it."

FAREWELL.

(By permission of Geo. M. Vickers, the Author.)

(Let the first stanza of the song be sung by a quartette. The music then ceases, while two stanzas of the poem, "Farewell" is recited. As the speaker closes the second stanza, the quartette immediately sings the second stanza; and, as they sing the words "ever bind me," the speaker resumes his recitation, and speaks the last two stanzas, during which some soft accompaniment may be played on the instrument.)

WITH white sails set the vessels glide
Fast onward o'er the drifting tide.
'Tis now while near and yet in view
That still is heard the fond adieu;
'Tis now that lips and gestures tell
The heart's good-by, the sad farewell!

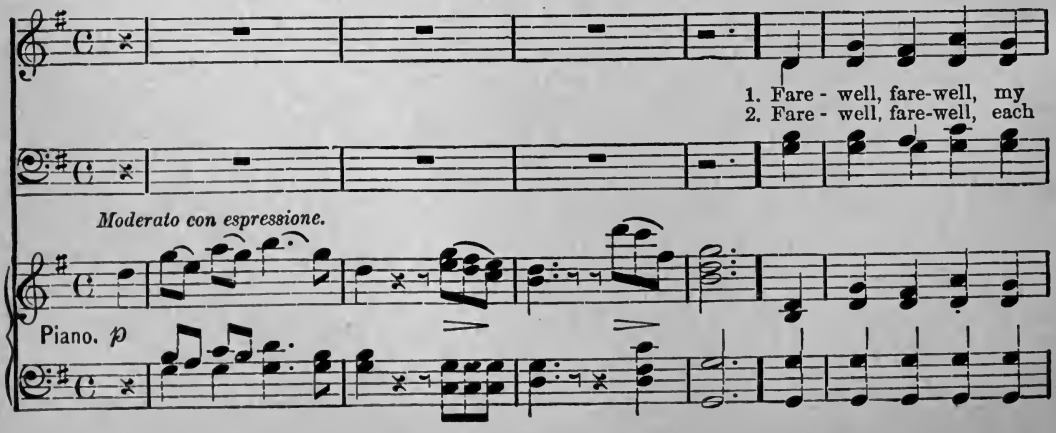
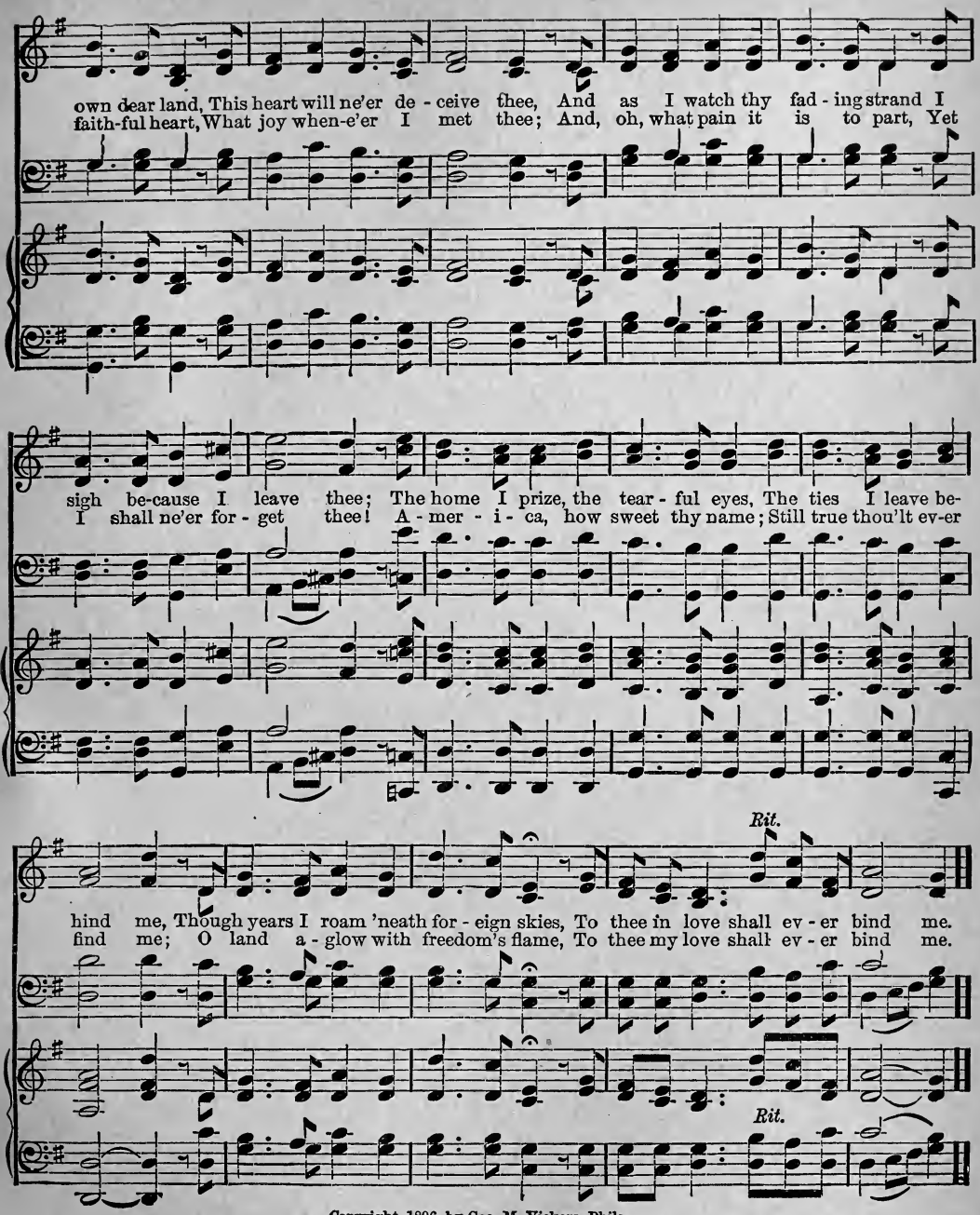
To-night, when sails to sight are lost
And gloomy darkness veils the coast;
To-night, when children fast asleep
Forget who sails the lonely deep,
To one will sound, like funeral knell,
Her husband's dreaded word, farewell.

The helmsman as he grasps the wheel
The sea spray on his cheek can feel,
And to his mind each drop appears
The moisture of his loved ones' tears;
And in a song he tries to quell
The sadness of their sweet farewell.

Each day the word farewell is said,
The silent, parting tear is shed;
And so each day warm hearts unite,
Some home is reached, some eye made bright;
What glooms the word is, none can tell
Which time 'twill be a last farewell.

THE AMERICAN'S FAREWELL.

G. M. V. QUARTETTE. GEO. M. VICKERS.

This beautiful quartette is the first American farewell song ever written, and furnishes something that has long been wanted by tourists and others departing from our shores. In the event of a war with a foreign country, it would have a peculiar significance to our soldiers and sailors. The author, Geo. M. Vickers, has composed many patriotic songs, among them being "Guard the Flag," "Columbia, My Country," the new music for "America," etc.

own dear land, This heart will ne'er de - ceive thee, And as I watch thy fad - ing strand I
faith-ful heart, What joy when-e'er I met thee; And, oh, what pain it is to part, Yet
sigh be-cause I leave thee; The home I prize, the tear - ful eyes, The ties I leave be-
I shall ne'er for - get thee! A - mer - i - ca, how sweet thy name; Still true thou'lt ev-er
Rit.
hind me, Though years I roam 'neath for - eign skies, To thee in love shall ev - er bind me.
find me; O land a - glow with freedom's flame, To thee my love shall ev - er bind me.
Rit.

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THE SOLDIER'S PARDON.

(Suited to Soldier's reunion.)

WILD blew the gale in Gibraltar one night,
As a soldier lay stretched in his cell;
And anon, 'mid the darkness, the moon's silver light
On his countenance dreamily fell.
Naught could she reveal, but a man true as steel,
That oft for his country had bled;
And the glance of his eye might the grim king defy,
For despair, fear, and trembling had fled.

But in rage he had struck a well-merited blow
At a tyrant who held him in scorn;
And his fate soon was sealed, for alas! honest Joe
Was to die on the following morn.
Oh! sad was the thought to a man that had fought
'Mid the ranks of the gallant and brave,—
To be shot through the breast at a coward's behest,
And laid low in a criminal's grave!

The night call had sounded, when Joe was aroused
By a step at the door of his cell;
'Twas a comrade with whom he had often caroused,
That now entered to bid him farewell.
"Ah, Tom! is it you come to bid me adieu?
'Tis kind, my lad! give me your hand!
Nay—nay—don't get wild, man, and make me a child!—
I'll be soon in a happier land!"

With hands clasped in silence, Tom mournfully said,
"Have you any request, Joe, to make?—
Remember by me 'twill be fully obeyed:
Can I anything do for your sake?"
"When it's over, to-morrow!" he said, filled with sorrow,
"Send this token to her whom I've sworn
All my fond love to share!"—'twas a lock of his hair,
And a prayer-book, all faded and worn.

"Here's this watch for my mother; and when you write home,"—
And he dashed a bright tear from his eye—
"Say I died with my heart in old Devonshire, Tom,
Like a man, and a soldier!—Good bye!"
Then the sergeant on guard at the grating appeared,
And poor Tom had to leave the cold cell,
By the moon's waning light, with a husky "Good night!
God be with you, dear comrade!—farewell!"

Gray dawned the morn in a dull cloudy sky,
When the blast of a bugle resounded;
And Joe ever fearless, went forward to die,
By the hearts of true heroes surrounded.
"Shoulder arms" was the cry as the prisoner passed by:
"To the right about—march!" was the word;
And their pale faces proved how their comrade was loved,
And by all his brave fellows adored.

Right onward they marched to the dread field of doom:
Sternly silent, they covered the ground;
Then they formed into line amid sadness and gloom,
While the prisoner looked calmly around.
Then soft on the air rose the accents of prayer,
And faint tolled the solemn death-knell,
As he stood on the sand, and with uplifted hand,
Waved the long and the lasting farewell.

"Make ready!" exclaimed an imperious voice:
——"Present!"——struck a chill on each mind;
Ere the last word was spoke, Joe had cause to rejoice,
For "Hold!—hold!" cried a voice from behind.

Then wild was the joy of them all, man and boy,
As a horseman cried, "Mercy!—Forbear!"
With a thrilling "Hurrah!—a free pardon!—huzzah!"
And the muskets rang loud in the air.

Soon the comrades were locked in each other's embrace:
No more stood the brave soldiers dumb:
With a loud cheer they wheeled to the right-about-face,
Then away at the sound of the drum!——
And a brighter day dawned in sweet Devon's fair land,
Where the lovers met never to part;
And he gave her a token—true, warm, and unbroken—
The gift of his own gallant heart!

JAMES SMITH.

THE LAST STATION.

(Pathetic reading.)

HE had been sick at one of the hotels for three or four weeks, and the boys on the road dropped in daily to see how he got along, and to learn if they could render him any kindness. The brakeman was a good fellow, and one and all encouraged him in the hope that he would pull through. The doctor didn't regard the case as dangerous; but the other day the patient began sinking, and it was seen that he could not live the night out. A dozen of his friends sat in the room when night came, but his mind wandered, and he did not recognize them.

It was near one of the depots, and after the great trucks and noisy drays had ceased rolling by, the bells and short, sharp whistles of the yard-engines sounded painfully loud. The patient had been very quiet for half an hour, when he suddenly unclosed his eyes and shouted:

"Kal-a-ma-zoo!"

One of the men brushed the hair back from the cold forehead, and the brakeman closed his eyes, and was quiet for a time. Then the wind whirled around the depot and banged the blinds on the window of his room, and he lifted his hand, and cried out:

"Jack-son! Passengers going north by the Saginaw Road change cars!"

The men understood. The brakeman thought he was coming east on the Michigan Central. The effort seemed to have greatly exhausted him, for he lay like one dead for the next five minutes, and a watcher felt for his pulse to see if life had not gone out. A tug going down the river sounded her whistle loud and long, and the dying brakeman opened his eyes and called out:

"Ann Arbor!"

He had been over the road a thousand times, but had made his last trip. Death was drawing a spectral train over the old track, and he was brakeman, engineer and conductor.

One of the yard-engines uttered a shrill whistle of warning, as if the glare of the head-light had shown to the engineer some stranger in peril, and the brakeman called out:

"Yp-silanti! Change cars here for the Eel River Road!"

"He is coming in fast," whispered one of the men.

"And the end of his 'run' will be the end of his life," said a second.

The dampness of death began to collect on the patient's forehead, and there was that ghastly look on the face that death always brings. The slamming of a door down the hall startled him again, and he moved his head, and faintly said:

"Grand Trunk Junction! Passengers going east by the Grand Trunk change cars!"

He was so quiet after that that all the men gathered around the bed, believing that he was dead. His eyes closed, and the brakeman lifted his hand, moved his head, and whispered:

"De—"

Not "Detroit," but Death! He died with the half-uttered whisper on his lips. And the headlight on death's engine shone full in his face, and covered it with such pallor as naught but death can bring.

DEAD MAN'S GULCH

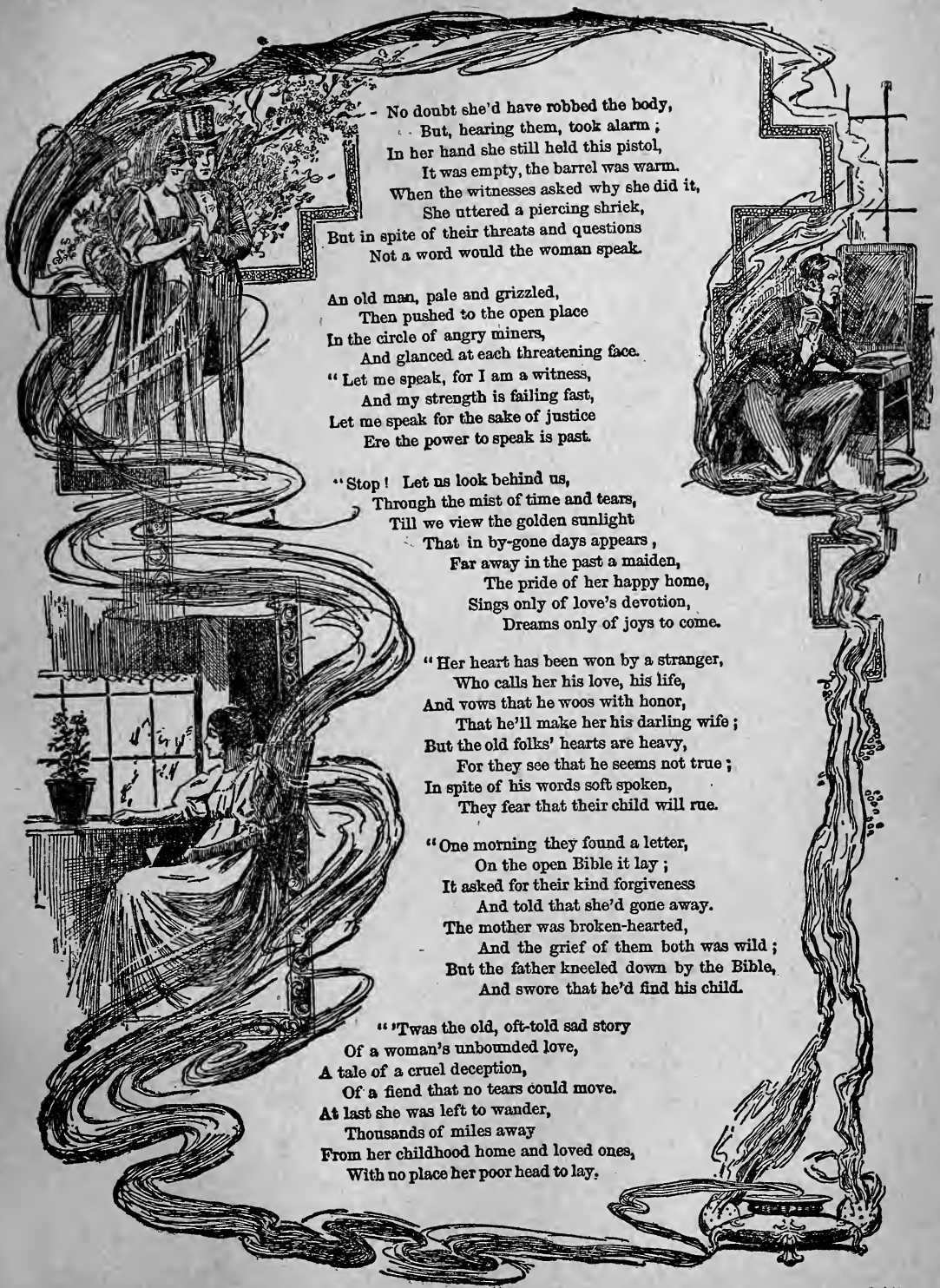
GEORGE M. VICKERS

IT happened 'way back in the fifties
When the country was crazy on gold,
When the gulches and hills near 'Frisco
Were yielding their wealth untold;
It happened when men and women,
Of every manner and kind,
Came seeking the yellow nuggets
That the thrifty diggers mined.

The camp was of rambling shanties,
With a single narrow street,
And a tall tree shaded the tavern
And the crowd from the noon-day heat;
In a circle the miners were seated,
A jury of fifty or more,
And the prisoner sat in a wagon
In front of the bar-room door.

She was one of those wretched creatures
Whose lives are made up of sin,
Whose crimes are all seen on the surface,
But none of the good within.
Tom Scott was the judge and spokesman,
And he briefly lined out his case
That the woman was guilty of murder,
Cowardly, cruel and base.

A man had been found in a thicket
With a bullet-hole through his head;
Still the blood from the wound was flowing
But the spark of his life had fled:
While the party that found him wondered
Who fired the fatal shot,
This woman was silently stealing
Away from the dreadful spot.



No doubt she'd have robbed the body,
But, hearing them, took alarm;
In her hand she still held this pistol,
It was empty, the barrel was warm.
When the witnesses asked why she did it,
She uttered a piercing shriek,
But in spite of their threats and questions
Not a word would the woman speak.

An old man, pale and grizzled,
Then pushed to the open place
In the circle of angry miners,
And glanced at each threatening face.
"Let me speak, for I am a witness,
And my strength is failing fast,
Let me speak for the sake of justice
Ere the power to speak is past.

"Stop! Let us look behind us,
Through the mist of time and tears,
Till we view the golden sunlight
That in by-gone days appears,
Far away in the past a maiden,
The pride of her happy home,
Sings only of love's devotion,
Dreams only of joys to come.

"Her heart has been won by a stranger,
Who calls her his love, his life,
And vows that he woos with honor,
That he'll make her his darling wife;
But the old folks' hearts are heavy,
For they see that he seems not true;
In spite of his words soft spoken,
They fear that their child will rue.

"One morning they found a letter,
On the open Bible it lay;
It asked for their kind forgiveness
And told that she'd gone away.
The mother was broken-hearted,
And the grief of them both was wild;
But the father kneeled down by the Bible,
And swore that he'd find his child.

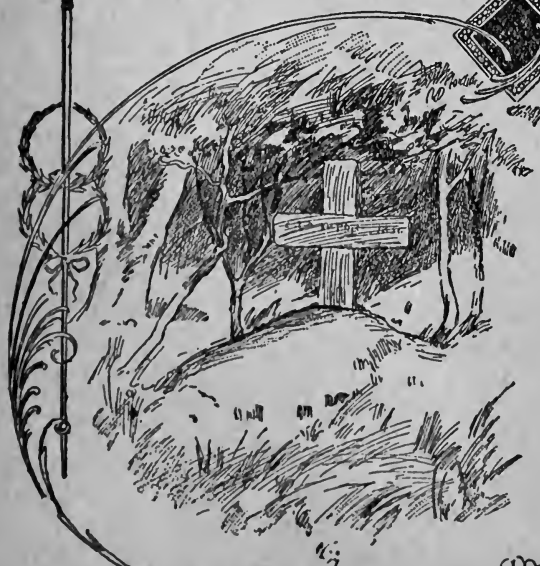
"'Twas the old, oft-told sad story
Of a woman's unbounded love,
A tale of a cruel deception,
Of a fiend that no tears could move.
At last she was left to wander,
Thousands of miles away
From her childhood home and loved ones,
With no place her poor head to lay.

"But her father for years had sought her,
Wondering where she could be,
Till he suddenly came upon her
'Mid those rocks that you all can see:
In the road through the thicket below them,
He found her in deadly strife,
Trying to flee from the villain
Who promised to make her his wife.

"The father in terror shouted,
Then the fiend, in his rage and fear,
Leveled his pistol and fired,
And the bullet—it struck me here."
Then the old man bared his bosom
And a ghastly wound revealed;
His voice was becoming weaker,
Like a drunken man he reeled.

Two miners then sprang beside him
And seated him on the ground,
Then the jury and those about them
Leaned forward to catch each sound.
"*I* am that poor girl's father,"
The old man whispered in pain,
"And to save her I shot that monster,
Or my child he would quick have slain.

"When he fell she grasped his pistol,
And speeded for help away;
'Twas then that these miners saw her
Where the dead man's body lay.
I was there, but too weak to utter
A word or a feeble cry,
But their hands could with ease have touched me
As they silently passed me by."



Tom Scott then addressed the jury,
He told them the case was clear,
And he turned to the weeping woman
To conceal an uprising tear;
In his face there was just enough shadow
To soften his bright blue eye,
In his voice there was just enough sadness
To hint at a pain gone by.

"Is she guilty?" he asked the jury,
In tones that were soft and low,
But the answer came swift as lightning
In a thundering, mighty "No!"

The village is gone, and the actors—
God knows if one living there be;
And in Dead Man's Gulch, so gloomy,
But one lonely grave you'll see.

LADY CLARE.

IT was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe,
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lovers long betrothed were they;
They two will wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice, the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh, God be thank'd," said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair,
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are you out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth; you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
Oh mother," she said; "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all you can."
She said, "Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay, now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"Oh, mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower;
"Oh, Lady Clare you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village-maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village-maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a-beggar-born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed,
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail;
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn;
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood;
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PUTTING UP O' THE STOVE;

Or, The Rime of the Economical Householder.

(Humorous.)

THE melancholy days have come that no householder loves,
Days of taking down of blinds and putting up of stoves;
The lengths of pipe forgotten lie in the shadow of the shed,
Dinged out of symmetry they be and all with rust are red;
The husband gropes amid the mass that he placed there anon,
And swears to find an elbow-joint and eke a leg are gone.

So fared it with good Mister Brown, when his spouse remarked: "Behold!
Unless you wish us all to go and catch our deaths of cold,
Swift be yon stove and pipes from out their storing place conveyed,
And to black-lead and set them up, lo! I will lend my aid."

This, Mr. Brown, he trembling heard, I trow his heart was sore,
For he was married many years, and had been there before,
And timidly he said, "My love, perchance, the better plan
'Twere to hie to the tinsmith's shop and bid him send a man?"

His spouse replied indignantly: "So you would have me then
To waste our substance upon riotous tinsmith's journeymen?
'A penny saved is twopence earned,' rash prodigal of pelf,
Go! false one, go! and I will black and set it up myself."

When thus she spoke the husband knew that she had sealed his doom;
"Fill high the bowl with Samian lead and gim ne down that broom,"
He cried; then to the outhouse marched. Apart the doors he hove
And closed in deadly conflict with his enemy, the stove.

Round 1.

They faced each other; Brown, to get an opening sparred
Adroitly. His antagonist was cautious—on its guard.
Brown led off with his left to where a length of stove-pipe stood,
Aud nearly cut his fingers off. (*The stove allowed first blood.*)

Round 2.

Brown came up swearing, in Græco-Roman style
Closed with the stove, and tugged and strove at it a weary while;
At last the leg he held gave way; flat on his back fell Brown,
And the stove fell on top of him and claimed the *First Knock-down.*

* * * The fight is done and Brown has won; his hands are rasped and sore,
And perspiration and black lead stream from his every pore;
Sternly triumphant, as he gives his prisoner a shove,
He cries, "Where, my good angel, shall I *put* this blessed stove?"

And calmly Mrs. Brown to him she indicates the spot,
And bids him keep his temper, and remarks that he looks hot,
And now comes in the sweat o' the day; the Brown holds in his gripe
And strives to fit a six-inch joint into a five-inch pipe;
He hammers, dinges, bends, and shakes, while his wife scornfully
Tells him how *she* would manage if only she were he.

At last the joints are joined, they rear a pyramid in air,
A tub upon the table, and upon the tub a chair,
And on chair and supporters are the stovepipe and the Brown,
Like the lion and the unicorn, a-fighting for the crown;
While Mistress Brown, she cheerily says to him, "I expec'
'Twould be just like your clumsiness to fall and break your neck.'

Scarce were the piteous accents said before she was aware
Of what might be called "a miscellaneous music in the air."
And in wild crash and confusion upon the floor rained down
Chairs, tables, tubs, and stovepipes, anathemas, and—Brown.

There was a moment's silence—Brown had fallen on the cat;
She was too thick for a book-mark, but too thin for a mat,
And he was all wounds and bruises, from his head to his foot,
And seven breadths of Brussels were ruined with the soot.

"O wedded love, how beautiful, how sweet a thing thou art!"
Up from her chair did Mistress Brown, as she saw him falling, start,
And shrieked aloud as a sickening fear did her inmost heartstrings gripe,
"Josiah Winterbotham Brown, have you gone and smashed that pipe?"

Then fiercely starts that Mister Brown, as one that had been wode,
And big his bosom swelled with wrath, and red his visage glowed;
Wild rolled his eye as he made reply (and his voice was sharp and shrill),
"I have not, madam, but, by—by—by the nine gods, I will!"

He swung the pipe above his head; he dashed it on the floor,
And that stovepipe, as a stovepipe, it did exist no more;
Then he strode up to his shrinking wife, and his face was stern and wan,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he hissed:
"*Send for that tinsmith's man!*"

DE YALLER CHINEE.

(Philosophically discussed by a colored man.)

HE kin pick up a libbin' wharebber he goes
By wukin' de railroad an' washin' ole clo'es;
He kin lib 'bout as cheap as a leatherwing bat,
For he watches de rat market keen as a cat;
An' his boa'd an' his rations is pretty nigh free,
For a mighty smart hoss is de yaller Chinee.

Den, he's not gwine to keer, whar you put him to stay,
An' his eatin' don't cost but a nickel a day;
An' he won't gib a straw fur de finest hotel,
When a slab-sided shanty will suit him as well;
An' empty ole box, or a holler gum tree,
I's a big boa'din'-house for de yaller Chinee.

An', he eats little mice, when de black-berries fail,
Till de ha'r on his head gits de shape ob a tail;
An' I know by his clo'es an' his snuff-cullud face,
Dat he comes fum a scrubby an' ONE-GALLUS race;

And I's trabbled a heap, but I nebber did see
Sich a curisome chap as de yaller Chinee.

Dis country was made for de whites an' de blacks,
For dey hoes all de corn an' pays all de tax;
You may think what you choose, but de 'sertion is true,
Dat de orf-cullud furriner nebber will do;
For dar's heap o' tough people fum ober de sea,
But de disgustinest sort is de yaller Chinee.

When de bumble-bee crawls in de dirtdobber's hole,
To warm up his fingers, an' git out ob de cole,
Dar's gwine to be fuss in de family, sho'!
An' one ob de critters must pack up an' go;
An' de chinerman's gwine to diskiver right soon
Dat de rabbit can't lib in a stump wid de coon.

When de pecker-wood camps on de morkin-bird's nes',
You kin tell pretty quick which kin tussle de bes';
Dar's a mighty good chance ob a skirmish ahead
When de speckled dog loafs 'round de Tommy-cat's bed;
An' dar's gwine to be racket wuf waitin' to see
When de wukin'-man butts 'gin de yaller Chinee.

FIVE CHAPTERS OF REAL LIFE.

(Humorous reading.)

Chapter I.

(*Mr. and Mrs. Scadds, alone.*)

MR. SCADDS. How often is that upstart of a Mr. Hunker coming here to see our Mildred?

Mrs. Scadds. I'm sure he's a very nice young—

Mr. Scadds. Nice nothing! Besides, he's as poor as Job's turkey, and Mildred is too young to have steady company. How often does he come? I say six times a week and twice on Sunday.

Mrs. Scadds. George, dear, remember that Mildred is older now than I was when we married; and Mr. Hunker could not possibly have less money than we had, love.

Mr. Scadds. That has nothing to do with it—not a thing. I'll put a stop to this sort of thing, so I will. I'll get a bull-dog, and turn him loose in the front yard every night. Not a soul shall approach the house after dark. I'll see what effect that'll have on him.

Chapter II.

(*Miss Scadds and Mr. Hunker, alone.*)

Miss Scadds. Before you go, Mr. Hunker, I think I ought to tell you of something papa intends to do.

Mr. Hunker. What is it, Miss Scadds?

Miss Scadds. He's is going to buy a bull-dog!

Mr. Hunker. I didn't know your papa was a dog fancier.

Miss Scadds. He isn't; he detests dogs.

Mr. Hunker. Then why does he intend to make such a purchase?

Miss Scadds. He's going to get a fierce bull-dog, so mamma tells me—and turn the ferocious beast loose in the front yard every night.

Mr. Hunker. Afraid of burglars, is he?

Miss Scadds. N-n-no. The fact is, it is to keep you away. There. I thought I'd better tell you, Harry—er—Mr. Hunker, I mean.

Mr. Hunker. My little girl—er, I mean Miss Scadds—you were afraid I would he torn to pieces by its cruel fangs, were you? I'm very glad you told me about it; I'll be on my guard. (*Looking at his watch.*) How late is it? Time flies so rapidly in your company. Good-night, Mil—er—Miss Scadds.

Chapter III.

(*Mr. Scadds, at the dog dealer's.*)

Mr. Scadds (*to dog dealer*). I want the biggest, most ferocious bull-dog you have in the house, sir.

Cridge (*dog dealer*). Something game, eh?

Mr. Scadds. Yes; the gamiest kind of game!

Cridge. Want to indulge in some sport, sir?

Mr. Scadds. Sport?

Cridge. Yes, sir; a dog that'll fight any dog in the country, sir. Chew him right up, sir?

Mr. Scadds. Oh! no! I want a dog to turn loose in front of the house every night. A dog

that won't let any person except a member of the family approach.

Cridge. Oh! yes, sir. You want a watch-dog, eh?

Mr. Scadds. That's it; and I want a dog that knows his business, too, and won't be bamboozled by tramps and—and by any one else.

Cridge. Well, sir; I've a dog that will do just what you want. He was brought in only this morning by a gentleman who would not sell him except for the reason that he doesn't need him any more. He's watchful, and you can trust him, sir.

Mr. Scadds. Let me see him.

Cridge. Here he is, sir.

Mr. Scadds. What a savage-looking beast! Why, I'm afraid of him, myself!

Cridge. He's very intelligent, sir; and he'll learn to know you and the rest of the family in a day. Then, sir, you'll have a dog to be proud of, and one you can trust.

Mr. Scadds. What is his price?

Cridge. Two hundred dollars, sir.

Mr. Scadds. Well, bring him over to the house about six o'clock, and introduce him to his new friends.

CHAPTER IV.

(*Mr. and Mrs. Scadds, a month later.*)

Mr. Scadds. Well, my dear, I suppose that bull-dog of ours keeps young Hunker away pretty effectually, doesn't he?

Mrs. Scadds. I'm afraid not, George, dear.

Mr. Scadds. What's that?

Mrs. Scadds. The fact is, the dog and Mr. Hunker are great friends, which I think shows that Mr. Hunker is a man we ought to encourage, for you know that dogs are good judges of human—

Mr. Scadds. Good judges of fiddlesticks!

(*Takes up his hat and leaves the house in a hurry.*)

CHAPTER V.

(*Mr. Scadds' second visit to Mr. Cridge.*)

Mr. Scadds. Look here, Cridge, who was the gentleman who sold that bull-dog to you that I bought a month ago and paid you two hundred dollars for?

Cridge. Young Mr. Hunker, sir. Why?

Mr. Scadds (*in a towering rage*). !*!***—!!!!!

THE OBLIGING DRUGGIST.

"I HAVE determined to die," he said, as he entered the drug-store, and brought his fist down on the counter with force enough to make the candy bottles dance. "I have resolved to make away with myself. Apothecary, mix me a powerful potion, which will finish my earthly career. Give me something against which antidotes are of no avail, and which the stomach-pump is powerless to withdraw. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied the druggist, as he took down a bottle containing some whitish powder. "This is the strongest poison known. I'll give you ten grains of it, which will be quite enough for your purpose."

The druggist proceeded to weigh the powder and wrap it up, saying as he did so:

"I would advise you to take this powder to your room, first being careful to make your will, and do such other matters as you deem necessary, for after you have swallowed the potion you will not be able to do anything before it begins to take effect. Immediately on swallowing it, first dissolving the contents of the paper in a spoonful of water, you will feel a sort of cold chill run up your spine. Then your arms will begin to shake, and your knees will knock together. Presently you will be unable to stand, and you will sink into a chair. Your eyes will then pain you. Sharp twinges will run through the eyeballs, and in about half a minute total blindness will follow. Presently gripes will seize the stomach, and you will bend forward in agony. Racking headaches will be added to your other sensations, followed by intense pains in the ears, like ordinary ear-ache intensified a thousand times. Twinges like those of the gout seize the extremities, the chills of the spinal cord become unbearable, the tongue protrudes, and the patient falls from the chair on

his face, and unconsciousness follows, which last a few minutes, until death supervenes. Twenty-five cents, please."

The package was ready, but the customer did not take it.

MR. PICKWICK IN THE WRONG ROOM.

"DEAR me, it's time to go to bed. It will never do, sitting here. I shall be pale to-morrow, Mr. Pickwick!"

At the bare notion of such a calamity, Mr. Peter Magnus rang the bell for the chambermaid; and the striped bag, the red bag, the leather hat-box and the brown-paper parcel having been conveyed to his bed-room, he retired in company with a japanned candlestick to one side of the house, while Mr. Pickwick and another japanned candlestick were conducted through a multitude of tortuous windings to another.

"This is your room, sir," said the chambermaid.

"Very well," replied Mr. Pickwick, looking round him. It was a tolerably large double-bedded room, with a fire; upon the whole a more comfortable-looking apartment than Mr. Pickwick's short experience of the accommodations of the Great White Horse had led him to expect.

"Nobody sleeps in the other bed, of course," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, no, sir."

"Very good. Tell my servant to bring me up some hot water at half-past eight in the morning, and that I shall not want him any more to-night."

"Yes, sir." And bidding Mr. Pickwick good-night, the chambermaid retired, and left him alone.

Mr. Pickwick sat himself down in a chair before the fire, and fell into a train of rambling meditations, when he recollected he had left his watch on the table down-stairs. The possibility of going to sleep, unless it were ticking gently beneath his pillow, or in his watch-pocket over his head, had never entered Mr. Pickwick's brain. So as it was pretty late now, and he was unwilling to ring his bell at that hour of the night, he slipped on his coat, of which he had just divested himself, and taking the japanned candlestick in his hand, walked quietly down-stairs.

The more stairs Mr. Pickwick went down, the more stairs there seemed to be to descend, and again and again, when Mr. Pickwick got into some narrow passage, and began to congratulate himself on having gained the ground-floor, did another flight of stairs appear before his astonished eyes. At last he reached a stone hall, which he remembered to have seen when he entered the house. Passage after passage did he explore; room after did he peep into; at length, just as he was on the point of giving up the search in despair, he opened the door of the identical room in which he had spent the evening, and beheld his missing property on the table.

Mr. Pickwick seized the watch in triumph, and proceeded to retace his steps to his bed-chamber. If his progress downwards had been attended with difficulties and uncertainty, his journey back was infinitely more perplexing. He was reduced to the verge of despair, when an open door attracted his attention. He peeped in—right at last. There were the two beds, whose situation he perfectly remembered, and the fire still burning. His candle, not a long one when he first received it, had flickered away in the drifts of air through which he had passed, and sank into the socket, just as he closed the door after him. "No matter," said Mr. Pickwick, "I can undress myself just as well by the light of the fire."

"It is the best idea," said Mr. Pickwick to himself, smiling till he almost cracked the night-cap strings. "It is the best idea, my losing myself in this place, and wandering about those staircases, that I ever heard of. Droll, droll, very droll." Here Mr. Pickwick smiled again, a broader smile than before, and was about to continue the process of undressing in the best humor, when he was suddenly stopped by a most unexpected interruption: to wit, the

entrance into the room of some person with a candle, who, after locking the door, advanced to the dressing-table, and set down the light upon it.

Mr. Pickwick almost fainted with horror and dismay. Standing before the dressing-glass was a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers, busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back hair." However the unconscious middle-aged lady came into that room, it was quite clear that she contemplated remaining there for the night; for she had brought a rushlight and shade with her, which, with praiseworthy precaution against fire, she had stationed in a basin on the floor, where it was glimmering away like a gigantic lighthouse, in a particularly small piece of water.

"Bless my soul," thought Mr. Pickwick, "how very dreadful!"

"Hem!" said the lady; and in went Mr. Pickwick's head with automaton-like rapidity.

"I never met with anything so awful as this," thought poor Mr. Pickwick, the cold perspiration starting in drops upon his night-cap. "Never! This is fearful."

It was quite impossible to resist the urgent desire to see what was going forward. So out went Mr. Pickwick's head again. The prospect was worse than before. The middle-aged lady had finished arranging her hair, and carefully enveloped it in a muslin night-cap with a small plaited border, and was gazing pensively on the fire.

"This matter is growing alarming," reasoned Mr. Pickwick with himself. "I can't allow things to go on in this way. By the self-possession of that lady, it's clear to me that I must have come into the wrong room. If I call out, she'll alarm the house, but if I remain here, the consequence will be still more frightful."

He shrank behind the curtains, and called out very loudly:

"Ha-hum!"

That the lady started at this unexpected sound was evident, by her falling up against the rushlight shade; that she persuaded herself it must have been the effect of imagination was equally clear, for when Mr. Pickwick, under the impression that she had fainted away stone-dead from fright, ventured to peep out again, she was gazing pensively on the fire as before.

"Most extraordinary female this," thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in again. "Ha-hum"

"Gracious Heaven!" said the middle-aged lady, "what's that?"

"It's—it's—only a gentleman, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick from behind the curtains.

"A gentleman!" said the lady, with a terrific scream.

"It's all over," thought Mr. Pickwick.

"A strange man!" shrieked the lady. Another instant and the house would be alarmed. Her garments rustled as she rushed towards the door.

"Ma'am!" said Mr. Pickwick, thrusting out his head, in the extremity of his desperation, "ma'am!"

"Wretch," said the lady, covering her eyes with her hands, "what do you want here?"

"Nothing, ma'am — nothing whatever, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, earnestly.

"Nothing!" said the lady, looking up.

"Nothing, ma'am, upon my honor," said Mr. Pickwick, nodding his head so energetically that the tassel of his night-cap danced again. "I am almost ready to sink, ma'am, because of the confusion of addressing a lady in my night-cap (here the lady hastily snatched off her's), but I can't get it off, ma'am (here Mr. Pickwick gave it a tremendous tug in proof of the statement). It is evident to me, ma'am, now, that I have mistaken this bed-room for my own. I had not been here five minutes, ma'am, when you suddenly entered it."

"If this improbable story be really true, sir," said the lady, sobbing violently, "you will leave it instantly."

"I will, ma'am, with the greatest pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Instantly, sir," said the lady.

"Certainly, ma'am," interposed Mr. Pickwick, very quickly. "Certainly, ma'am. I—

I—am very sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, making his appearance at the bottom of the bed, "to have been the innocent occasion of this alarm and emotion; deeply sorry, ma'am."

The lady pointed to the door.

"I am exceedingly sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low.

"If you are, sir, you will at once leave the room," said the lady.

"Immedaately ma'am; this instant, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, opening the door, and dropping both his shoes with a loud crash in so doing. "I trust, ma'am," resumed Mr. Pickwick, gathering up his shoes, and turning round to bow again, "I trust, ma'am, that my unblemished character, and the devoted respect I entertain for your sex, will plead as some slight excuse for this—" But before Mr. Pickwick could conclude the sentence, the lady had thrust him into the passage, and locked and bolted the door behind him. CHARLES DICKENS.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

(Humorous reading. By JOSH BILLING.)

MANIFEST destiny iz the science ov going tew bust, or enny other place before yu git thare. I may be rong in this centiment, but that iz the way it strikes me; and i am so put together that when enny thing strikes me i immejiately strike back. Manifest destiny mite perhaps be blocked out agin as the condishun that man and things find themselfs in with a ring in their nozes and sumboddy hold ov the ring. I may be rong agin, but if i am, awl i have got tew sa iz, i don't kno it, and what a man don't kno ain't no damage tew enny boddy else. The tru way that manifess destiny had better be sot down iz, the exact distance that a frog kan jump down hill with a striped snake after him; i don't kno but i may be rong onst more, but if the frog don't git ketched the destiny iz jist what he iz a looking for.

When a man falls into the bottom ov a well and makes up hiz minde tew stay thar, that ain't manifess destiny enny more than having yure hair cut short iz; but if he almoste gits out and then falls down in agin 16 foot deeper and brakes off hiz neck twice in the same plase and dies and iz buried thare at low water, that iz manifess desting on the square. Standing behind a cow in fly time and gitting kicked twice at one time, must feel a good deal like manifess destiny. Being about 10 seckunds tew late tew git an express train, and then chasing the train with yure wife, and an umbreller in yure hands, in a hot day, and not getting az near tew the train az you waz when started, looks a leetle like manifess destiny on a rale rode trak. Going into a tempranse house and calling for a little old Bourbon on ice, and being told in a mild way that "the Bourbon iz jist out, but they hav got sum gin that cost 72 cents a gallon in Paris," sounds tew me like the manifess destiny ov moste tempranse houses.

Mi dear reader, don't beleave in manifess destiny until you see it. Thar is such a thing az manifess destiny, but when it occurs it iz lik the number ov rings on the rakoon's tale, ov no great consequense onla for ornament. Man wan't made for a machine, if he waz, it waz a locomotift machine, and manifess destiny must git oph from the trak when the bell rings or git knocked higher than the price ov gold. Manifess destiny iz a disseaze, but it iz eazy tew heal; i have seen it in its wust stages cured bi sawing a cord ov dri hickory wood. i thought i had it onse, it broke out in the shape ov poetry; i sent a speciment ov the disseaze tew a magazine, the magazine man wrote me next day az follers,

"*Dear Sir:* Yu may be a phule. but you are no poeck. Yures, in haste."

MRS. CAUDLE NEEDS SPRING CLOTHING.

IF there is anything in the world that I hate—and you know it—it is, asking you for money. I am sure for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do, the more shame for you to let me. *What do I want now?* As if you didn't know! I'm sure, if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing—never! It's painful to me,

grac[illegible]s knows! What do you say? *If it's painful, why so often do it?* I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club-jokes! As I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every cent. It's dreadful!

Now, Caudle, you shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day—like nobody else's children? *What was the matter with them?* Oh! Caudle, how can you ask! Weren't they all in their thick merinoes and beaver bonnets? What do you say? *What of it?* What! You'll tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the first of May!" *You didn't see it!* The more shame for you! I'm sure, those Briggs girls—the little minxes!—put me in such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew. What do you say! *I ought to be ashamed to own it?* Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they shan't; and there's an end of it!

I'm always wanting money for clothes? How can you say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it—the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may. Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should. *How much money do I want?* Let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Ann, and—What do you say? *I needn't count 'em? You know how many there are!* That's just the way you take me up! *Well, how much money will it take?* Let me see—I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things like new pins. I know that, Caudle; and though I say it, bless their little hearts! they do credit to you, Caudle.

How much? Now, don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with pinching, I can do with a hundred dollars. What did you say? *Hundred fiddlesticks?* What! *You won't give half the money?* Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care; let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals; and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied. What do you say? *Fifty dollars enough?* Yes, just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves. *They only want frocks and bonnets?* How do you know what they want! How should a man know anything at all about it And you won't give more than fifty dollars? Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what *you'll* make of it? I'll have none of your fifty dollars, I can tell you—no, sir!

No, you've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses? You often throw that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it! I only wish to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think, when they see the Briggses, the Browns, and the Smiths,—and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle—when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody. However, the hundred dollars I *will* have, if I've any; or not a cent! No, sir; no,—I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable.

What do you say? *You'll give me seventy-five dollars?* No, Caudle, no, not a cent will I take under a hundred. If I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I am sure, when I come to think of it, one hundred dollars will hardly do!

KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY.

(1) YOU Wiyum, come 'ere, suh, dis instunce.
Wut dat you got under dat box?
I do' want no foolin'—you hear me?
Wut you say? Ain't nothin' but rocks?
Pears ter me you's owdashus p'ticler.
S'posin' dey's uv a new kine.
I'll des take a look at dem rocks.
Hi-yi! der you tink dat I's bline?

(2) I calls dat a plain watermillion,
You scamp; an' I knows whar it growed;
It cum fum de Jimmerson cawn fiel',
Dar on ter side er de road.
You stole it, you rascal—you stole it.
I watched you fum down in de lot,
En time I gits th'ough wid you, nigger,
You wont eb'n be a grease spot.

(3) I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mirandy!
Go cut me a hick'ry—make 'ase,
En cut me de toughes' en keenes'
You c'n fine anywhah on de place.
I'll larn you, Mr. Wiyum Joe Vetters
Ter lie en ter steal, you young sinner!
Disgracin yo' ole Christian mammy,
En makin' her leave cookin' dinner!

(4) Now, ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, sur?
I is. I's 'shamed youse my son!
En de holy accorgian angel
He's 'shamed er wut youse done.
En he's tuk it down up yander,
In coal-black, blood-red letters—
"One watermillion stoled
By Wiyum Josephus Vetters."

(5) En whut you s'posen Br'er Bascom,
You teacher at Sunday-School,
'Ud say if he knowed how youse broke
De good Lawd's Gol'n Rule?
Boy, whah's de raisin' I gib you?
Is you boun fuh ter be a black villiun?
I's s'prised dat a chile er you mammy
'Ud steal any man's watermillion.

(6) En I's now gwine ter cut it right open,
En you shian't have nary bite,
Fuh a boy who'll steal watermillions—
En dat in de day's broad light—
Ain't—Lawdy! it's green! Mirandy!
Mirandy! come on wi' dat switch!
Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n watermillion!
Who ebber heered tell er sich?

(7) Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y you thump um,
En w'en they go *pank* dey is green;
But w'en dey go *punk*, now you mine me,
Dey's ripe—en dats des' wut I mean.
En nex' time you hook watermillions—
You heered me, you *ig-namp*, you *hunk*,
Ef you do' want a lickin all over,
Be sho' dat dey allers go "*punk*!"

MOLLIE'S LITTLE RAM.

(Parody on "Mary's Little Lamb.")

MOLLIE had a little ram as black as a rubber shoe, and everywhere that Mollie went he emigrated too.

He went with her to church one day—the folks hilarious grew, to see him walk demurely into Deacon Allen's pew.

The worthy deacon quickly let his angry passions rise, and gave it an un-Christian kick between the sad brown eyes.

This landed rammy in the aisle; the deacon followed fast, and raised his foot again; alas! that first kick was his last.

For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back, about a rod 'tis said, and ere the deacon could retreat, it stood him on his head.

The congregation then arose, and went for that ere sheep. Several well directed butts just piled them in a heap.

Then rushed they all straight for the door with curses long and loud, while rammy struck the hindmost man, and shoved him through the crowd.

The minister had often heard that kindness would subdue the fiercest beast. "Aha!" he said, "I'll try that game on you."

And so he gently, kindly called: "Come Rammy, Rammy, Ram; to see the folks abuse you so, I grieved and sorry am!"

With kind and gentle words he came from that tall pulpit down, saying, "Rammy, Rammy, Ram—best sheep in the town."

The ram quite dropped his humble air, and rose from off his feet, and when the parson lit, he was beneath the hindmost seat.

As he shot out the door, and closed it with a slam, he named a California town. I think 'twas Yuba-Dam.

SOCRATES SNOOKS.

MISTER Socrates Snooks, a lord of creation,
The second time entered the married relation:
Xantippe Caloric accepted his hand,
And they thought him the happiest man in the land.
But scarce had the honeymoon passed o'er his head,
When one morning to Xantippe, Socrates said,
"I think, for a man of my standing in life,
This house is too small, as I now have a wife;
So, as early as possible, carpenter Carey
Shall be sent for to widen my house and my dairy."

"Now, Socrates, dearest," Xantippe replied,
"I hate to hear everything vulgarly *myd;*
Now, whenever you speak of your chattels again,
Say, *our* cow-house, *our* barn-yard, *our* pig-pen."
"By your leave, Mrs. Snooks, I will say what I please
Of *my* houses, my lands, *my* gardens, *my* trees."
"Say *our*," Xantippe exclaimed in a rage.
"I won't, Mrs. Snooks, though you ask it an age!"

Oh, woman! though only a part of man's rib,
If the story in Genesis don't tell a fib,
Should your naughty companion e'er quarrel with you,
You are certain to prove the best man of the two.

In the following case this was certainly true;
For the lovely Xantippe just pulled off her shoe,
And laying about her, all sides at random,
The adage was verified—"Nil desperandum."

Mister Socrates Snooks, after trying in vain,
To ward off the blows which descended like rain—
Concluding that valor's best part was discretion—
Crept under the bed like a terrified Hessian;
But the dauntless Xantippe, not one whit afraid,
Converted the siege into a blockade.

At last, after reasoning the thing in his pate,
He concluded 'twas useless to strive against fate:
And so, like a tortoise protruding his head,
Said, "My dear, may *we* come out from under *our* bed?"
"Hah! hah!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Socrates Snooks,
I perceive you agree to my terms by your looks:
Now, Socrates—hear me—from this happy hour,
If you'll only obey me, I'll never look sour."

'Tis said the next Sabbath, ere going to church,
He chanced for a clean pair of trousers to search,
Having found them, he asked, with a few nervous twitches,
"My dear, may *we* put on *our* new Sunday breeches?"

THE PILGRIMS.

THEY were practical statesmen, these Pilgrims. They wasted no time theorizing upon methods, but went straight at the mark. They solved the Indian problem with shot-guns, and it was not General Sherman, but Miles Standish, who originated the axiom that the only good Indians are the dead ones. They were bound by neither customs nor traditions, nor committals to this or that policy. The only question with them was, Does it work? The success of their Indian experiment led them to try similar methods with witches, Quakers, and Baptists. Their failure taught them the difference between mind and matter. A dead savage

was another wolf under ground, but one of themselves persecuted or killed for conscience sake sowed the seed of discontent and disbelief. The effort to wall in a creed and wall out liberty was at once abandoned, and to-day New England has more religions and not less religion, but less bigotry, than any other community in the world.

In an age when dynamite was unknown, the Pilgrim invented in the cabin of the Mayflower the most powerful of explosives. The declaration of the equality of all men before the law has rocked thrones and consolidated classes. It separated the colonies from Great Britain and created the United States. It pulverized the chains of the slaves and gave manhood suffrage. It devolved upon the individual the functions of government and made the people the sole source of power. It substituted the cap of liberty for the royal crown in France, and by a bloodless revolution has added to the constellation of American republics, the star of Brazil. But with the ever-varying conditions incident to free government, the Puritan's talent as a political mathematician will never rust. Problems of the utmost importance press upon him for solution. When, in the effort to regulate the liquor traffic, he has advanced beyond the temper of the times and the sentiment of the people in the attempt to enact or enforce prohibition, and either been disastrously defeated or the flagrant evasions of the statutes have brought the law into contempt, he does not despair but tries to find the error in his calculation.

If gubernatorial objections block the way of high license he will bombard the executive judgment and conscience by a proposition to tax. The destruction of homes, the ruin of the young, the increase of pauperism and crime, the added burdens upon the taxpayers by the evils of intemperance, appeal with resistless force to his training and traditions. As the power of the saloon increases the difficulties of the task, he becomes more and more certain that some time or other and in some way or other he will do that sum too. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

WASHINGTON.

(From speech at Dinas Island. By CHARLES PHILLIPS. Born, 1788; died, 185[illegible].)

IT is the custom of your board, and a noble one it is, to deck the cup of the gay with the garland of the great; and surely, even in the eyes of its deity, his grape is not the less lovely when glowing beneath the foliage of the palm-tree and the myrtle. Allow me to add one flower to the chaplet, which, though it sprang in America, is no exotic. Virtue planted it, and it is naturalized everywhere. I see you anticipate me—I see you concur with me, that it matters very little what immediate spot may be the birth-place of such a man as WASHINGTON. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely *chef-d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the pilosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage! a conqueror, he

was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created?

"How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage;
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less than all thou hast forborne to be!"

Such, sir, is the testimony of one not to be accused of partiality in his estimate of America. Happy, proud America! the lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

IF Napoleon's fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his counsels; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption.

His person partook the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field.

Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common places in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!

Through this pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns tumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room—with the mob or the levee—wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburgh—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was the same military despot!

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

ANALYSIS OF THE CHARACTER OF BONAPARTE.

(Continuation of the foregoing.)

CRADLED in the camp, Bonaparte was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never foorsook a friend or forgot a favor. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him till affection was useless; and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favorite.

They knew well that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized every people; to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with

his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning!—the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.

Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist—a republican and an emperor—a Mohammedan—a Catholic and a patron of the synagogue—a subaltern and a sovereign—a traitor and a tyrant—a Christian and an infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow.

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

That he has done much evil, there is little doubt; that he has been the origin of much good, there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France have arisen to the blessings of a free constitution; superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the inquisition; and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled forever. Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a recourse; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG MEN OF ITALY.

(By J. MAZZINI. Born, 1808; died, 1872. An eminent Italian patriot, orator and writer.)

The following extract, translated from the Italian, is from an impassioned address, delivered by Mazzini, at Milan, on the 25th of July, 1848, at the request of a National Association, on the occasion of a solemn commemoration of the death of the brothers Bandiéra, and their fellow-martyrs, at Cosenza.

WHEN I was commissioned by you, young men, to proffer in this temple a few words consecrated to the memory of the brothers Bandiéra, and their fellow-martyrs, at Cosenza, I thought that some one of those who heard me might perhaps exclaim, with noble indignation, "Why thus lament over the dead? The martyrs of liberty are only worthily honored by winning the battle they have begun. Cosenza, the land where they fell, is enslaved; Venice, the city of their birth, is begirt with strangers. Let us emancipate them; and, until that moment, let no words pass our lips, save those of war." But another thought arose, and suggested to me, Why have we not conquered? Why is it that, whilst our countrymen are fighting for independence in the North of Italy, liberty is perishing in the South? Why is it that a war which should have sprung to the Alps with the bound of a lion has dragged itself along for four months with the slow, uncertain motion of the scorpion surrounded by the circle of fire? How has the rapid and powerful intuition of a People newly arisen to life been converted into the weary, helpless effort of the sick man, turning from side to side?

Ah! had we all arisen in the sanctity of the idea for which our martyrs died; had the holy standard of their faith preceded our youth to battle; had we made of our every thought an action, and of our every action a thought; had we learned from them that liberty and independence are one;—we should not now have war, but victory. Cosenza would not be compelled to venerate the memory of her martyrs in secret, nor Venice be restrained from honoring them with a monument; and we, here gathered together, might gladly invoke those sacred names, without

uncertainty as to our future destiny, or a cloud of sadness on our brows; and might say to those precursor souls, "*Rejoice, for your spirit is incarnate in your brethren*, and they are worthy of you." Could Attilio and Emilio Bandiéra, and their fellow-martyrs, now arise from the grave and speak to you, they would, believe me, address you, though with a power very different from that given to me, in counsel not unlike that which now I utter.

Love! Love is the flight of the soul towards God; towards the great, the sublime, and the beautiful, which are the shadow of God upon earth. Love your family; the partner of your life; those around you, ready to share your joys and sorrows; the dead, who were dear to you, and to whom you were dear. Love your country. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the Peoples. Give to it your thought, your counsel, your blood. You are twenty-four millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties; with a tradition of glory, the envy of the Nations of Europe; an immense future is before you,—your eyes are raised to the loveliest heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land in Europe; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, boundaries marked out by the finger of God for a people of giants. And you must be such, or nothing. Let not a man of that twenty-four millions remain excluded from the fraternal bond which shall join you together; let not a look be raised to that heaven, which is not that of a free man. Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim placed by God before humanity at large. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea, are other Peoples, now fighting, or preparing to fight, the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty; other Peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal. Unite with them,—they will unite with you.

And love, young men, love and reverence the Idea; it is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought, and in the dignity of our immortal natures. From that high sphere spring the *principles* which alone can redeem the Peoples. Love enthusiasm,—the pure dreams of the virgin soul, and the lofty visions of early youth; for they are the perfume of Paradise, which the soul preserves in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect, above all things, your conscience; have upon your lips the truth that God has placed in your hearts; and, while working together in harmony in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, even with those who differ from you, yet ever bear erect your own banner, and boldly promulgate your faith.

Such words, young men, would the martyrs of Cosenza have spoken, had they been living amongst you. And here, where, perhaps, invoked by our love, their holy spirits hover near us, I call upon you to gather them up in your hearts, and to make of them a treasure amid the storms that yet threaten you; but which, with the name of our martyrs on your lips, and their faith in your hearts, you will overcome.

God be with you, and bless Italy!

APPEAL TO THE JURY.

(Trial of O'Mullan.)

I AM told they triumph much in this conviction. I seek not to impugn the verdict of that jury; I have no doubt they acted conscientiously. It weighs not with me that every member of my client's creed was carefully excluded from that jury—*no doubt they acted conscientiously*. It weighs not with me that every man impaneled on the trial of the priest were exclusively Protestant, and that, too, in a city so prejudiced, that not long ago, by their corporation law, no Catholic dared breathe the air of heaven within its walls—*no doubt they acted conscientiously*. It weighs not with me, that not three days previously, one of that jury was heard publicly to declare, he wished he could persecute the papist to his death—*no doubt they acted conscientiously*. It weighs not with me that the public mind had been so inflamed by the exasperation of this libeler that an impartial trial was utterly impossible. Let them

enjoy their triumph. But for myself, knowing him as I do, I care in the teeth of that conviction, I declare it, I would rather be that man, so aspersed, so imprisoned, so persecuted, and *have his consciousness*, than stand the highest of of the courtliest rabble that ever crouched before the foot of power, or fed upon the people-plundered alms of despotism. Oh! of short duration is such demoniac triumph. Oh! blind and groundless is the hope of vice, imagining that its victory can be more than for the moment. This very day I hope will prove that if virtue suffers, it is but for a season; and that sooner or later, their patience tried, and their purity testified, prosperity will crown the interests of probity and worth.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

A REVOLUTIONARY SERMON.*

SOLDIERS and countrymen: We have met this evening perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, the dismay of the retreat; alike we have endured toil and hunger, the contumely of the internal foe, the outrage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat night after night beside the same camp-fire, shared the same rough soldier's fare; we have together heard the roll of the reveille which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed, and a knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in this peaceful valley, on the eve of battle, while the sunlight is dying away beyond yonder heights, the sunlight that to-morrow morn will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met amid the whitening tents of our encampment; in times of terror and gloom have we gathered together—God grant it may not be for the last time! It is a solemn time. It was but a day since our land slept in the light of peace. War was not here, wrong was not here. Fraud, and woe, and misery, and want, dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods, arose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn peered forth from amid the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest. Now, God of mercy, behold the change! Under the shadow of a pretext, under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the lonely plain of Chadd's Ford.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief when I tell you that the doom of the Britisher is near! Think me not vain when I tell you that beyond that cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering, thick and fast, the darker cloud and the blacker storm of a Divine retribution! They may conquer us to-morrow! Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from this field, but the hour of God's own vengeance will come!

Aye, if in the vast solitudes of eternal space, if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge, and sure to punish guilt, then will the man, George of Brunswick, called King, feel in his brain and in his heart, the vengeance of the Eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life,—a withered brain, an accursed intellect; a blight will be upon his children, and on his people. Great God! how dread the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns where the man of money thrives, while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all his forms of terror; an ignorant and God-defying priesthood, chuckling over the miseries of millions; a proud and merciless nobility, adding wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart, aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want linked hand in hand, and tempting men to deeds of woe and death,—these are a part of the doom and retribution that shall come upon the

* Preached on the eve of the battle of Brandywine, September 10, 1777, in the presence of Washington and his army, at Chadd's Ford.

English throne and people. Soldiers, I look around among your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow morning we will all go forth to battle—for need I tell you that your unworthy minister will go with you, invoking God's aid in the fight? We will march forth to battle. Need I exhort you to fight—to fight for your homesteads, for your wives and your children? My friends, I might urge you to fight by the galling memories of British wrong! Walton, I might tell you of your father, butchered in the silence of midnight, on the plains of Trenton; I might picture his gray hairs, dabbled in blood; I might ring his death shriek in your ears. Shelmire, I might tell you of a mother butchered, and a sister outraged; the lonely farm-house, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers as they despatched their victims, the cries for mercy, the pleadings of innocence for pity.

I might paint this all again, in the terrible colors of vivid reality, if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement. But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will go forth to battle to-morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty, the duty of avenging the dead, may rest heavy on your souls. And in the hour of battle when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon-glare and the piercing musket-flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path, remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The Eternal God fights for you; he rides on the battle cloud, he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge. The Awful and the Infinite fights for you, and you will triumph.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and ravage. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones. You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right, and to you the promise is, be of good cheer; for your foes have taken the sword, in defiance of all that man holds dear, in blasphemy of God; they shall perish by the sword.

And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the fight of to-morrow,—God rest the souls of the fallen!—many of us may live to tell the story of the fight of to-morrow, and in the memory of all, will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night. When we meet again, may the long shadows of twilight be flung over a peaceful land.

God in heaven grant it!

HUGH HENRY BRECKENRIDGE.

THE MURDERER'S SELF-BETRAYAL.

(From argument at Knapp's trial.)

AN aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work. He explores the wrist for the pulse. He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder;—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own,—and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later.

A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every

man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions, from without, begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed, there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession. DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE FIREMAN'S PRAYER.

IT was in the gray of the early morning, in the season of Lent. Broad street, from Fort Hill to State street, was crowded with hastening worshipers, attendants on early mass. Maidens, matrons, boys, and men jostled and hurried on toward the churches; some with countenances sincerely sad, others with apparent attempts to appear in accord with the sombre season; while many thoughtless and careless ones joked and chatted, laughed and scuffled along in the hurrying multitude.

Suddenly a passer-by noticed tiny wreaths and puffs of smoke starting from the shingles of the roof upon a large warehouse. The great structure stood upon the corner, silent, bolted, and tenantless; and all the windows, save a small round light in the upper story, were closely and securely covered with heavy shutters. Scarcely had the smoke been seen by one, when others of the crowd looked up in the same direction, and detected the unusual occurrence. Then others joined them, and still others followed, until a swelling multitude gazed upward to the roof over which the smoke soon hung like a fog; while from eaves and shutter of the upper story little jets of black smoke burst suddenly out into the clear morning air. Then came a flash, like the lightning's glare, through the frame of the little gable window, and then another, brighter, ghastlier, and more prolonged. "Fire!" "Fire!" screamed the throng, as, moved by a single impulse, they pointed with excited gestures toward the window.

Quicker than the time it takes to tell, the cry reached the corner, and was flashed on messenger wires to tower and steeple, engine and hose-house, over the then half-sleeping city. Great bells with ponderous tongues repeated the cry with logy strokes, little bells with sharp and spiteful clicks recited the news; while half-conscious firemen, watching through the long night, leaped upon engines and hose-carriages, and rattled into the street.

Soon the roof of the burning warehouse was drenched with floods of water, poured upon it from the hose of many engines; while the surging multitude in Broad street had grown to thousands of excited spectators. The engines puffed and hooted, the engineers shouted, the hook-and-ladder boys clambered upon roof and cornice, shattered the shutters, and burst in the doors, making way for the rescuers of merchandise, and for the surging nozzles of available hose-pipes. But the wooden structure was a seething furnace throughout all its upper portion; while the water and ven-

tilation seemed only to increase its power and fury.

"Come down! Come down! Off that roof! Come out of that building!" shouted an excited man in the crowd, struggling with all his power in the meshes of the solid mass of men, women and children in the street. "Come down! For God's sake, come down! The rear store is filled with barrels of powder!"

"Powder! Powder!" screamed the engineer through his trumpet. "Powder!" shouted the hosemen. "Powder!" called the brave boys on roof and cornice. "Powder!" answered the trumpet of the chief. "Powder!" "Powder!" "Powder!" echoed the men in the burning pile; and from ladder, casement, window, roof, and cornice leaped terrified firemen with pale faces and terror-stricken limbs.

"Push back the crowd!" shouted the engineer. "Run for your lives; Run! Run! Run!" roared the trumpets.

But, alas! the crowd was dense, and spread so far through cross streets and alleys, that away on the outskirts, through the shouts of men, the whistling of the engines, and the roar of the heaven-piercing flames, the orders could not be heard. The frantic beings in front, understanding their danger, pressed wildly back. The firemen pushed their engines and their carriages against the breasts of the crowd; but the throng moved not. So densely packed was street and square, and so various and deafening the noises, that the army of excited spectators in the rear still pressed forward with irresistible force, unconscious of danger, and regarding any outcry as a mere ruse to disperse them for convenience' sake. The great mass swayed and heaved like the waves of the sea; but beyond the terrible surging of those in front, whose heart-rending screams half drowned the whistles, there was no sign of retreat. As far as one could see, the streets were crowded with living human flesh and blood.

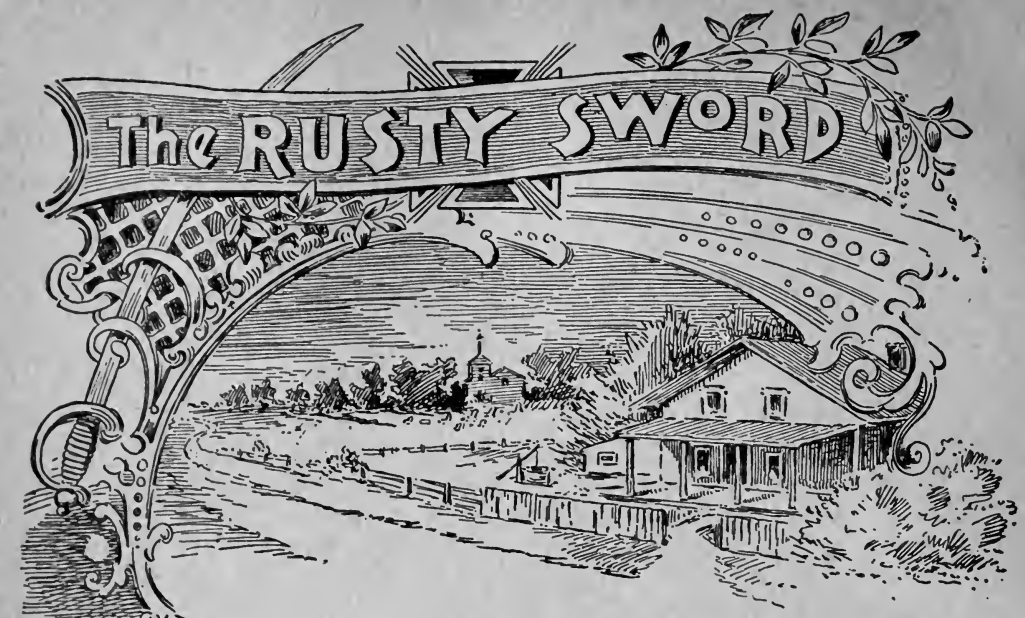
"My God! My God!" said the engineer in despair. "What can be done? Lord have mercy on us all! What can be done?"

"What can be done? I'll tell you what can be done, said one of Boston's firemen, whose hair was not yet sprinkled with gray. "Yes, *bring out* that powder! And I'm the man to do it. Better one man perish than perish all. Follow me with the water, and, if God lets me live long enough, I'll have it out."

Perhaps, as the hero rushed into the burning pile, into a darkness of smoke and a withering heat, he thought of the wife and children at home, of the cheeks he had kissed in the evening, of the cheerful good-by of the prattling ones, and the laugh as he gave the "last tag;" for as he rushed from the hoseman who tied the handkerchief over his mouth, he muttered, "God care for my little ones when I am gone." Away up through smoke and flame and cloud to the heights of Heaven's throne, ascended that prayer, "God care for my little ones when I am gone," and the Mighty Father and the Loving Son heard the fireman's petition.

Into the flame of the rear store rushed the hero, and groping to the barrels, rolled them speedily to the alley, where surged the stream from the engines; rushing back and forth with power superhuman, in the deepest smoke, when even the hoops that bound the powder-barrels had already parted with the fire, while deadly harpoons loaded to pierce the whales of the Arctic seas began to explode, and while iron darts flashed by him in all directions, penetrating the walls and piercing the adjacent buildings. But as if his heroic soul was an armor-proof, or a charm impenetrable, neither harpoon nor bomb, crumbling timbers nor showers of flaming brands, did him aught of injury, beyond the scorching of his hair and eyebrows, and the blistering of his hands and face. 'Twas a heroic deed. Did ever field of battle, wreck, or martyrdom, show a braver? No act in all the list of song and story, no self-sacrifice in the history of the rise and fall of empires, was nobler than that, save one, and then the Son of God himself hung bleeding on the cross

RUSSELL H. CONWELL.



In a little roadside cottage, half hid by shrubs and vines,
A woman, old and feeble, on a faded couch reclines;
Her face is sweet, but sorrow has left its imprint there,
And her voice tells not the burden that her God hath bid her bear.

As I drink the limpid water from the homely, dripping gourd,
I note on the wall before me a naked, rusty sword.
I glance at the aged woman, and speaking she bows her head:
"'Twas worn by a gallant soldier, for many a long year dead.

"One day, sir, I was looking where the road winds over there,
Wishing the war was over and breathing a mother's prayer—
I saw a wagon coming, and soldiers, all moving slow;
They were bringing my boy home, wounded—ah! it's many a year ago.

"I buried him there, by those willows—as you pass you can see his grave;
Oh, stranger, my child was a comfort, but his heart it was true and brave!"
Watching the pearls drop downward over her aged face,
I mount, and I ride in silence away from the lonely place.

But now I have reached the willows, and I leap to the shady ground;
I gather some wayside flowers to throw on his mossy mound.
I care not if Grant has led him, nor if he has fought with Lee;
I am an American soldier—and so was he.

GEORGE M. VICKERS.

WATER AND RUM.

The following apostrophe on Water and execration on Rum, by Mr. John B. Gough, was never published in full till after his death. He furnished it to a young friend many years ago, who promised not to publish it while he was on the lecture platform.

WATER! There is no poison in that cup; no fiendish spirit dwells beneath those crystal drops to lure you and me and all of us to ruin; no spectral shadows play upon its waveless surface; no widows' groans or orphans' tears rise to God from those placid fountains; misery, crime, wretchedness, woe, want, and rags come not within the hallowed precincts where cold water reigns supreme. Pure now as when it left its native heaven, giving vigor to our youth, strength to our manhood, and solace to our old age. Cold water is beautiful and bright and pure everywhere. In the moonlight fountains and the sunny rills; in the warbling brook and the giant river; in the deep tangled wildwood and the cataract's spray; in the hand of beauty or on the lips of manhood—cold water is beautiful everywhere.

Rum! There is a poison in that cup. There is a serpent in that cup whose sting is madness and whose embrace is death. There dwells beneath that smiling surface a fiendish spirit which for centuries has been wandering over the earth, carrying on a war of desolation and destruction against mankind, blighting and mildewing the noblest affections of the heart, and corrupting with its foul breath the tide of human life and changing the glad, green earth into a lazar-house. Gaze on it! But shudder as you gaze! Those sparkling drops are murder in disguise; so quiet now, yet widows' groans and orphans' tears and maniacs' yells are in that cup. The worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched are in that cup.

Peace and hope and love and truth dwell not within that fiery circle where dwells that desolating monster which men call rum. Corrupt now as when it left its native hell, giving fire to the eye, madness to the brain, and ruin to the soul. Rum is vile and deadly and accursed everywhere. The poet would liken it in its fiery glow to the flames that flicker around the abode of the damned. The theologian would point you to the drunkard's doom, while the historian would unfold the dark record of the past and point you to the fate of empires and kingdoms lured to ruin by the siren song of the tempter, and sleeping now in cold obscurity, the wrecks of what once were great, grand, and glorious. Yes, rum is corrupt and vile and deadly, and accursed everywhere. Fit type and semblance of all earthly corruption!

PART II.

Base art thou yet, oh, Rum, as when the wise man warned us of thy power and bade us flee thy enchantment. Vile art thou yet as when thou first went forth on thy unholy mission—filling earth with desolation and madness, woe and anguish. Deadly art thou yet as when thy envenomed tooth first took fast hold on human hearts, and thy serpent tongue first drank up the warm life-blood of immortal souls. Accursed art thou yet as when the bones of thy first victim rotted in a damp grave, and its shriek echoed along the gloomy caverns of hell. Yes, thou infernal spirit of rum, through all past time hast thou been, as through all coming time thou shalt be, accursed everywhere.

In the fiery fountains of the still; in the seething bubbles of the caldron; in the kingly palace and the drunkard's hovel; in the rich man's cellar and the poor man's closet; in the pestilential vapors of foul dens and in the blaze of gilded saloons; in the hand of beauty and on the lip of manhood. Rum is vile and deadly and accursed everywhere.

Rum, we yield not to thy unhallowed influence, and together we have met to plan thy destruction. And by what new name shall we call thee, and to what shall we liken thee when we speak of thy attributes? Others may call thee child of perdition, the base-born progeny of sin and Satan, the murderer of mankind and the destroyer of immortal souls; but I will give thee a new name among men and crown thee with a new horror, and that new name shall be the

sacramental cup of the Rum-Power, and I will say to all the sons and daughters of earth—Dash it down! And thou, Rum, shalt be my text in my pilgrimage among men, and not alone shall my tongue utter it, but the groans of orphans in their agony and the cries of widows in their desolation shall proclaim it the enemy of home, the traducer of childhood, and the destroyer of manhood, and whose only antidote is the sacramental cup of temperance, cold water!

JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE BRIDGE.

(This is more effectively rendered by having music played low and subdued while the words are being recited.)

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower;

And like the waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thought came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
Aud the burden laid upon me,
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each having his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old, subdued and slow;

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

LONGFELLOW.

THE LUTIST AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

[AN INSTANCE OF THE POWER OF MUSIC.]

(There are well authenticated cases of singing-birds that have dropped dead in the apparent effort to emulate the music produced from some instrument.)

PASSING from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Tempe bred in me
Desire of visiting this paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art and nature ever were at strife in.

A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather,
Indeed, entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers, of the woods, the birds,

That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too.

A nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge; and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sang
him down.
He could not run divisions with more art
Upon his quaking instrument than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to.

Some time thus spent, the young man grew at
last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or
notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice.
To end the controversy,—in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity in cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

The bird (ordained to be
Music's true martyr) strove to imitate
These several sounds; which, when her warbling
throat
Failed in, for grief down dropt she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest
sadness
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.

He looked upon the trophies of his art,
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes; then sighed
and cried,
"Alas! poor creature, I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it.
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end!"—And in that sorrow
As he was dashing it against a tree
I suddenly stept in. FORD.

RIZPAH,
Wife of Saul, King of Israel.

2 Samuel, xxi. 1-11.

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NIGHT came at last. The noisy throng had gone,
And where the sun so late, like alchemist,
Turned spear and shield and chariot to gold
No sound was heard.
The awful deed was done;
And vengeance sated to the full had turned
Away. The Amorites had drunk the blood
Of Saul and were content. The last armed guard
Had gone, and stillness dwelt upon the scene.
The rocky mount slept fast in solitude;
The dry, dead shrubs stood weird and grim, and
marked
The narrow, heated road that sloped and wound
To join the King's highway. No living thing
Was seen; nor insect, bird nor beast was heard;
The very air came noiselessly across
The blighted barley fields below, yet stirred
No leaflet with its sultry breath.
Above,
A mist half hid the vaulted firmament,
And stars shone dimly as though through a veil;
Still was their light full adequate to show
Those rigid shapes that seeming stood erect,
Yet bleeding hung, each from its upright cross,
A mute companion to its ghastly kin.

The middle watch was come, yet silence still
Oppressed the night; the twigs stood motionless
Like listening phantoms, when, from out
The shadow of a jutting rock there came
A moving thing of life, a wolf-like form,
With slow and stealthy tread it came, then stopped
To sniff the air, then nearer moved to where
The seven gibbets stood.
Then came a shriek,
A cry of mortal fear that pierced the soul
Of night; then up from earth a figure sprang,
The frightened jackal leaped away, and once
More Rizpah crouched beneath her dead.
So night
And day she watched; beneath the burning sun

By day, beneath the stars and moon by night;
All through the long Passover Feast she watched.
Oft in the lonely vigil back through years
She went; in fancy she was young again,
The favored one of mighty Saul, the King;
Again she mingled with the courtly throng,
And led her laughing boys before her lord,
Their father.
Starting then, with upturned face,
And gazing from her hollow, tearless eyes,
Her blackened lips would move, but make no sound.
Then sinking to the ground she caught once more
The thread of thought, and thought brought other scenes;
She saw the stripling warrior David, son
Of Jesse, whom the populace adored
And Saul despised; then Merab came, and then
Her sweet-faced sister, Michal, whose quick wit
And love save David's life.
Then Rizpah rose,
Yea, like a tigress sprang unto her feet.
"Thou David, curst be thee and thine!" she shrieked,
"Thou ingrate murderer! Had Saul but lived,
And hadst thou fallen upon thy sword instead,
My sons, my children still would live!"
'Twas in
The morning watch, and Rizpah's last, that bright,
Clear glowed the Milky Way. The Pleiades
Like molten gold shone forth; e'en Sisyphus
Peeped timidly, and with her sisters gazed
Upon the Seven crucified below.
Such cause for woman's pity ne'er was seen,
And stars, e'en stones might weep for Rizpah's woe,
Whose mother-love was deathless as her soul.

The gray dawn came. The sky was overcast;
The wind had changed, and sobbed a requiem.
Still Rizpah slept, and dreamed. She heard the sound
Of harps and timbrels in her girlhood home—
When rush of wings awakened her. She rose,
Her chilled form shaking unto death. She looked,
And saw the loathsome vultures at their work.
With javelin staff in hand she beat them off.
But bolder were they as she weaker grew,
Till one huge bird swooped at her fierce,
And sunk its talons in her wasted arm.
She threw it off, the hideous monster fled,
And Rizpah fell. It then began to rain.
The famine ceased, and Rizpah's watch was done.

GEORGE M. VICKERS.

SEARCHING FOR THE SLAIN.

(Pathetic and dramatic.)

HOLD the lantern aside, and shudder not so;
There's more blood to see than this stain on the snow;
There are pools of it, lakes of it, just over there,
And fixed faces all streaked, and crimson-soaked hair.
Did you think, when we came, you and I, out to-night
To search for our dead, yon would be a fair sight?

You're his wife; you love him—you think so; and I
Am only his mother; my boy shall not lie
In a ditch with the rest, while my arms can bear
His form to a grave that mine own may soon share.
So, if your strength fails, best go sit by the hearth,
While his mother alone seeks his bed on the earth.

You will go? then no faintings! give me the light,
And follow my footsteps—my heart will lead right.
Ah, God! what is here? a great heap of the slain,
All mangled and gory!—what horrible pain
These beings have died in! Dear mothers, weep,
Ye weep, oh, ye weep o'er this terrible sleep.

More! more! Ah! I thought I could never-
more know
Grief, horror, or pity, for aught here below,
Since I stood in the porch and heard his chief
tell
How brave was my son, how he gallantly fell.
Did they think I cared then to see officers stand
Before my great sorrow, each hat in each hand?

Why, girl, do you feel neither reverence nor
fright,
That your red hands turn over toward this dim
light
These dead men that stare so? Ah, if you had
kept
Your senses this morning ere his comrades had
left,
You had heard that his place was worst of them
all,—
Not 'mid the stragglers,—where he ought he
would fall.

There's the moon through the clouds: O Christ,
what a scene!
Dost Thou from Thy heavens o'er such visions
lean,
And still call this cursed world a footstool of
Thine?
Hark! a groan! there another,—here in this
line
Piled close on each other! Ah, here is the flag,
Torn, dripping with gore;—bah! they died for
this rag.

Here's the voice that we seek; poor soul, do
not start;
We're women, not ghosts. What a gash o'er
the heart!
Is there aught we can do? A message to give
To any beloved one? I swear, if I live,
To take it for sake of the words my boy said,
"Home," "mother," "wife," ere he reeled
down 'mong the dead.

But, first, can you tell where his regiment stood?
Speak, speak, man, or point; 'twas the Ninth.
Oh, the blood
Is choking his voice! What a look of despair!
There, lean on my knee, while I put back the
hair
From eyes so fast glazing. Oh, my darling, my
own,
My hands were both idle when you died alone.

He's dying—he's dead! Close his lids, let us go.
God's peace on his soul! If we only could
know
Where our own dear one lies!—my soul has
turned sick;
Must we crawl o'er these bodies that lie here so
thick?
I cannot! I cannot! How eager you are!
One might think you were nursed on the red lap
of War.

He's not here—and not here. What wild hopes
flash through
My thoughts, as, foot-deep, I stand in this dread
dew,
And cast up a prayer to the blue, quiet sky!
Was it you, girl, that shrieked? Ah! what face
doth lie
Upturned toward me there, so rigid and white?
O God, my brain reels! 'Tis a dream. My old
sight

Is dimmed with these horrors. My son! oh, my
son!
Would I had died for thee, my own, only one!
There, lift off your arms; let him come to the
breast
Where first he was lulled, with my soul's hymn,
to rest.
Your heart never thrilled to your lover's fond
kiss
As mine to his baby-touch; was it for this?

He was yours, too; he loved you! Yes, yes,
you're right.
Forgive me, my daughter, I'm maddened to-
night.
Don't moan so, dear child; you're young, and
your years
May still hold fair hopes; but the old die of tears.

Yes, take him again;—ah! don't lay your face there;
See the blood from his wound has stained your loose hair.

How quiet you are! Has she fainted?—her cheek
Is cold as his own. Say a word to me,—speak!
Am I crazed? Is she dead? Has *her* heart broke first?
Her trouble was bitter, but sure mine is worst.
I'm afraid, I'm afraid, all alone with these dead;
Those corpses are stirring; God help my poor head!

I'll sit by my children until the men come
To bury the others, and then we'll go home.
Why, the slain are all dancing! Dearest, don't move.
Keep away from my boy; he's guarded by love.
Lullaby, lullaby; sleep, sweet darling, sleep!
God and thy mother will watch o'er the keep!

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And, from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
Oh, precious hours! oh, golden prime
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay, in his shroud of snow;
And, in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

All are scattered, now, and fled,—
Some are married, some are dead:
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologue of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TOM'S THANKSGIVING.

(By permission of the Author.)

THE smoke rose straight from the chimney
Till lost in the autumn air,
And the trees round the little cottage
Stood motionless and bare;
But within there was life and bustle,
There was warmth in the kitchen stove,
And the smile of a patient woman,
And the glow of a deathless love.

The cakes and pies on the dresser
Stood ranged in a tempting row,
And the table-cloth on a chair-back
Was smooth and as white as snow;
On the table, 'mid bags and baskets,
A big, fat turkey lay,
For Tom, our Tom, was coming
To spend Thanksgiving Day.

Yes, Tom had sent us a letter,
The first that had come for years,
And we read it all over and over
Till its lines were dimmed with tears:
The boy who had nigh disgraced us,
Whose mem'ry was dead to some,
The wayward, the lost, was coming;
Thank God, he was coming home.

To-day, as I think it over,
The old scene comes back again,
And I see their anxious faces
As plain as I saw them then;
I can see poor grief-bowed father
Standing by mother's side,
Both peering out through the window,
Trying their fears to hide.

I can see a manly horseman
Dismount at the cottage door,
And remember the kindly message
That from absent Tom he bore;
I remember how mother detected
The cheat, and then swooned away;
And forever I'll still remember
That sweet Thanksgiving Day.

GEORGE M. VICKERS.

COMBAT OF FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK.

(Descriptive and dramatic.)

THE chief in silence strode before,
And reached the torrent's sounding shore;
And here, at length, his course he staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said:
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust;
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel.
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel!
See, here, all vantageless I stand.
Armed, like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delayed
When foeman bade me draw my blade:
Nay, more, brave chief, I vowed thy death!
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved.
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, stranger, none!—
Not yet prepared? By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light,
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair!"—

"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word;
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword!

For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy veie.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud chief, can courtesy be shown:
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—what thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt!"

Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw;
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what he ne'er might see again.
Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.
Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw;
Whose brazen studs, and tough bull-hide,
Had death so often dashed aside:
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practiced every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,—
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain,
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter-shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand;
And, backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

"Now, yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"—
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."

Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but recked not of, a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain! Down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The chieftain's gripe his throat compressed;
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight;
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting chief's relaxing grasp.
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

(Dramatic and pathetic.)

DARK is the night! How dark! No light; no fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering, she watches by the cradle-side,
For him, who pledged her love—last year a bride!

"Hark! 'tis his footstep! No! 'tis past!—'tis gone!"
Tick!—tick!—"How wearily the time crawls on!

Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind!
And I believed 'twould last!—How mad!—How blind!

"Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep!—for there is no food!—the fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done.
My heart must break! And thou!" The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes! he's there! he's there!
For this!—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve, and bless him, but for *you*,
My child! his child! Oh, fiend!" The clock strikes two.

"Hark! how the signboard creaks! The blast howls by.
Moan! Moan! a dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes! he comes once more!"
'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert us thus? He knows I stay,
Night after night, in loneliness, to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! it cannot be! He will be here!

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! thou'rt freezing! But we will not part!
Husband!—I die!—Father! It is not he!
O God? protect my child!" The clock strikes three.

They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!
The wife and child are numbered with the dead.
On the cold hearth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay, frozen on its mother's breast:
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dread silence reigned around:—the clock struck four!

REYNELL COATES.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

I ASKED the heavens:—"What foe to God had done
This unexampled deed?" The heavens exclaim,
"'Twas man; and we in horror snatched the sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."
I asked the sea; the sea in fury boiled,
And answered, with his voice of storms,—
"'Twas man;
My waves in panic at his crime recoiled,
Disclosed the abyss, and from the center ran."
I asked the earth:—the earth replied, aghast,
"'Twas man; and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
That still I groan and shudder at the past."
To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man, I went.
And asked him next:—*he* turned a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.

MONTGOMERY.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood, in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly-flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came:
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross the tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind;
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven; and when I'm there,
Shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And, though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to the "Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of a sober hue was made:
"My coat and hat must all be gray—
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly waded in
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight,
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that;
And then, as he gazed to the further shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly, sailing, away, away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
And he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as one by one
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of goodliness;
But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came;
But, as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged? may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"*Thus*, with a few drops on my brow."
"But *I* have been dipped, as you'll see me now,

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you,
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian Church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd;
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new;
That is the false, and this is the true"—
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new;
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak:
Modest the sisters walked and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,

How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide.

A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence all?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met;
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side—
Side by side, for the way was one;
The toilsome journey of life was done;
And all who in Christ the Saviour died
Come out alike on the other side.

No forms of crosses or books had they;
No gowns of silk or suits of gray;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.;
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

GOOD-NIGHT, PAPA.

(Pathetic reading.)

THE words of a blue-eyed child as she kissed her chubby hand and looked down the stairs, "Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

It came to be a settled thing, and every evening as the mother slipped the white night-gown over the plump shoulders, the little one stopped on the stairs and sang out, "Good-night, papa," and as the father heard the silvery accents of the child, he came, and taking the cherub in his arms, kissed her tenderly, while the mother's eyes filled, and a swift prayer went up; for, strange to say, this man who loved his child with all the warmth of his great noble nature, had one fault to mar his manliness. From his youth he loved the wine-cup. Genial in spirit, and with a fascination of manner that won him friends, he could not resist when surrounded by his boon companions. Thus his home was darkened, the heart of his wife bruised and bleeding, the future of his child shadowed.

Three years had the winsome prattle of the baby crept into the avenues of the father's heart, keeping him closer to his home, but still the fatal cup was in his hand. Alas for frail humanity, insensible to the calls of love! With unutterable tenderness God saw there was no other way; this father was dear to him, the purchase of his Son; he could not see him perish, and, calling a swift messenger, he said, "Speed thee to earth and bring the babe."

"Good-night, papa," sounded from the stairs. What was there in the voice? was it the echo of the mandate, "Bring me the babe?"—a silvery, plaintive sound, a lingering music that touched the father's heart as when a cloud crosses the sun. "Good-night, my darling;" but his lips quivered and his broad brow grew pale. "Is Jessie sick, mother? Her cheeks are flushed, and her eyes have a strange light."

"Not sick," and the mother stooped to kiss the flushed brow; "she may have played too much. Pet is not sick?"

"Jessie tired, mamma; good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

"That is all, she is only tired," said the mother, as she took the small hand. Another kiss, and the father turned away; but his heart was not satisfied.

Sweet lullabies were sung; but Jessie was restless, and could not sleep. "Tell me a story, mamma;" and the mother told her of the blessed babe that Mary cradled, following along the story till the child had grown to walk and play. The blue, wide-open eyes, filled with a strange light, as though she saw and comprehended more than the mother knew.

That night the father did not visit the saloon; tossing on his bed, starting from a feverish sleep and bending over the crib, the long, weary hours passed. Morning revealed the truth—Jessie was smitten with the fever.

"Keep her quiet," the doctor said; "a few days of good nursing, and she will be all right."

Words easily said; but the father saw a look on that sweet face such as he had seen before. He knew the messenger was at the door.

Night came. "Jessie is sick; can't say good-night, papa;" and the little clasping fingers clung to the father's hand.

"O God, spare her! I cannot, cannot bear it!" was wrung from his suffering heart.

Days passed; the mother was tireless in her watching. With her babe cradled in her arms her heart was slow to take in the truth, doing her best to solace the father's heart; "a light case! the doctor says Pet will soon be well."

Calmly as one who knows his doom, the father laid his hand upon the hot brow, looked into the eyes even then covered with the film of death, and with all the strength of his manhood cried: "Spare her, O God! spare my child, and I will follow thee."

With a last painful effort the parched lips opened: "Jessie's too sick; can't say good-night, papa—in the morning." There was a convulsive shudder, and the clasping fingers relaxed their hold; the messenger had taken the child.

Months have passed. Jessie's crib stands by the side of her father's couch; her blue embroidered dress and white hat hang in his closet; her boots with the print of her feet just as she had last worn them, as sacred in his eyes as they are in the mother's. Not dead, but merely risen to a higher life; while, sounding down from the upper stairs, "Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning," has been the means of winning to a better way one who had shown himself deaf to every former call.

PLEDGE WITH WINE.

(Temperance reading.)

"PLEDGE with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come,—she pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder. From her childhood she had been most solemnly opposed to the use of all wines and liquors.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette;—in your own house act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles towards Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

'Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can: It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct: she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken: "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison." "Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child; in God's name, no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: "Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer.

The judge left the room, and when an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour forswore the social glass.

THE THIEF ON THE CROSS.

(By permission of the Author.)

[ARGUMENT:—In order to portray the bold, defiant nature of the thief, he is first presented to the reader while lying in wait for a traveller, whom he attacks; during the combat the traveller momentarily gains the mastery, and the thief's life is threatened. Yet he scorns to plead for mercy, but, with a sudden effort, overpowers the traveller, whom he robs and leaves by the wayside. Again he is discovered in prison. It is the day of execution, just prior to the dread march to Calvary; here once more he shows an indomitable spirit—proud to the very death. The final scene is upon the cross, where, witnessing the sufferings and marvellous magnanimity of the dying Christ, he at last succumbs to the mighty power of love.]

I.

CROUCHING low, but not with fear,
A robber earthward bends his ear;
The distant footfalls nearer grow
Hesitating, stumbling, slow;
Then quicker, as the 'lated wight
Beholds each cheerful, twinkling light:
Jerusalem lies at his feet,
Anon he'll tread the lively street;
Soon Olivet will be descended,
Kedron crossed, his journey ended;
And, as he nears her looming walls,
The gladdening sight his strength recalls.

II.

But hark! What awful shrieks are those
That break the peaceful night's repose!
Two darksome forms, like goblins grim,
Weird antics cut in the starlight dim:
Advancing—retreating—a parry, a thrust,
Now having the 'vantage, now prone in the dust—
Ha! See! The traveller's gleaming knife
Has all but reached the bandit's life!
But the groan suppressed by an iron will
His mettle proves, though bandit still;
E'en wounded, yet he scowls disdain,
The gash ignores, unheeds the pain:
He scorns to cringe—but, with a bound,
Hurls crushed his victim to the ground!

III.

'Twas morn in ancient Palestine,
The air was hushed, the sky serene;
No leaflet stirred, no warbler sang;
Yet nature seemed to feel a pang.
But why? The dewdrop sparkled with
Fair blossoms scented vale and hill—
E'en the sunward sky poured forth its flood,
Its red, inverted sea of blood.

IV.

Ho! Barabbas, ho! Hear Pilate's decree:
The Nazarene diest, but thou goest free!
Off went the shackles, and forth from the cell
Stepped the bold felon; then followed the yell,
The cry of despair, and of anguish, and pain,
As the door of the dungeon swung to again.
Yet within the walls of that living grave
Was a bandit bad—but a bandit brave;
He was one of the three in that prison-room
Who hopelessly waited a terrible doom;
Yet he stood with his arms athwart his breast,
And the measured rise and the fall o' the chest,
With the sweeping glance of his fearless eye,
All told of a villain that dared to die!

V.

Already there floated within the gate
Wild rumors of how they met their fate,—
Of the earnest though haughty mien of him
Who shuddered and writhed on an outer limb,
Of the One who imploringly raised his eyes,
Who seemed to be gazing beyond the skies;
Of another who jeered in the jaws of death,
And cursed the law with his waning breath;
Of the which should be first or latest to die,
As happened the thoughts of the passers-by.

VI.

But out on the road as ye move along,
Behold the returning, the sated throng!
Press onward and upward—thrust them aside;
Their flush of confusion shall be your guide;
Halt! Rigidly, grimly there hang the three
On the veriest crest of Calvary!
Look at the sunken, the bloodshot eye
Of the raving blasphemer about to die:
Note how he gasps, how he twists with pain,
Cursing, and cursing, yet cursing in vain!
And the One in the centre, say, who is He
Whom the soldiers and rabble press round to see?
What legend of crime, what sign of disgrace,
That flutters and flares at the populace?
Come, read what is writ o'er the victim's head—
Soft! Ye must move with a reverent tread.

VII.

And thus run the words that your eyes peruse:
Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews!
A bandit hath seen them, and read them, too,
And he scans them again, like the thing were new:
And each time the meek Monarch breathes forth a prayer
It seemeth to lessen the robber's despair,
For the proud look of courage fades out from his face,
And a tender expression beams forth in its place.
Perhaps as the soul is about to take flight,
New scenes glad the view of its wondering sight,
As mariners nearing a newly-found shore
Gaze enraptured on beauties unheard of before.

VIII.

Still he dwells on the face of the crucified King,
Nor gives heed to the shouts that derisively ring;
On the thorn-tortured brow, on the dry, moving lips,
On the blood that adown the pale cheek slowly drips;
All, all meet his gaze, and he utters a sigh,
While a single bright teardrop starts forth from his eye.
As the pain-stricken babe to its mother reveals,
By the language of looks, the keen anguish it feels,
So the robber's sad glances now seem to impart
To yon Jesus the weight of remorse at his heart.

IX.

Remember me, Lord! Hear the bandit implore!
He whom life could not tempt to crave pity before.
What strange fascination hath conquered the thief?
What power converts to the mystic belief?
And the merciful Jesus replies from the tree:
"In Paradise with me this day shalt thou be!"

* * * * *

Oh, love is the victor that taketh the heart,
Than the lightning 'tis swifter, and stronger than art;
In the sea, in the earth, in the heavens above,
There dwelleth no power more mighty than love!

GEORGE M. VICKERS.

PAPA'S LETTER.

I WAS sitting in my study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma musn't be 'isturbed.

"But I'se tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzer fing to do,
Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I wite a letter too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy:
Run and play with kitty, now."
"No, no, mamma; me wite letter,
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away and bear good news."
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried,
Down to Mary in his glee,
"Mamma's writing lots of letters;
I'se a letter, Mary—see!"

No one heard the little prattler,
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,

As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened
Till he reached the office door.
"I'se a letter, Mr. Postman;
Is there room for any more?

"'Cause dis letter's doin' to papa,
Papa lives with God, 'ou know,
Mamma sent me for a letter,
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day, my little man,"
"Den I'll find anozzer office,
'Cause I must do if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden nair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehea
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

BROKEN HEARTS.—*Washington Irving.*

(Pathetic reading.)

ROBERT EMMETT, the Irish patriot, was born in 1780. He was executed on September 20, 1803. His oration is given in full in the department of Great Orators. See page 256.

EVERY one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmett, the Irish patriot: it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid! The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whole soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender though

melancholy circumstances that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love.

But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scath and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a specter, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow.

After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one, but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

LINES RELATING TO CURRAN'S DAUGHTER.

(Robert Emmett's affianced bride.)

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love—for his country he died;
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

THOMAS MOORE.

SHYLOCK'S SOLILOQUY AND ADDRESS.

HOW like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!—
Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys;" you say so:
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spur a stranger cur
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.
What would I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last:
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys."

SHAKESPEARE.

SOLILOQUY OF MANFRED.

THE spirits I have raised abandon me—
The spells which I have studied baffle me—
The remedy I recked of tortured me:
I lean no more on superhuman aid;
It hath no power upon the past, and for
The future, till the past be gulfed in darkness,
It is not of my search. My mother earth!
And thou, fresh-breaking day; and you, ye mountains,
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That open'st over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my heart
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindle as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest forever—wherefore do I pause?
I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
I see the peril—yet do not recede;
And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm:
There is a power upon me which withholds,
And makes it my fatality to live—
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulcher; for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself—
The last infirmity of evil.—Ay,
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,
(*An eagle passes*)
Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I should be
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,

With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mixed essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are—what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other. BYRON.

SOLILOQUY OF ROMEO IN THE GARDEN.

BUT, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious:
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady: O, it is my love:
O that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.—
I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
She speaks:—
O speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white, upturned, wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
SHAKESPEARE.

HOTSPUR'S SOLILOQUY ON THE CONTENTS OF A LETTER.

(Speaker should address remarks to letter which he holds in hand.)

"BUT for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house."—He could be contented to be there! Why is he not then?—In respect of the love he bears our house! He shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous."—Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord Fool, out of this nettle danger, we pluck the flower safety. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself, unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."—Say you so, say you so: I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends, true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself; Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel!—Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. Oh! I could

divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honorable an action!—Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared, I will set forward to-night.

SHAKESPEARE.

SOLILOQUY OF RICHARD III. BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH.

'TIS now the dead of night, and half the world
Is with a lonely solemn darkness hung;
Yet I, (so coy a dame is sleep to me,)
With all the weary courtship of
My care-tired thoughts, can't win her to my bed,
Though e'en the stars do wink, as 'twere with overwatching.
I'll forth and walk a while. The air's refreshing,
And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odor.—
How awful is this gloom! And hark! from camp to camp
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each others' watch:
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighings,
Piercing the night's dull ear. Hark! from the tents
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With clink of hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation; while some,
Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,
With patience sit, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger. By yon Heaven, my stern
Impatience chides this tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediously away. I'll to my couch,
And once more try to sleep her into morning.

SHAKESPEARE.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

TO be, or not to be, that is the question;—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep:—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When he have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

(Speaker sits in meditative mood with book in hand, to which he often looks.)

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinty that stirs within us:
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter

And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it,—
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when or where? This world—was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them—
(*Laying his hand on his sword.*)
Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ADDISON.

SOLILOQUY OF RICHARD III.

WAS ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?
I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that killed her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate?
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by;
With God, her conscience, and these bars, against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,—
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing—Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabbed in my angry mood, at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman—
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right loyal—
The spacious world can not again afford.
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?—
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while.
Upon my life, she finds, although I can not,
Myself to be a marvelous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body.
Since I am crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass
That I may see my shadow as I pass!

SHAKESPEARE.

LADY MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY.

GLAMIS thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised.—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes me from the golden round,

Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.
The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctuous visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold! hold!" SHAKESPEARE.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

[This poem was a great favorite with Abraham Lincoln. A noted artist who painted the President's picture tells us that on one occasion Mr. Lincoln repeated the poem in full to him with great effect, and commented upon the influence which it had exerted over his life.]

OH! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,

Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.

WHERE ARE THE DEAD?

(Reflective.)

WHERE are the mighty ones of ages past,
Who o'er the world their inspirations cast,—
Whose memories stir our spirits like a blast?—
Where are the dead?
Where are the mighty ones of Greece? Where be
The men of Sparta and Thermopylæ?
The conquering Macedonian, where is he?
Where are the dead?

Where are Rome's founders? Where her chiefest son,
Before whose name the whole known world bowed down,—
Whose conquering arm chased the retreating sun?—
Where are the dead?
Where's the bard-warrior-king of Albion's state,
A pattern for earth's sons to emulate,—
The truly, nobly, wisely, goodly great?—
Where are the dead?

Where is Gaul's hero, who aspired to be
A second Cæsar in his mastery,—
To whom earth's crowned ones trembling bent the knee?
Where are the dead?

Where is Columbia's son, her darling child,
Upon whose birth Virtue and Freedom smiled,—
The Western Star, bright, pure, and undefiled?—
Where are the dead?

Where are the sons of song, the soul-inspired,—
The bard of Greece, whose muse (of heaven acquired)
With admiration ages past has fired,—
The classic dead?
Where is the poet * who in death was crowned,—
Whose clay-cold temples laurel chaplets bound,
Mocking the dust,—in life no honor found,—
The insulted dead?

Greater than all,—an earthly sun enshrined,—
Where is the king of bards? Where shall we find
The Swan of Avon,—monarch of the mind,—
The mighty dead?
When their frail bodies died, did they *all* die,
Like the brute dead, passing for ever by?
Then wherefore was their intellect so high,—
The mighty dead?

Why was it not confined to earthly sphere,—
To earthly wants? If it must perish here,
Why did they languish for a bliss more dear,
The blessed dead?
All things in nature are proportionate:
Is man alone in an imperfect state,—
He who doth all things rule and regulate?
Then where the dead?

If here they perished, in their beings' germ,—
Here were their thoughts', their hopes', their wishes' term,—
Why should a giant's strength propel a worm?—
The dead! the dead!
There are no dead! The forms, indeed, did die,
That cased the ethereal beings now on high:
'Tis but the outward covering is thrown by:—
This is the dead!

The spirits of the lost, of whom we sing,
Have perished not; they have but taken wing,—
Changing an earthly for a heavenly spring:
There are the dead!

* Torquato Tasso.

Thus is all nature perfect. Harmony
Pervades the whole, by His all-wise decree,
With whom are those, to vast infinity,
We misname dead. ANON.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above his sceptered sway,
It is enthroned in the *hearts* of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. SHAKESPEARE.

OTHELLO'S FAREWELL.

O! NOW for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war!
And, O! ye mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!
SHAKESPEARE.

COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

AND this, O Spain! is thy return
For the new world I gave!
Chains!—this the recompense I earn!
The fetters of the slave!
Yon sun that sinketh 'neath the se-
Rises on realms I found for thee

I served thee as a son would serve;
I loved thee with a father's love;
It ruled my thought, and strung my nerve,
To raise thee other lands above,
That thou, with all thy wealth, might be
The single empress of the sea.

For thee my form is bowed and worn
With midnight watches on the main;
For thee my soul hath calmly borne
Ills worse than sorrow, more than pain;
Through, life, whate'er my lot might be,
I lived, dared, suffered, but for thee.

My guerdon!—'Tis a furrowed brow,
Hair gray with grief, eyes dim with tears,
And blighted hope, and broken vow,
And poverty for coming years,
And hate, with malice in her train:—
What other guerdon?—View my chain!

Yet say not that I weep for gold!
No, let it be the robber's spoil.—
Nor yet, that hate and malice bold
Decry my triumph and my toil.—
I weep but for Spain's lasting shame;
I weep but for her blackened fame.

No more.—The sunlight leaves the sea;
Farewell, thou never-dying king!
Earth's clouds and changes change not thee,
And thou—and thou,—grim, giant thing,
Cause of my glory and my pain,—
Farewell, unfathomable main!
MISS JEWSBURY.

THE POLISH BOY.

WHENCE come those shrieks so wild and shrill,
That cut, like blades of steel, the air,
Causing the creeping blood to chill
With the sharp cadence of despair?

Again they come, as if a heart
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
And every string had voice apart
To utter its peculiar woe.

Whence came they? from yon temple, where
An altar raised for private prayer,

Now forms the warrior's marble bed,
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led?

The dim funereal tapers throw
A holy lustre o'er his brow,
And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that, whose icy press
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress?
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp;
It is the hand of her whose cry
Ran wildly late upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye
Outstretched upon the altar there.

With pallid lip and stony brow,
She murmurs forth her anguish now.
But hark! the tramp of heavy feet
Is heard along the bloody street!
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep;—
The gate is burst! a ruffian band
Rush in and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain!

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom clasped her child;
Then, with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted, with fearful energy,
"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead!
Nor touch the living boy; I stand
Between him and your lawless band!
Take *me*, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild,
To perish, if 'twill save my child!"
"Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side,
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.

"One moment!" shrieked the mother; "one!
Will land or gold redeem my son?
Take heritage, take name, take all,
But leave him free from Russian thrall!
Take these!" and her white arms and hands,
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like starlight there.
Her cross of blazing rubies, last
Down at the Russian's feet she cast.
He stooped to seize the glittering store;—
Up springing from the marble floor,
The mother, with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy!
But no! the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell, with one long cry
Of more than mortal agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
And, breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit fierce and bold!
Proudly he towers; his flashing eye,
So blue, and yet so bright,
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.

His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks;
With a full voice of proud command
He turns upon the wondering band:
"Ye hold me not! no, no, nor can!
This hour has made the boy a man.
I knelt beside my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire.
I wept upon his marble brow—
Yes, wept! I was a child; but now—
My noble mother on her knee
Has done the work of years for me!"

He drew aside his broidered vest,
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jeweled haft of poniard bright
Glittered a moment on the sight.
"Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!
Think ye my noble father's glaive

Would drink the life-blood of a slave?
The pearls that on the handle flame
Would blush to rubies in their shame;
The blade would quiver in my breast,
Ashamed of such ignoble rest.
No! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
And fling him back a boy's disdain!"

A moment, and the funeral light
Flashed on the jewelled weapon bright;
Another, and his young heart's blood
Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood!
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
And on the air his clear voice rang:
"Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!
The choice was death or slavery!
Up, mother, up! Look on thy son!
His freedom is forever won!
And now he waits one holy kiss
To bear his father home in bliss,
One last embrace, one blessing—one!
To prove thou knowest, approvest thy son!
What! silent yet? Canst thou not feel
My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?
Speak, mother, speak! lift up thy head!
What! silent still? Then art thou dead!
——Great God! I thank thee! Mother, I
Rejoice with thee—and thus—to die!"
One long, deep breath, and his pale head
Lay on his mother's bosom—dead!

DER DRUMMER.

(Dialectic)

WHO puts oup at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oysders on der schell,
Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?
Der drummer.

Who vas it gomes indo mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles on de vloor,
Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
Der drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt, und say,
"Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes vor peeseness righdt avay?
Der drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me, "Look, und see how nice?"
Und says I gets "der bottom price?"
Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goods vas bought,
Mooch less as vot I gould imbort,
But lets dem go as he vas "short?"
Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine,—
"Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine,"—
Und sheats me den dimes oudt off nine?
Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers ubon his *route*,
Und ven day gomes dey vas no goot?
Der drummer.

Who gomes aroundt ven I been oudt,
Drinks oup mine bier, and eats mine kraut,
Und kiss Katrina in der mout'?
Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes avay?
Der drummer.

CHAS. F. ADAMS.

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

(Dialectic recitation.)

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As efer you did see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts off der house:
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
Poots schnuff into mine kraut.
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,—
Dot was der roughest chouse:

I'd dake dot vrom no oder po'
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schticks to beat it mit,—
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
He kicks oup sooch a touse:
But nefer mind; der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions such as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cut dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
Und beaceful dimes enshoy;
But ven he was ashleep in bed,
So guiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHAS. F. ADAMS.

PADDY'S REFLECTIONS ON CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

(Humorous. Irish Dialect.)

SO that's Cleopathera's Naadle, bedad,
An' a quare lookin' naadle it is, I'll be bound;
What a powerful muscle the queen must have had
That could grasp such a weapon an' wind it around!

Imagine her sittin' there stichin' like mad
With a naadle like that in her hand! I declare
It's as big as the Round Tower of Slane, an', bedad,
It would pass for a round tower, only its square!

The taste of her, ordherin' a naadle of granite!
Begorra, the sight of it shtrikes me quite dumb!
And look at the quare sort of figures upon it;
I wondher can these be the thracks of her thumb?

I once was astonished to hear of the faste
Cleopathera made upon pearls; but now
I declare, I would not be surprised in the laste
If ye told me the woman had swallowed a cow!

It's easy to see why bould Cæsar should quail
In her presence an' meekly submit to her rule;
Wid a weapon like that in her fist I'll go bail
She could frighten the soul out of big Finn MacCool!

But, Lord, what poor pigmies the women are now,
Compared with the monsthers they must have been then!
Whin the darlin's in those days would kick up a row,
Holy smoke, but it must have been hot for the men.

Just think how a chap that goes courtin' would start
If his girl was to prod him with that in the shins!
I have often seen naadles, but bouldly assart
That the naadle in front of me there takes the pins!

O sweet Cleopathera! I'm sorry you're dead;
An' whin lavin' this wonderful naadle behind,
Had ye thought of bequeathin' a spool of your thread
And yer thimble an' scissors, it would have been kind.

But pace to your ashes, ye plague o' great men,
Yer strenth is departed, yer glory is past;
Ye'll never wield sceptre nor naadle again,
And a poor little asp did yer bizness at last.

CORMAC O'LEARY.

(Permission of the Author.)

AT last the cottage was rented
That vacant had stood so long,
And the silent gloom of its chambers
Gave way to mirth and song.
Ever since the sheriff sold it,
And poor Dobson moved away,
Not a soul had crossed the threshold
Till the strangers came in May;
Then the mold on the steps of marble
Was scoured and well rinsed off,
And the packed dead leaves of autumn
Were thrown from the dry pump trough;
And the windows were washed and polished,
And the paints and floors were scrubbed,
While the knobs and hearthstone brasses
Were cleaned and brightly rubbed.

Now right across the turnpike
Lived old Aunt Polly Green,
And through the window lattice
The cottage could be seen.
There wasn't a bed or mattress,
There wasn't a thing untied,
Not a box, a trunk, or a bundle,
But what Aunt Polly spied.
Such high-toned, stylish neighbors
The village had never known;
And the family had no children—
The folks were all full-grown;
That is, there were two young ladies,
The husband and his wife,
"And she," said old Aunt Polly,
"Hain't seen a bit of life."

And so Aunt Polly watched them,
Oft heard the husband say,
"Good-bye, my love," when leaving
His wife but for the day;
And when he came at sunset
She saw them eager run,
Striving the wife and daughters
To be the favored one;
And as Aunt Polly, peeping,
Beheld his warm embrace,
And noted well the love-light
That lit the mother's face,
She shook her head and muttered,
"Them two hain't long been wed
A pity for his first wife,
Who's sleepin' cold and dead."

"The poor thing died heart-broken,
Neglected by that brute,
"Who, soon as she was buried,
Began his new love suit,
"I know it," said old Aunt Polly,
"I see the hull thing through;
How kin he so forget her,
Who always loved him true?"

And tears of woman's pity
Streamed down Aunt Polly's face,
As in her mind she pictured
The dead wife's resting-place.
"To think," sobbed good Aunt Polly,
"How the daughters, too, behave,
When their poor and sainted mother
Fills a lone, forgotten grave."

One day when old Aunt Polly
Sat knitting, almost asleep,
When the shadows under the woodbine
Eastward began to creep,
A rosy-cheeked, brown-eyed maiden
Walked up to the kitchen door,
Where never a soul from the cottage
Had dared to walk before:
'Tis true that she walked on tip-toe,
And cautiously peered around;
But she smiled and courtesied sweetly
When the one she sought was found:
"I rapped on the front door knocker,
And wondered where you could be,
So I hope you will pardon my boldness
In walking around to see."

"Boldness," said Polly, rising,
And fixing her glasses straight,
"Boldness ain't nothin' now-'days,
To some, at any rate.
Sit down in that cheer and tell me
Who 'twas that sent you here;
And tell me how long ago, Miss,
You lost your mother dear."
The girl stood still, astonished,
She knew not what to say,
She wished herself in the cottage
That stood across the way.
"Now don't stand there a sulkin',
Have a little Christian shame,
Even if she is a bold one
That bears your father's name."

"Madam, or Miss," said the maiden,
"There's surely a great mistake,
Or else I must be dreaming—"
"No you hain't, you're wide awake;
I blame your bold stepmother
For learnin' you this deceit;
Now answer me true the question
Which again I must repeat—
When did you lose your mother,
And of what did the poor child die,
And wasn't her pale face pinched like,
An didn't she often sigh?
Horrors! jist look at the heathen,
A laughin' right in my face,
When speakin' about her mother,
In her last lone restin' place."

"You say you was sent to invite m
To the cottage over the way,
That to-night's the celebration
Of your mother's marriage day,
That this is the silver weddin',
Of that young and frisky thing,
That for five and twenty summers
She's wore her plain gold ring?
Well, looks they are deceivin',
Why her hair's not one mite gray,
And her cheek is like a lily
Gathered for Easter Day.
An' will I come? Yes, dearie;
But let me your pardon crave,
For I've been like an old fool weepin',
A mournin' an empty grave."

THIRTY YEARS WITH A SHREW.

(Humorous.)

ST. PETER stood guard at the golden gate
With a solemn mien and an air sedate,
When up at the top of the golden stair
A man and a woman, ascending there,
Applied for admission. They came and stood
Before St. Peter, so great and good,
In hope the City of Peace to win,
And asked St. Peter to let them in.

The woman was tall and lank and thin,
With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin;
The man was short and thick and stout,
His stomach was built so it rounded out;
His face was pleasant, and all the while
He wore a kindly and genial smile;

The choirs in the distance the echoes awoke,
And the man kept still while the woman spoke.

"O, thou who guardest the gate," said she,
"We come up hither, beseeching thee
To let us enter the heavenly land,
And play our harps with the heavenly band.
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt,
There's nothing from Heaven to bar me out;
I've been to meeting three times a week,
And almost always I'd rise and speak.

"I've told the sinners about the day
When they'd repent of their evil way;
I've told my neighbors—I've told them all
'Bout Adam and Eve and the primal fall.
I've shown them what they'd have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few.
I've marked their path of duty clear,
Laid out the plan of their whole career.

"I've talked and talked to them loud and long,
For my lungs are good and my voice is strong;
So good St. Peter, you'll clearly see
The gate of Heaven is open for me;
But my old man, I regret to say,
Hasn't walked exactly the narrow way.
He smokes and chews and grave faults he's got,
And I don't know whether he'll pass or not.

"He never would pray with an earnest vim,
Or go to revival or join in a hymn;
So I had to leave him in sorrow there
While I in my purity said my prayer,
He ate what the pantry chose to afford,
While I sung at church in sweet accord;
And if cucumbers were all he got,
It's a chance if he merited them or not.

"But O, St. Peter, I love him so,
To the pleasures of Heaven please let him go
I've done enough—a saint I've been.
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?
But in my grim gospel I know 'tis so,
That the unrepentant must fry below;
But isn't there some way you can see
That he may enter, who's dear to me?

"It's a narrow gospel by which I pray,
But the chosen expect to find the way
Of coaxing or fooling or bribing you
So that their relations can amble through.
And say, St. Peter, it seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.
You ought to stand right by the opening there,
And never sit down in that easy chair.

"And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,
But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed;
They're cut too wide and outward toss;
They'd look better narrow, cut straight across.
Well, we must be going, our crowns to win,
So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in."

* * * * *

St. Peter sat quiet, he stroked his staff,
But spite of his office he had to laugh;
Then he said, with a fiery gleam in his eye,
"Who's tending this gate, you or I?"
And then he rose in his stature tall,
And pressed the button upon the wall,
And said to the imp who answered the bell,
"Escort this lady around to—Hades."

The man stood still as a piece of stone—
Stood sadly, gloomily there alone;
A lifelong settled idea he had,
That his wife was good and he was bad;
He thought if the woman went down below,
That he would certainly have to go;
That if she went to the regions dim,
There wasn't a ghost of a chance for him.

Slowly he turned, by habit bent,
To follow wherever the woman went.
St. Peter standing on duty there
Observed that the top of his head was bare.
He called the gentleman back and said,
"Friend, how long have you been wed?"
"Thirty years" (with a weary sigh)
And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"

St. Peter was silent. With eye cast down,
He raised his head and scratched his crown;

Then seeming a different thought to take,
Slowly, half to himself, he spake:
"Thirty years with that woman there?
No wonder the man hasn't any hair;
Chewing is nasty; smoke's not good;
He smoked and chewed; I should think he would.

"Thirty years with a tongue so sharp?
Ho! Angel Gabriel, give him a harp;
A jeweled harp with a golden string;
Good sir, pass in where the angels sing;
Gabriel, give him a seat alone—
One with a cushion—up near the throne;
Call up some angels to play their best;
Let him enjoy the music and rest!

See that on the finest ambrosia he feeds;
He's had about all the Hades he needs.
It isn't just hardly the thing to do,
To roast him on earth and the future, too."

* * * * *

They gave him a harp with golden strings,
A glittering robe and a pair of wings;
And he said as he entered the realms of day,
"Well, this beats cucumbers any way."
And so the Scriptures had come to pass,
That "The last shall be first, and the first shall be last."

UNCLE PETE.

CHARACTERS:

GEORGE PEYTON, *a planter.*

UNCLE PETE, *a venerable darkey, looking the worse for wear, with more patches than pantaloons.*

SCENE.—*Exterior view of a planter's cabin with practicable door.* GEORGE PEYTON *discovered, seated on a bench, under veranda, reading a newspaper.*

Enter UNCLE PETE, *L.,* a limp noticeable in his left leg, the knee of which is bowed outward, hoe on his shoulder.*

Uncle Pete. (*Pausing as he enters, shading his eyes with his hand, and gazing towards* GEORGE PEYTON.) Yes, dar he is; dar is Marse George, a-sittin' on the poarch, a-readin' his papah. Golly, I cotch um at home! (*Advancing and calling*) Marse George, Marse George, I's come to see you once mo', once mo', befo' I leabes you fo'ebber. Marse George, I's gwine to de odder shoah; I's far on de way to my long home, to dat home ober acrost de ribber, whar de wicked hab no mo' trouble, and where watermillions ripen all the year! Youns has all bin berry kine to me heah, Marse George, berry kine to de ole man, but I's gwine away, acrost de dark ribber. I's gwine ober, an' dar, on dat odder shoah, I'll stan' an' pick on de golden hawp among de angels, an' in de company of de blest. Dar I'll fine my rest; dar I'll stan' befo' de throne fo'ebber mo' a-singin' an' a-shoutin' susannis to de Lord!

George Peyton. Oh, no, Uncle Pete, you're all right yet—you're good for another twenty years.

Uncle P. Berry kine o' you to say dat, Marse George—berry kine—but it's no use. It almos' breaks my hawt to leab you, an' to leab de missus an' de chillun, Marse George, but I's got my call—I's all gone inside.

George P. Don't talk so, Uncle Pete; you are still quite a hale old man.

Uncle P. No use talkin', Marse George, I's gwine to hebben berry soon. 'Pears like I can heah the singin' on de odder shoah. 'Pears like I can heah de voice of ob "Aunt 'Liza" an' de odders dat's gone befoah. You'se bin berry kine, Marse George—de missus an' de chillun's bin berry good—seems like all de people's bin berry good to poor ole Pete—poor cretur like me.

George P. Nonsense, Uncle Pete (*kindly and encouragingly*), nonsense, you are good for many years yet. You'll see the sod placed on the graves of many younger men than you are, before they dig the hole for you. What you want just now, Uncle Pete, is a good square meal. Go into the kitchen and help yourself—fill up inside. There is no one at home, but I think you know the road. Plenty of cold victuals of all kinds in there.

* *R.* signifies *right*; *L.*, *left*, and *C.*, *centre* of stage.

Uncle P. (*A smile illuminating his face.*) 'Bleedged t'ye, Marse George, 'bleeged t'ye, sah, I'll go! For de little time I has got to stay, I'll not go agin natur'; but it's no use. I's all gone inside—I's got my call. I'm one o' dem dat's on de way to de golden shoah.

(*Exit* UNCLE PETE *through door, his limp hardly noticeable. His manner showing his delight.*)

George P. Poor old Uncle Pete, he seems to be the victim of religious enthusiasm. I suppose he has been to camp-meeting, but he is a cunning old fox, and it must have taken a regular hard-shell sermon to convert the old sinner. He was raised on this plantation, and I have often heard my father say, he hadn't a better negro on the place. Ever since the war, he has been working a little, and loafing a good deal, and I have no doubt he sometimes sighs to be a slave again at work on the old plantation. (*Starts and listens.*)

Uncle P. (*Singing inside:*)

Jay bird, jay bird, sittin' on a limb,
He winked at me, an' I at him;
Cocked my gun, an' split his shin,
An' left the arrow a-stickin'.

George P. (*Starting up.*) Zounds! if that old thief hasn't found my bitters bottle! Pete! Pete, you rascal!

Uncle P. (*Continues singing:*)

Snake bake a hoe cake,
An' set the frog to mind it;
But the frog fell asleep,
An' the lizard come an' find it.

George P. Pete! you rascal, come out of that.

Uncle P. (*Who does not hear the planter, continues singing, and dances a gentle, old-fashioned shuffle.*)

De debbil cotch the groun' hog
A-sittin' in de sun,
An' kick him off de back-log,
Jes' to see de fun.

George P. (*Furious.*) Pete; you infernal nigger, come out of that, I say.

Uncle P. (*Still singing and dancing:*)

De 'possum up de gum tree,
A-playin' wid his toes,
An' up comes de ginny pig,
Den off he goes.

George P. (*Thoroughly aroused, throwing down his paper.*) You, Pete; blast the nigger.

Uncle P. (*Continues singing:*)

De weasel went to see de polecat's wife,
You nebber smelt such a row in all yer—

George P. (*Rushes in the cabin, interrupts the singing, and drags* PETE *out by the ear.*) Pete! Pete, you infernal old rascal, is that the way you are crossing the river? Are those the songs they sing on the golden shore? Is this the way for a man to act when he has got his call—when he is all gone inside?

Uncle P. (*Looking as if he had been caught in a hen-roost.*) Marse George. I's got de call, sah, an' I's gwine acrost de dark ribber soon, but I's now braced up a little on de inside, an' de 'scursion am postponed—you see, de 'scursion am postponed, sah!

George P. (*Folding his arms, looking at* PETE, *as if in admiration of his impudence.*) The excursion is postponed, is it? Well, *this* excursion is not postponed, you old scoundrel. (*Seizes* PETE *by the coat-collar and runs him off stage, L.*) [CURTAIN.]

PAT'S EXCUSE.

CHARACTERS: { NORA, *a young Irish lass.*
PAT MURPHY, *a gay deceiver.*

Curtain rises.—Discovers NORA *in kitchen, peeling potatoes.*

Nora. Och! it's deceivin' that all men are! Now I belaved Pat niver would forsake me, and here he's trated me like an ould glove, and I'll *niver* forgive him. How praties make your eyes water. (*Wipes tears away.*) Almost as bad as onions. Not that I'm cryin'; oh, no. Pat Murphy cant see *me* cry. (*Knock without.*) There is Pat now, the rascal. I'll lock the door. (*Hastens to lock door.*)

Pat (*without*). Arrah, Nora, and here I am,

Nora. And there ye'll stay, ye spalpeen.

Pat (*without*). Ah, come now, Nora,—ain't it opening the door you are after? Sure, I'm dyin' of cold.

Nora. Faith, you are too hard a sinner to die aisy—so you can take your time about it.

Pat. Open the door, cushla; the police will be takin' me up.

Nora. He won't kape you long, alanna!

Pat. Nora, if you let me in, I'll tell you how I came to lave you at the fair last night.

Nora (*relenting*). Will you, for true?

Pat. Indade I will.

(*Nora unlocks door. Enter* PAT *gayly. He snatches a kiss from her.*)

Nora. Be off wid ye! Now tell me how you happened to be wid Mary O'Dwight last night?

Pat (*sitting down*). Well, you see it happened this way; ye know Mike O'Dwight is her brother, and he and me is blatherin' good friends, ye know; and as we was going to Caltry the ither day, Mike says to me, says he: "Pat, what'll you take fur that dog?" and I says, says I—

Nora (*who has been listening earnestly*). Bother you, Pat, but you are foolin' me again.

Pat (*coaxingly takes her hand*). No—no—Nora—I'll tell ye the truth this time, sure. Well, as I was sayin', Mike and me is good friends; and Mike says, says he: "Pat, that's a good dog." "Yis," says I, "it is." And he says, says he. "Pat, it is a blatherin' good dog." "Yis," says I; and then—and then— (*Scratches his head as if to aid his imagination.*)

Nora (*angrily snatching away hand*). There! I'll not listen to another word!

She sings. (Tune—Rory O'Moore.)

Oh, Patrick Murphy, be off wid you, pray,
I been watching your pranks this many a day;
You're false, and ye're fickle, as sure as I live
And your hateful desaivin' I'll niver forgive.
Ouch! do you think I was blind yester night,
When you walked so fine with Mary O'Dwight?
You kissed her, you rascal, and called her your own,
And left me to walk down the dark lane alone.

Pat (*taking up song*).

Oh, Nora, me darlint, be off wid your airs,
For nobody wants you, and nobody cares!
For you do want your Patrick, for don't you see,
You could not so well love any but me.
When my lips met * Miss Mary's, now just look at me,
I shut my eyes tight, just this way, don't you see?
And when the kiss came, what did I do?—
I shut my eyes tight, and made believe it was *you!*

Nora.

Be off wid your nonsense—a word in your ear,
Listen, my Patrick, be sure that you hear;
Last night when Mike Duffy came here to woo,
We sat in the dark, and made believe it was you—
And when the kiss came, now just look at me,—
I shut my eyes tight, just this way, don't you see?
And when our lips met, what did I do,
But keep my eyes shut, and make belave it was you!

(*Nora, laughing; Pat, disconcerted.*)

[QUICK CURTAIN.]

THE DUEL.

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER *to left, with pistols followed by* ACRES.

Acres. (*L.*†) By my valor, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

Sir Lucius. (*R.*) Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me.—Stay, now—I'll show you. (*Measures paces along the floor.*) There, now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acr. (*R.*) Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the further he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. (*L.*) Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acr. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir L. Pooh! pooh! nonsense! Three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acr. Odds bullets, no!—by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near! Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot:—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

* From the asterisk they sing only the first strain of "Rory O'More"—omitting the minor strain, with which Nora finishes her first stanza.

†*L.* signifies *left*; *R.*, *right*, and *C.*, *centre* of stage.

Sir L. Well, the gentlemen's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acr. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand—

Sir L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk; and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acr. A quietus!

Sir L. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acr. Pickled!—Snugly in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before.

Acr. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir L. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive the gentlemen's shot?

Acr. Odds files!—I've practiced that—there, Sir Lucius—there. (*Puts himself in an attitude.*) A side front, hey? I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

Sir L. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim— (*Leveling at him.*)

Acr. Zounds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir L. Never fear.

Acr. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir L. Pooh! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for, if it misses a vital part of your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acr. A vital part!

Sir L. But, there, fix yourself so—(*placing him*)—let him see the broadside of your full front, there, now, a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acr. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

Sir L. Ay, may they; and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acr. Look'ee, Sir Lucius! I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure, they don't mean to disappoint us. Ha! no, faith; I think I see them coming. (*Crosses to R.*)

Acr. (*L.*) Hey!—what!—coming!—

Sir L. Ay. Who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

Acr. There are two of them, indeed! Well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius! we—we—we—we—won't run!

Sir L. Run!

Acr. No,—I say,—we won't run, by my valor!

Sir L. What's the matter with you?

Acr. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius! but I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir L. O, fy! Consider your honor.

Acr. Ay—true—my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

Sir L. Well, here they're coming. (*Looking R.*)

Acr. Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid! If my valor should leave me!—Valor will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast while you have it.

Acr. Sir Lucius, I doubt it is going!—yes—my valor is certainly going!—it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms o my hands!

Sir L. Your honor! your honor! Here they are.

Acr. O mercy!—now—that I was safe a Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware. (SIR LUCIUS *takes Acres by the arm, and leads him reluctlantly off, R.*) SHERIDAN.

READING THE WILL.

CHARACTERS:

SWIPES, *a brewer.* CURRIE, *a saddler.*
FRANK MILLINGTON, *and* 'SQUIRE DRAWL.

Enter SWIPES, *R.*,* CURRIE, *L.*,

Swipes. A sober occasion this, brother Currie! Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end?

Currie. Ah! we must all die, brother Swipes. Those who live longest outlive the most.

Swipes. True, true; but, since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed?

Cur. Perfectly, perfectly. 'Squire Drawl told me she read every word of her last will and testament aloud, and never signed her name better.

Swipes. Had you any hint from the 'Squire what disposition she made of her property?

Cur. Not a whisper! the 'Squire is as close as a miser's purse. But one of the witnesses hinted to me that she has cut off her graceless nephew with a shilling.

Swipes. Has she? Good soul! Has she? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

Cur. And I in my *own* right; and this is, no doubt, the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. 'Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your own beer-barrels, brother Swipes. But here comes the young reprobate. He must be present, as a matter of course, you know. (*Enter* FRANK MILLINGTON, *R.*) Your servant, young gentleman. So, your benefactress has left you, at last!

Swipes. It is a painfull thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

Frank. It is so, sir; but I could bear her loss better, had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

Cur. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread.

Swipes. Ay, ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

Cur. Ay, or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

Frank. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as modestly, as I shall mine submissively. I shall retire. (*As he is going, R., enter* 'SQUIRE DRAWL, *R.*)

'Squire. Stop, stop, young man! We must have your presence. Good-morning, gentlemen: you are early on the ground.

Cur. I hope the 'Squire is well to-day.

'Squire. Pretty comfortable for an invalid.

Swipes. I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs.

'Squire. No, I believe not. You know I never hurry. *Slow and sure* is my maxim. Well, since the heirs-at-law are all convened, I shall proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

Swipes. (*While the* 'SQUIRE *is breaking the seal.*) It is a trying scene to leave all one's possessions, 'Squire, in this manner!

Cur. It really makes me feel melancholy when I look round and see everything but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the preacher say, All is vanity!

'Squire. Please to be seated, gentlemen. (*All sit.—The* 'SQUIRE *puts on his spectacles, and reads slowly.*) "Imprimis: Whereas my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler." ('SQUIRE *takes off his spectacles to wipe them.*)

Swipes. (*Dreadfully overcome.*) Generous creature! kind soul! I always loved her.

*R. signifies *right*; *L.*, *left*, and *C*, *centre* of stage.

Cur. She *was* good, she *was* kind! She was in her right mind. Brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I will take the mansion-house.

Swipes. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie! My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it. (*Both rise.*)

Cur. There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes! And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did not I lend her a new chaise every time she wished to ride? And who knows what influence——.

Swipes. Am I not named first in her will? And did I not furnish her with my best small beer for more than six months? And who knows——.

Frank. Gentlemen, I must leave you.

(*Going.*)

'*Squire.* (*Wiping his spectacles, and putting them on.*) Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats. I have not done yet. (*All sit.*) Let me see; where was I?—Ay,—"All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt street, brewer——"

Swipes. Yes!

'*Squire.* "And Christopher Currie, Fly Court, saddler——"

Cur. Yes!

'*Squire.* "To have and to hold IN TRUST, for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained the age of twenty-one years; by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits, as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."

Swipes. What's all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged? *In trust!*—how does that appear? Where is it?

'*Squire.* (*Pointing to the parchment.*) There! In two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

Cur. Pretty well, too, Mr. 'Squire, if we must be sent for to be made a laughing-stock of! She shall pay for every ride she had out of my chaise, I promise you!

Swipes. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times, if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here to be made the sport of a graceless profligate! But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie! We will make him feel that trustees are not to be trifled with!

Cur. That will we!

'*Squire.* Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument is dated three years ago, and the young gentleman must already be of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

Frank. It is, your worship.

'*Squire.* Then, gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of this seal according to law, you are released from any further trouble in the premises.

(*Exit* SWIPES *and* CURRIE *in earnest conversation.*) SARGENT.

THE DEBTOR AND THE DUN.

Enter REMNANT, *R.**

Remnant. Well, I am resolved I'll collect my bill of Col. Blarney this time. He shan't put me off again. This is the twentieth time, as I'm a sinner, that I have dunned him! His smooth words shan't humbug me now. No, no! Richard Remnant is not such a goose as to be paid in fine words for fine clothes. (*Takes out a long bill and unrolls it.*) A pretty collection of items, that! Why, the interest alone would make a good round sum. But hark! He is coming. (*Hastily rolls up the bill and returns it to his pocket.*)

Enter COL. BLARNEY, *R.*

Blarney. Ah! my dear Remnant, a thousand welcomes! How delighted I am to see you! And what stupidity on the part of my people not to make you enter at once! True, I had given orders that they should admit nobody; but those orders did not extend to you, my dear sir, for to you I am always at home.

Rem. Much obliged, sir. (*Fumbling in his pocket for his bill.*)

Blar. (*calling to his servants.*) What, ho!

* The initials *R.* and *L.* stand for the *Right* and *Left* of the stage, facing the audience.

John! Martha! confound you! I will teach you to keep my friend Remnant kicking his heels in the entry! I will teach you to distinguish among my visitors!

Rem. Indeed, sir, it is no sort of consequence.

Blar. But it *is* consequence! To tell you—you, one of my best friends—that I was not in!

Rem. I am your humble servant, sir. (*Drawing forth bill.*) I just dropped in to hand you this little—

Blar. Quick, there, quick! A chair for my friend Remnant!

Rem. I am very well as I am, sir.

Blar. Not at all! I would have you seated.

Rem. It is not necessary. (*Servant hands a common chair.*)

Blar. Rascal!—not that! An arm-chair!

Rem. You are taking too much trouble. (*An arm-chair is placed for him.*)

Blar. No, no; you have been walking some distance, and require rest. Now be seated.

Rem. There is no need of it—I have but a single word to say. I have brought—

Blar. Be seated, I say. I will not listen to you till you are seated.

Rem. Well, sir, I will do as you wish. (*Sits.*) I was about to say—

Blar. Upon my word, friend Remnant, you are looking remarkably well.

Rem. Yes, sir, thank heaven, I am pretty well. I have come with this—

Blar. You have an admirable stock of health—lips fresh, skin ruddy, eyes clear and bright—really—

Rem. If you would be good enough to—

Blar. And how is Madam Remnant?

Rem. Quite well, sir, I am happy to say.

Blar. A charming woman, Mr. Remnant! A very superior woman.

Rem. She will be much obliged, sir. As I was saying—

Blar. And your daughter, Claudine, how is she?

Rem. As well as can be.

Blar. The beautiful little thing that she is! I am quite in love with her.

Rem. You do us too much honor, sir. I—you—

Blar. And little Harry—does he make as much noise as ever, beating that drum of his?

Rem. Ah, yes! He goes on the same as ever. But, as I was saying—

Blar. And your little dog, Brisk,—does he bark as loud as ever, and snap at the legs of your visitors?

Rem. More than ever, sir, and we don't know how to cure him. He, he! But I dropped in to—

Blar. Do not be surprised if I want particular news of all your family, for I take the deepest interest in all of you.

Rem. We are much obliged to your honor, much obliged. I—

Blar. (*Giving his hand.*) Your hand upon it, Mr. Remnant. Don't rise. Now, tell me, do you stand well with the people of quality?—for I can make interest for you among them.

Rem. Sir, I am your humble servant.

Blar. And I am yours, with all my heart. (*Shaking hands again.*)

Rem. You do me too much honor.

Blar. There is nothing I would not do for you.

Rem. Sir, you are too kind to me.

Blar. At least I am disinterested; be sure of that, Mr Remnant.

Rem. Certainly I have not merited these favors, sir. But, sir,—

Blar. Now I think of it, will you stay and sup with me?—without ceremony, of course.

Rem. No, sir, I must return to my shop; I should have been there before this. I—

Blar. What ho, there! A light for Mr. Remnant! and tell the coachman to bring the coach and drive him home.

Rem. Indeed, sir, it is not necessary. I can walk well enough. But here— (*Offering bill.*)

Blar. O! I shall not listen to it. Walk? Such a night as this! I am your friend, Remnant, and, what is more, your debtor—your debtor, I say—all the world may know it.

Rem. Ah! sir if you could but find it convenient—

Blar. Hark! There is the coach. One more embrace, my dear Remnant! (*Shakes hands again.*) Take care of the steps. Command me always; and be sure there is nothing in the world I would not do for you. There! Good-by.

(*Exit* REMNANT, *conducted by* COL. B.)

ALTERED FROM MOLIÈRE.

THE DISAGREEABLE MEDDLER.

Enter DOUBLEDOT *and* SIMON, *L.**

Doubledot. Plague take Mr. Paul Pry! He is one of those idle, meddling fellows, who, having no employment themselves, are perpetually interfering in other people's affairs.

Simon. Ay, and he's inquisitive into all matters, great and small.

Doub. Inquisitive! Why, he makes no scruple of questioning you respecting your most private concerns. Then he will weary you to death with a long story about a cramp in his leg, or the loss of a sleeve-button, or some such idle matter. And so he passes his days, "dropping in," as he calls it, from house to house at the most unreasonable times, to the annoyance of every family in the village. But I'll soon get rid of him.

Enter PRY, *L., with umbrella, which he places against the wall.*

Pry. Ha! how d'ye do, Mr. Doubledot?

Doub. Very busy, Mr. Pry, and have scarcely time to say, "Pretty well, thank ye." (*Turns from him as if writing in memorandum book.* SIMON *advances.*)

Pry. Ha, Simon! you here? Rather early in the morning to be in a public house. Been taking a horn, eh? Sent here with a message from your master, perhaps? I say, Simon, when this wedding takes place, I suppose your master will put you all into new liveries, eh?

Simon. Can't say, sir.

Pry. Well, I think he might. (*Touches* SIMON'S *sleeve.*) Between ourselves, Simon, it won't be before you want 'em, eh?

Simon. That's master's business, sir, and neither yours nor mine.

Pry. Mr. Simon, behave yourself, or I shall complain of you to the colonel. By the way, Simon, that's an uncommon fine leg of mutton the butcher has sent to your house. It weighs thirteen pounds five ounces.

Doub. And how do you know that?

Pry. I asked the butcher. I say, Simon, is it for roasting or boiling?

Simon. Half and half, with the chill taken off. There's your answer. (*Exit* SIMON, *R.*)

Pry. That's an uncommon ill-behaved servant! Well, since you say you are busy, I won't interrupt you; only, as I was passing, I thought I might as well drop in.

Doub. Then you may now drop out again. The railway 'bus will be in presently, and—

Pry. No passengers by it to-day, for I have been to the hill to look for it.

Doub. Did you expect any one by it, that you were so anxious?

Pry. No; but I make it my business to see the coach come in every day. I can't bear to be idle.

Doub. Useful occupation, truly!

Pry. Always see it go out; have done so these ten years.

Doub. (*Going up.*) Tiresome blockhead! Well; good morning to you.

Pry. Good-morning, Mr. Doubledot. Your tavern doesn't appear to be very full just now.

Doub. No, no.

Pry. Ha! you are at a heavy rent? (*Pauses for an answer after each question.*) I've often thought of that. No supporting such an establishment without a deal of custom. If it's not an impertinent question, don't you find it rather a hard matter to make both ends meet when the first of the month comes round?

Doub. If it isn't asking an impertinent question, what's that to you?

Pry. O, nothing; only some folks have the luck of it: they have just taken in a nobleman's family at the opposition house, the Green Dragon.

* *L.* signifies *left*; *R.*, *right*, and *C.*, *centre* of stage.

Doub. What's that? A nobleman at the Green Dragon!

Pry. Traveling carriage and four. Three servants on the dickey and an outrider, all in blue liveries. They dine and stop all night. A pretty bill there will be to-morrow, for the servants are not on board wages.

Doub. Plague take the Green Dragon! How did you discover that they are not on board wages?

Pry. I was curious to know, and asked one of them. You know I never miss any thing for want of asking. 'Tis no fault of mine that the nabob is not here, at your house.

Doub. Why, what had you to do with it?

Pry. You know I never forget my friends. I stopped the carriage as it was coming down the hill—brought it to a dead stop, and said that if his lordship—I took him for a lord at once—that if his lordship intended to make any stay, he couldn't do better than to go to Doubledot's.

Doub. Well?

Pry. Well,—would you believe it?—out pops a saffron-colored face from the carriage window, and says, "You're an impudent rascal for stopping my carriage, and I'll not go to Doubledot's if there's another inn to be found within ten miles of it!"

Doub. There, that comes of your confounded meddling! If you had not interfered I should have stood an equal chance with the Green Dragon.

Pry. I'm very sorry; but I did it for the best.

Doub. Did it for the best, indeed! Deuce take you! By your officious attempts to serve, you do more mischief in the neighborhood than the exciseman, the apothecary, and the attorney, all together.

Pry. Well, there's gratitude! Now, really, I must go. Good-morning. (*Exit* PAUL PRY.)

Doub. I'm rid of him at last, thank fortune! (PRY *re-enters.*) Well, what now?

Pry. I've dropped one of my gloves, Now, that's very odd—here it is in my hand all the time!

Doub. Go to confusion! (*Exit.*)

Pry. Come, that's civil! If I were the least of a bore, now, it would be pardonable—But—Hullo! There's the postman! I wonder whether the Parkins's have got letters again to-day. They have had letters every day this week, and I can't for the life of me think what they can— (*Feels hastily in his pockets.*) By the way, talking of letters, here's one I took from the postman last week for the colonel's daughter, Miss Eliza, and I have always forgotten to give it to her. I dare say it is not of much importance. (*Peeps into it—reads.*) "Likely—unexpected—affectionate." I can't make it out. No matter; I'll contrive to take it to the house—though I've a deal to do to-day. (*Runs off and returns.*) Dear me! I had like to have gone without my umbrella.

[CURTAIN.] JOHN POOLE.

SPARTACUS AND JOVIUS.

Enter SPARTACUS, *L.*,* JOVIUS, *R.*

Spartacus. Speak, Roman! wherefore does
thy master send
Thy gray hairs to the "cut throat's" camp?

Jovius. Brave rebel—

Spart. Why, that's a better name than rogue
or bondman;
But in this camp I am called *General.*

Jov. Brave General,—for, though a rogue and
bondman,
As you have said, I'll still allow you General,
As he that beats a consul surely is.

Spart. Say two—two consuls; and to that
e'en add
A proconsul, three prætors, and some generals.

Jov. Why, this is no more than true. Are
you a Thracian?

Spart. Ay.

Jov. There is something in the air of Thrace
Breeds valor up as rank as grass. 'Tis pity
You are a barbarian.

Spart. Wherefore?

Jov. Had you been born
A Roman, you had won by this a triumph—

* *L.* signifies *left*; *R.*, *right*, and *C.*, *centre* of stage.

Spart. I thank the gods I am barbarian;
For I can better teach the grace-begot
And heaven-supported masters of the earth
How a mere dweller of a desert rock
Can bow their crowned heads to his chariot-wheels,
Their regal necks to be his stepping-blocks.
But come, what is thy message?
Jov. Julia, niece
Of the prætor, is thy captive.
Spart. Ay.
Jov. For whom
Is offered in exchange thy wife, Senona,
And thy young boy.
Spart. Tell thou the prætor, Roman,
The Thracian's wife is ransomed.
Jov. How is that?
Spart. Ransomed, and by the steel, from out the camp
Of slaughtered Gellius! (*Pointing off.*) Behold them, Roman!
Jov. (*Looking as* SPART. *points.*) This is sorcery!
But name a ransom for the general's neice.
Spart. Have I not now the prætor on the hip?
He would, in his extremity, have made
My wife his buckler of defence; perhaps
Have doomed her to the scourge! But this is Roman.
Now the barbarian is instructed. Look!
I hold the prætor by the heart; and he
Shall feel how tightly grip barbarian fingers.
Jov. Men do not war on women. Name her ransom.
Spart. Men do not war on women! Look you:
One day I climbed up to the ridgy top
Of the cloud-piercing Hæmus, where, among
The eagles and the thunders, from that height,
I looked upon the world, as far as where,
Wrestling with storms, the gloomy Euxine chafed
On his recoiling shores; and where dim Adria
In her blue bosom quenched the fiery sphere.
Between those surges lay a land, might once
Have matched Elysium; but Rome had made it
A Tartarus. In my green youth I looked
From the same frosty peak where now I stood,
And then beheld the *glory* of those lands,
Where Peace was tinkling on the shepherd's bell
And singing with the reapers.
Since that glad day, Rome's conquerors had passed
With withering armies there, and all was changed.
Peace had departed; howling War was there,
Cheered on by Roman hunters. Then, methought,
E'en as I looked upon the altered scene,
Groans echoed through the valleys, through which ran
Rivers of blood, like smoking Phlegethons;
Fires flashed from burning villages, and Famine
Shrieked in the empty cornfields! Women and children,
Robbed of their sires and husbands, left to starve—
These were the dwellers of the land! Say'st thou
Rome wars not, then, on women?
Jov. This is not to the matter.
Spart. Now, by Jove,
It is! These things do Romans. But the earth
Is sick of conquerors. There is not a man,
Not Roman, but is Rome's extremest foe:
And such am I; sworn from that hour I saw
Those sights of horror, while the gods support me,
To wreak on Rome such havoc as Rome wreaks,
Carnage and devastation, woe and ruin.
Why should I ransom, when I swear to slay?
Begone! This is my answer! BIRD.

THE RESOLVE OF REGULUS.—*Sargent.*

(Regulus, a Roman consul, having been defeated in battle and taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, was detained in captivity five years, and then sent on an embassy to Rome to solicit peace, under a promise that he would return to Carthage if the proposals were rejected. These, it was thought, he would urge in order to obtain his own liberty; but he urged contrary and patriotic measures on his countrymen; and then, having carried his point, resisted the persuasions of his friends to remain in Rome, and returned to Carthage, where a martyr's death awaited him. Some writers say that he was thrust into a cask covered over on the inside with iron spikes, and thus rolled down hill. The following scene presents Regulus just as he has made known to his friends in Rome his resolution to return to Carthage.)

Enter REGULUS, *followed by* SERTORIUS.

Sertorius. Stay, Roman, in pity!—if not for thy life,
For the sake of thy country, thy children, thy wife.

Sent, not to urge war, but to lead Rome to peace,
Thy captors of Carthage vouchsafed thee release.
Thou return'st to encounter their anger, their rage;—
No mercy expect for thy fame or thy age!
Regulus. To my captors one pledge, and one only, I gave:
To RETURN, though it were to walk into my grave!
No hope I extended, no promise I made,
Rome's Senate and people from war to dissuade.
If the vengeance of Carthage be stored for me now,
I have reaped no dishonor, have broken no vow.
Sert. They released thee, but dreamed not that thou wouldst fulfil
A part that would leave thee a prisoner still;
They hoped thy own danger would lead thee to sway
The councils of Rome a far different way;
Would induce thee to urge the conditions they crave,
If only thy freedom, thy life-blood, to save.
Thought shudders, the torment and woe to depict
Thy merciless foes have the heart to inflict!
Remain with us, Regulus! do not go back!
No hope sheds its ray on thy death-pointing track!
Keep faith with the faithless? The gods will forgive
The balking of such. O, live, Regulus, live!
Reg. With the consciousness fixed in the core of my heart,
That I had been playing the perjurer's part?
With the stain ever glaring, the thought ever nigh,
That I owe the base breath I inhale to a lie?
O, never! Let Carhage infract every oath,
Be false to her word and humanity both,
Yet never will I in her infamy share,
Or turn for a refuge to guilt from despair!
Sert. O, think of the kindred and friends who await
To fall on thy neck, and withhold thee from fate;
O, think of the widow, the orphans to be,
And let thy compassion plead softly with me.
Reg. O, my friend, thou canst soften, but canst not subdue;
To the faith of my soul I must ever be true.
If my honor I cheapen, my conscience discrown,
All the graces of life to the dust are brought down;
All creation to me is a chaos once more—
No heaven to hope for, no God to adore!
And the love that I feel for wife, children, and friend,
Has lost all its beauty, and thwarted its end.
Sert. Let thy country determine.
Reg. My country? Her will,
Were I free to obey, would be paramount still.
I go to my doom for my country alone;
My life is my country's; my honor, my own!
Sert. O, Regulus! think of the pangs in reserve!
Reg. What menace should make me from probity swerve?
Sert. Refinements of pain will these miscreants find
To daunt and disable the loftiest mind.
Reg. And 'tis to a Roman thy fears are addressed!
Sert. Forgive me. I know thy unterrified breast.
Reg. Thou know'st me but human—as weak to sustain
As thyself, or another, the searchings of pain.
This flesh may recoil, and the anguish they wreak
Chase the strength from my knees, and the hue from my cheek;
But the body alone they can vanquish and kill;
The spirit immortal shall smile at them still.
Then let them make ready their engines of dread,
Their spike-bristling cask, and their torturing bed;
Still Regulus, heaving no recreant breath,
Shall greet as a friend the deliverer, Death!
Their cunning in torture and taunt shall defy,
And hold it in joy for his country to die.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

(A temperance play.)

CHARACTERS.—MAN, *about thirty-five years old; his* WIFE; NELLIE, *his daughter, ten years old;* FRIEND, *man about husband's age, dressed in a man-of-the-world style;* A. *and* B., *two young men, dressed as business men, should appear about thirty years of age.*

SCENE I.

(MR. L. *and his wife on the stage;* MR. L. *dressed for his work, and about to go.*)

Mrs. L. Albert, I wish you would give me seventy-five cents.

Mr. L. What do you want seventy-five cents for?

Mrs. L. I want to get some braid for my new dress.

Mr. L. I thought you had material enough on hand for that.

Mrs. L. So I thought I had; but it looks rather plain with no trimming at all. You know I was intending to trim it with that fringe; but it looks too gray, come to try it by the side of the dress.

Mr. L. Haven't you something else that will do?

Mrs. L. No. But, then, braid is cheap; and I can make it look quite pretty with seventy-five cents.

Mr. L. Plague take these women's fashions. Your endless trimmings and thing-a-ma-jigs cost more than the dress is worth. It is nothing but shell out money when a woman thinks of a new dress.

Mrs. L. I don't have many new dresses. I do certainly try to be as economical as I can.

Mr. L. It is funny kind of economy, at all events. But if you must have it, I suppose you must.

(*Takes out his purse, and counts out carefully seventy-five cents, and puts his purse away, angrily. He starts to go; but when at the door, he thinks he will take his umbrella, and goes back for it. Finds his wife in tears, which she tries hastily to conceal.*)

Mr. L. Good gracious! Kate, I should like to know if you are crying at what I said about the dress.

Mrs. L. I was not crying at what you said, but you were so reluctant to grant the small favor! I was thinking how hard I have to work. I am tied to the house. I have many little things to perplex me. Then to think—

Mr. L. Pshaw! What do you want to be foolish for. (*Exit.*)

(*In the hall he was met by his little girl,* LIZZIE.)

Lizzie (*holding both his hands*). O, papa, give me fifteen cents.

Mr. L. What?

Lizzie. I want fifteen cents. *Please* give me fifteen cents.

Mr. L. What in the world do you want it for? Are they changing books again?

Lizzie. No. I want a hoop. It's splendid rolling; and all the girls have one. Mr. Grant has some real nice ones to sell. *Please,* can't I have one?

Mr. L. Nonsense! If you want a hoop, go and get one off some old barrel. I can't afford to buy hoops for you to trundle about the streets. (*Throws her off.*)

Lizzie (*in a pleading tone*). Please, papa?

Mr. L. No, I told you!

(*She bursts into tears, and he goes off muttering, "Cry, then, and cry it out."*)

SCENE II.

(ALBERT *enters, his wife, entering on the opposite side. She kisses him as a greeting.*)

Mrs. L. I am glad you are home thus early. How has business gone to-day?

Mr. L. Well, I am happy to say.

Mrs. L. Are you very tired?

Mr. L. No; why?

Mrs. L. I want you to go to the sewing circle to-night.

Mr. L. I can't go; I have an engagement.

Mrs. L. I am sorry. You never go with me now. You used to go a great deal.

(*Just then* LIZZIE *comes in crying, dragging an old hoop, and rubbing her eyes.*)

Mr. L. What is the matter with you, darling?

Lizzie. The girls have been laughing at me, and making fun of my hoop. They say mine is ugly and homely.

Mr. L. Never mind; perhaps we'll have a new one some time.

Lizzie. Mayn't I have one now? Mr. Grant has one left—a real pretty one.

Mr. L. Not now, Lizzie; not now. I'll think of it.

(LIZZIE *goes out crying, followed by her mother. A friend of* Mr. L. *enters.*)

Friend. Hello, Albert! What's up?

Mr. L. Nothing in particular. Take a chair.

Friend. How's business?

Mr. L. Good.

Friend. Did you go to the club last night?

Mr. L. Don't speak so loud!

Friend. Ha! wife don't know—does she? Where does she think you go?

Mr. L. I don't know. She never asks me, and I am glad of it. She asked me to go with her to-night, and I told her I was engaged.

Friend. Good! I shan't ask you where, but take it for granted that it was with me. What do you say for a game of billiards?

Mr. L. Good! I'm in for that. (*They rise to go.*) Have a cigar, Tom?

Friend. Yes. (*They go out.*)

SCENE III.

(*Two men in conversation as they come upon the stage.*)

B. Billiards? No, I never play billiards.

A. Why not?

B. I don't like its tendency.

A. It is only a healthy pastime. I am sure it has no evil tendency.

B. I cannot assert that the game in its most innocent form is, of itself, an evil, to be sure. But, although it has the advantage of calling forth skill and judgment, yet it is evil when it excites and stimulates beyond the bounds of healthy recreation.

A. That result can scarcely follow such a game.

B. You are wrong there. The result can follow in two ways. First, it can lead men away from their business. Secondly, it leads those to spend money who have none to spend. Look at that young man just passing. He looks like a mechanic; and I should judge from his appearance that he has a family. I see by his face that he is kind and generous, and wants to do as near right as he can. I have watched him in the billiard saloon time after time, and only last night I saw him pay one dollar and forty cents for two hours' recreation. He did it cheerfully, too, and smiled at his loss. But how do you suppose it is at home? Suppose his wife had asked him for a dollar or two for some household ornament, or his child, if he has one, for a picture-book or toy, what do you suppose he would have answered? This is not conjecture; for you and I both know plenty of such cases.

A. Upon my word, B., you speak to the point; for I know that young man, and what you have said is true. I can furnish you with facts. We have a club for a literary paper in our village, and last year he was one of the subscribers. This year he was obliged to discontinue. His wife was very anxious to take it; but he said he could not afford the $1.25 for it. And his little Lizzie, ten years old, has coaxed her father for fifteen cents, for a hoop, in vain. My Nellie told me that.

B. Yes; and that two hours' recreation last night, would have paid for both. It is well for wives and children that they do not know where all the money goes.

THE SALUTATORIAN'S DIFFICULTIES.

CHARACTERS.

FRANK CLAYTON.	SAMMY LONG.
HARRY THOMPSON.	JOHNNY WILSON.
TOMMY WATKINS.	WILLIE BROWN.

SCENE.—*A stage. Curtain rises, and* FRANK CLAYTON *comes forward and speaks.*

Frank. Ladies and gentlemen: Our performances are now about to commence. We have

spent some time in preparing for this exhibition, and we hope you will be pleased with all the performances that may be given. You well know that we have not had much practice in giving school exhibitions, and if you see any errors, we hope you will kindly forgive and overlook. We will endeavor to give our recitations correctly, and act our parts truthfully, and we ask you to—and we ask you to—and—and—and we ask that—that—

(*Enter* HARRY THOMPSON. *He comes in front of* FRANK *and commences to speak.*)

"Did you ever hear of Jehosophat Boggs,
A dealer and raiser of all sorts of dogs?
No? Then I'll endeavor in doggerel verse
To just the main points of the story rehearse.
Boggs had a good wife—"

Frank. (*Speaking in a loud whisper.*) Harry, what did you come out here for? I'm not through with the introductory speech yet.

Harry. (*Turns half way round, puts his hand to his mouth, as if to keep the audience from hearing, and speaks in a loud whisper.*) I know you weren't through, but you stuck, and I thought I had better come on. You know my recitation is second on the programme, and I didn't want to have a bungle right at the commencement of the exhibition.

Frank. Go back to your place, you little rascal, and don't interrupt me again. I'm going to speak my piece.

Harry. (*With his hand up to hide his mouth as before.*) Oh, you're stuck and you'd better retire. (*Turns to audience and continues to speak his piece.*)

"Boggs had a good wife, the joy of his life,
There was nothing between them inclining to strife.
Except her dear J.'s dogmatic employment;
And that, she averred, did mar her enjoyment."

Frank. (*Whispering as before.*) I say, Harry, get from before me and let me speak my piece.

Harry. (*Turns, puts up his hand, and whispers as before.*) Oh, you keep shady until I get through. (*Turns to audience and speaks.*)

"She often had begged him to sell off his dogs,
And instead to raise turkeys, spring chickens or hogs.
She made him half promise at no distant day
He would sell the whole lot, not excepting old Tray;
And as good luck would have it,—"

Frank. (*Turning Harry by the collar and pulling him back.*) I tell you to get out of this until I have spoken my piece.

Harry. I won't. Let me alone, I say. You have stuck fast, and do you want to spoil the exhibition? Didn't you know enough to keep off the stage until I had spoken my piece?

Frank. (*Still holding him by the collar.*) It is you that are spoiling the exhibition. (*Leads him off the stage.*)

Harry. (*Speaking loudly as he goes out.*) I call this an outrage.

Frank. (*Returning to his place and commencing to speak.*) Ladies and gentlemen, my speech has been interrupted, and I will commence again. Our performances are now about to commence. We have spent some time in preparing for this exhibition, and we hope you will be pleased with all the performances that may be given. You know that we have not had much practice in giving school exhibitions, and if you see any errors, we hope you will kindly forgive and overlook. We will endeavor to give our recitations correctly, and act our parts truthfully, and we ask you to—to—and we ask you to—and act our parts truthfully, and we ask you to—and we ask you to— (*In a lower tone.*) I've forgotten it again; isn't that too bad? (*Speaking as before.*) And we ask you to—to—to—

(*Enter* TOMMY WATKINS. *He comes in front of* FRANK, *and commences to speak "The Ghost."*)

"'Tis about twenty years since Abel Law,
A short, round, favored merry
Old soldier of the Revolutionary
War,

'as wedded to a most abominable shrew.
The temper, sir, of Shakespeare's Catharine
Could no more be compared with hers
Than mine
With Lucifer's.

Frank. (*In a loud whisper.*) Tommy Watkins, get from before me. Don't you see I'm speaking? I don't want to be interrupted—I want to finish my speech.

Tommy. (*Facing the audience and speaking in the same tone as when reciting his speech.*) Oh, you'd better quit! You've stuck twice now, and if you don't go off the stage the audience will become disgusted.

Sammy Long. (*Seated in the audience.*) The people are disgusted now with that boy's opening speech. He'd better go home, memorize it, and speak it some time next year.

Tommy. There! You hear what they say out there in the audience. They are disgusted, and they think you had better leave the stage.

Frank. Oh, that's nobody but Sammy Long, and he is displeased because we didn't invite him to take part in the exhibition.

Tommy. Well, I'll go ahead and speak my piece while you are trying to think up the words you have forgotten.

Her eyes were like a weasel's; she had a harsh
Face, like a cranberry marsh,
All spread with spots of white and red;
Hair of the color of a wisp of straw,
And a disposition like a cross-cut saw.
The appellation of this lovely dame
Was Nancy; don't forget the name.

Frank. Stop, Tommy; I can finish my speech now.

Tommy. So can I. (*Continues his recitation.*)

His brother David was a tall,
Good-looking chap, and that was all;
One of your great big nothings, as they say
Out in Rhode Island, picking up old jokes,
And cracking them on other folks.
Well, David undertook one night to play
The Ghost, and frighten Abel, who,
He knew,
Would be returning from a journey through
A grove of forest wood
That stood
Below
The house some distance—half a mile or so.

With a long taper
Cap of white paper,
Just made to cover
A wig, nearly as large over
As a corn-basket, and a sheet
With both ends made to meet
Across his breast
(The way in which ghosts are always dressed),
He took
His station near
A huge oak-tree,
Whence he could overlook
The road and see
Whatever might appear.

It happened that about an hour before, friend Abel
Had left the table
Of an inn, where he had made a halt,
With horse and wagon,
To taste a flagon
Of malt
Liquor, and so forth, which, being done,
He went on,
Caring no more for twenty ghosts
Than if they had been so many posts

David was nearly tired of waiting;
His patience was abating;
At length, he heard the careless tones
Of his kinsman's voice,
And then the noise
Of wagon-wheels among the stones.
Abel was quite elated, and was roaring
With all his might, and pouring
Out, in great confusion,
Scraps of old songs made in "the Revolution."

His head was full of Bunker Hill and Trenton;
And jovially he went on.

Scaring the whip-po'-wills among the trees
With rhymes like these:

(*Sings. Air, "Yankee Doodle."*)

"See the Yankees
Leave the hill,
With baggernetts declining,
With lopped-down hats
And rusty guns,
And leather aprons shining."

"'See the Yankees'—Whoa! Why, what is that?"
Said Abel, staring like a cat,
As, slowly, on the fearful figure strode
Into the middle of the road.

"My conscience! what a suit of clothes!
Some crazy fellow, I suppose.
Hallo! friend, what's your name? by the powers of gin,
That's a strange dress to travel in."
"Be silent, Abel; for I now have come
To read your doom;
Then hearken, while your fate I now declare.
I am a spirit—" "I suppose you are;
But you'll not hurt me, and I'll tell you why:
Here is a fact which you cannot deny;—
All spirits must be either good
Or bad—that's understood—
And be you good or evil, I am sure
That I'm secure.
If a good spirit, I am safe. If evil—
And I don't know but you may be the devil—
If that's the case, you'll recollect, I fancy,
That I am married to your sister Nancy!"

(*Bows and turns to go off. To* FRANK.) Now, Frank, you can go ahead again until you come to the sticking place. I hope that, during the time I have generously given you by speaking my piece, you have been collecting your scattered senses, and will now be able to finish what you began. (*Exit* TOMMY.)

Frank. Ladies and gentlemen, I am not at all pleased with this way of doing business. I think these boys have not treated me with proper respect. I was selected to give the opening or introductory address, and you see how it has been done.

Sammy. (*In the audience.*) We didn't see very much of it. Don't you think it would be well enough for you to retire and memorize your speech?

Frank. You boys out there had better keep silent and not create a disturbance. There is an officer in the house.

(*Enter* WILLIE BROWN. *He comes before* FRANK *and commences to speak.*)

"'Twas night! The stars were shrouded in a veil of mist; a clouded canopy o'erhung the world; the vivid lightnings flashed and shook their fiery darts upon the earth—"

Frank. (*Speaking out.*) I say, Willie Brown, what did you come here for? I haven't finished the opening speech yet.

Willie. What's the use of having an opening speech now? The exhibition is half over. (*Continues his speech.*)

"The deep-toned thunder rolled along the vaulted sky; the elements were in wild commotion; the storm-spirit howled in the air; the winds whistled; the hail-stones fell like leaden balls; the hugh undulations of the ocean dashed upon the rock-bound shore; and torrents leaped from mountain tops; when the murderer sprang from his sleepless couch with vengeance on his brow—murder in his heart—and the fell instrument of destruction in his hand."

Frank. Stop, I say. What kind of an exhibition will this be without an introductory speech? Stop, I say. We will be the laughing-stock of the country if we don't open our exhibition with an introductory speech.

Johnny. (*In the audience.*) Oh, nobody cares for the introductory speech. Let the speech go and give us some dialogues and songs.

Willie. No dialogues and songs until I have finished my speech. This is my place on the programme. (*Continues his speech.* FRANK *comes and stands near him and they both speak at the same time,* WILLIE *giving the concluding portion of his speech and* FRANK *commencing at the*

first of his Opening Speech and going as far as he had gone before. WILLIE *should finish just before* FRANK *commences to stammer.*)

"The storm increased; the lightnings flashed with brighter glare; the thunder growled with deeper energy; the winds whistled with a wilder fury; the confusion of the hour was congenial to his soul, and the stormy passions which raged in his bosom. He clenched his weapon with a sterner grasp. A demoniac smile gathered on his lip; he grated his teeth; raised his arm; sprang with a yell of triumph upon his victim, and relentlessly killed—a *mosquito?*" (*Bows and turns to go off. To* FRANK.) Stuck again, my boy? If we had waited for the opening speech we would not have got our exhibition opened for a week or ten days.

(*Exit* WILLIE.)

(*Enter* HARRY THOMPSON. *He comes forward and speaks.*)

Our parts are performed and our speeches are ended,
We are monarchs and courtiers and heroes no more;
To a much humbler station again we've descended,
And are now but the school-boys you've known us before.

Farewell then our greatness—'tis gone like a dream,
'Tis gone—but remembrance will often retrace
The indulgent applause which rewarded each theme,
And the heart-cheering smiles that enlivened each face.

We thank you! Our gratitude words cannot tell,
But deeply we feel it—to you it belongs;
With heartfelt emotion we bid you farewell,
And our feelings now thank you much more than our tongues.

We will strive to improve, since applauses thus cheer us,
That our juvenile efforts may gain your kind looks;
And we hope to convince you, the next time you hear us,
That praise has but sharpened our relish for books.

(*Bows and turns to go off.*) I have spoken the valedictory, and the exhibition is over. Ring down the curtain.

Frank. (*Excitedly.*) Stop! Hold! Don't! I haven't finished my speech yet.

Johnny. (*In the audience.*) You've given us enough for the present. You can finish it out next Christmas.

Harry. Ring down the curtain.

Frank. Stop! Don't! Don't! I want to speak my piece. (*A bell is rung and the curtain falls.*)

Frank. (*Drawing the curtain aside and looking out.*) Here's a go! How are we going to get along without an Opening Speech? (*Disappears.*)

[CURTAIN.]

GO, FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

(Earnest temperance recitation.)

GO, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way.
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt:
Implore beseech and pray.
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate forseen.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing,—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight,—a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
All that my soul hath felt and known
Then look within the wine-cup's glow;
See if its brightness can atone;
Think of its flavor would you try,
If all proclaimed,—'*Tis drink and die.*

Tell me I hate the bowl,—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear; or tell
Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!

THE PROGRESS OF MADNESS.

(Dramatic.)

STAY, jailer, stay and hear my woe!
He is not mad who kneels to thee;
For what I'm now too well I know,
And what I was—and what should be!
I'll rave no more in proud despair—
My language shall be mild though sad;
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

My tyrant foes have forged the tale,
Which chains me in this dismal cell!
My fate unknown my friends bewail—
O! jailer, haste that fate to tell!
O! haste my father's heart to cheer;
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad,
To know, though chained a captive here,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn—he turns the key—
He quits the grate—I knelt in vain!
His glimmering lamp still, still I see—
'Tis gone—and all is gloom again!
Cold, bitter cold!—no warmth, no light!
Life, all thy comforts once I had!
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad! no, no—not mad!

'Tis sure some dream—some vision vain!
What! I—the child of rank and wealth-
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head!
But 'tis not mad! it is not mad!

Hast thou, my child, forgot e'er this
A parent's face, a parent's tongue?
I'll ne'er forget thy parting kiss,
Nor round my neck how fast you clung!
Nor how with me you sued to stay,
Nor how that suit my foes forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away—
They'll make me mad! they'll make me mad!

Thy rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
Thy mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever saw a lovelier child!
And art thou now forever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, gracious, noble lad?—
I *will* be free! Unbar the door!
I am not mad! I am not mad!

O, hark! what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks!
He comes! I see his glaring eyes!
Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes!
Help! help!—he's gone! O, fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain! I know, I know,
I am not mad—but soon shall be!

Yes, soon; for, lo! now, while I speak,
Mark, how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me—now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air!
Horror! the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad!
Ay, laugh, ye fiends! I feel the truth!
Your task is done—I'm mad! I'm mad!

M. G. LEWIS.

OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE, NANCY.

(This selection is more effective if the speaker and a lady, impersonating the wife, be dressed as if leaving the house, in which case they should stand to the side of the stage near a door, and the speaker appear unconscious of the audience and address the old wife.)

OUT of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;
All the hurry and worry are just as good as through;
Only a bounden duty remains for you and I,
And that's to stand on the door-step here and bid the old house good-bye.

What a shell we've lived in these nineteen or twenty years!
Wonder it hadn't smashed in and tumbled about our ears;
Wonder it stuck together and answered till to-day,
But every individual log was put up here to stay.

Yes, a deal has happened to make this old house dear:
Christenin's, funerals, weddin's—what haven't we had here?
Not a log in this old buildin' but its memories has got—
And not a nail in this old floor but touches a tender spot.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;
All the hurry and worry is just as good as through;
But I tell you a thing right here, that I ain't ashamed to say:
There's precious things in this old house we never can take away.

Here the old house will stand, but not as it stood before;
Winds will whistle through it and rains will flood the floor;
And over the hearth once blazing, the snow-drifts oft will pile,
And the old thing will seem to be a mournin' all the while.

Fare you well, old house! you're naught that can feel or see,
But you seem like a human being—a dear old friend to me;
And we never will have a better home, if my opinion stands,
Until we commence a keepin' house in the "house not made with hands."

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN

JOHN.

I'VE worked in the field all day, a-plowin the "stony streak;"
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; I've tramped till my legs are weak;
I've choked a dozen swears, (so's not to tell Jane fibs;)
When the plow-pint struck a stone, and the handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their
sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of
oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin'
feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make
out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! but here she's
left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her
and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hus-
tled off pell-mell;
But here on the table's a note, and probably
this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone
astray!
The letter it says, "Good-bye, for I'm a-going
away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far
I've been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer
man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't
much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here
every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the
han'some kind;
But a *loven'er* man than I was, I guess she'll
never find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses
wings!
May the words of love I've spoken be changed
to scorpion stings!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied
my heart of doubt,
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my
heart's blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I, she'll some time
rue this day;
She'll some time learn that hate is a game that
two can play;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever
was born,
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it
down to scorn.

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a
time when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer
man than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as
others do,
That she who is false to one, can be the same
with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her
eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of
him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and
coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what
she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up
in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has
left behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for
me—but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not
have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin'
or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely
bad;
And she loved me a little, I think, although it
didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried
'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad
matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have
my curse;

But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I can,—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that han'somer man.

Ah, nere is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes blur;
It seems when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.
And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown; I wonder she didn't take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!

Good-bye! I wish that death had severed us two apart.
You've lost a worshiper here, you've crushed a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but guess I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to kneel, before you run away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on Heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some little influence there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was a half hour ago.

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things all around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what have you lost or found?
And here's my father here, a waiting for supper, too;
I've been a riding with him—he's that "handsomer man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John.
Why, John, you look so strange! come, what has crossed your track?
I was only a joking, you know; I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter cream!
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer,
I hope she don't; good gracious! I hope that they didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives—she thought I'd understand!
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing s settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.

WILL CARLETON.

CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSAND.

(Dramatic reading.)

IT sometimes happens that a man, traveler or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick in it; it is sand no longer; it is glue.

The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous little crowd of sand-flies continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward,

inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland.

He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels, somehow, as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings; now he looks at his feet. They have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws them out of the sand; he will retrace his steps. He turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left—the sand half leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the terrible medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load if he has one, lightens himself as a ship in distress; it is already too late; the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

He is condemned to that appalling burial, long infallible, implacable, and impossible to slacken or to hasten; which endures for hours, which seizes you erect, free, and in full health, and which draws you by the feet; which at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the horizon, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

Behold him waist deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath; sobs frenziedly; the sand rises; the sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them—night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves, and shakes, disappears. It is the earth-drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

NOT many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. He lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sledgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around. He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle

whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble, though blind, adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Three hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream: the willow leaves
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitude, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world.

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem: and now he stood
With his faint people, for a little space,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow,
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank
And spoke their kindly words: and as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full,—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy,
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel: and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those,
Whose love had been his shield: and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom,—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom,—
The proud bright being who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he poured
In agony that would not be controlled
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave: and as the folds
Sank to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed

To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet: his banner soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him; and the jewelled hilt
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested like mockery on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the King trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang: but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command
In a low tone to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The King stood still
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die,—
Thou who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair—
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb?
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee—
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress thee—
And hear thy sweet '*My father*,' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young:
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung,—
But thou no more with thy sweet voice shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now farewell. 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;
And thy dark sin—oh! I could drink the cup
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer:
And as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly and composed the pall
Firmly and decently,—and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

N. P. Willis.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

(Touchingly pathetic.)

PROP yer eyes wide open, Joey,
For I've brought you sumpin' great.
Apples? No, a heap sight better!
Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!
Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like 'em—
Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,
Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes—
Each one climbin' from a pot;
Every bush had flowers on it—
Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!
Wish you could a seen 'em growin',
It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
Lyin' here so thin and weak,

Never knowin' any comfort,
And I puts on lots o' cheek.
'Missus,'' says I, "If you please, mum,
Could I ax you for a rose?
For my little brother, missus—
Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you,—
How I bringed you up—poor Joe!
(Lackin' women folks to do it.)
Sich a 'imp you was, you know—
Till yer got that awful tumble,
Jist as I had broke yer in
(Hard work, too,) to earn yer livin'
Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
So's you couldn't hyper much—
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
Fur the first time with your crutch.
'But,'' I says, he's laid up now, mum,
'Pears to weaken every day;''
Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
That's the how of this bokay

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
You is quite yerself to-night;
Kind o' chirk—it's been a fornit
Sence yer eyes has been so bright.
Better? Well, I'm glad to hear it!
Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe,
Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?
Well, I thought it would, you know!

Never see the country, did you?
Flowers growin' everywhere!
Some time when you're better, Joey,
Mebbe I kin take you there.
Flowers in heaven? 'M—I s'pose so;
Dunno much about it, though:
Ain't as fly as wot I might be
On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres
That in heaven's golden gates
Things is everlastin' cheerful—
B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.

Likewise, there folks don't git hungry,
So good people, when they dies,
Finds themselves well fixed forever—
Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler.
Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;
Heaven was made fur such as you is—
Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way:
Joe! My boy! Hold up yer head!
Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em, Joey!
Oh, my God, can Joe be *dead?*

P. ARKWRIGHT.

DOT LAMBS WHAT MARY HAF GOT.

(Dialectic.)

MARY haf got a leetle lambs already;
Dose vool vos vite like shnow;
Und efery times dot Mary did vend oud,
Dot lambs vent also out, wid Mary.

Dot lambs dit follow Mary von day of der school-house,
Vich vos obbosition to der rules of her school-master;
Also, vich it did caused dose schillen to smile out loud,
Ven dey did saw dose lambs on der insides ov der school-house.

Und so dot school-master dit kick der lambs gwick oud;
Likewise dot lambs dit loaf around on der outsides,
Und did shoo der flies mit his tail off patiently aboud—
Until Mary did come also from dot school-house oud.

Und den dot lambs did run right away gwick to Mary,
Und dit make his het gwick on Mary's arms,
Like he would said, "I don't was schared,
Mary would kept me from droubles enahow!"

"Vot vos der reason aboud it, of dat lambs und Mary?"
Dose schillen did ask it dot school-master:
"Vell, don'd you know it, dot Mary lofe dose lambs already?"
Dot school-master did said.

THE MISER.

AN old man sat by a fireless hearth,
Though the night was dark and chill,
And mournfully over the frozen earth
The wind sobbed loud and shrill.
His locks were gray, and his eyes were gray,
And dim, but not with tears;
And his skeleton form had wasted away
With penury, more than years.

A rush-light was casting a fitful glare
O'er the damp and dingy walls,
Where the lizard hath made his slimy lair,
And the venomous spider crawls;
But the meanest thing in this lonesome room
Was the miser worn and bare,
Where he sat like a ghost in an empty tomb,
On his broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window and barred the door,
And every nook had scanned;
And felt the fastening o'er and o'er
With his cold and skinny hand;
And yet he sat gazing intently round,
And trembled with silent fear,
And started and shuddered at every sound
That fell on his coward ear.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the miser: "I'm safe at last
From this night so cold and drear,
From the drenching rain and driving blast,
With my gold and treasures here.
I am cold and wet with the icy rain,
And my health is bad, 'tis true;
Yet if I should light that fire again,
It would cost me a cent or two.

"But I'll take a sip of the precious wine:
It will banish my cold and fears:
It was given long since by a friend of mine—
I have kept it for many years."
So he drew a flask from a mouldy nook,
And drank of its ruby tide;
And his eyes grew bright with each draught he took,
And his bosom, swelled with pride.

"Let me see; let me see!" said the miser then,
"'Tis some sixty years or more
Since the happy hour when I began
To heap up the glittering store:
And well have I sped with my anxious toil,
As my crowded chest will show:
I've more than would ransom a kingdom's spoil,
Or an emperor could bestow."

He turned to an old worm-eaten chest,
And cautiously raised the lid,
And then it shone like the clouds of the west,
With the sun in their splendor hid:
And gem after gem, in precious store,
Are raised with exulting smile;
And he counted and counted them o'er and o'er
In many a glittering pile.

Why comes the flush to his pallid brow,
While his eyes like his diamonds shine?
Why writhes he thus in such torture now?
What was there in the wine?
He strove his lonely seat to gain:
To crawl to his nest he tried;
But finding his efforts all in vain,
He clasped his gold, and *died*.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

ARTEMUS WARD AT THE TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE.

(A droll reading.)

I'VE been lingerin by the Tomb of the lamentid Shakespeare.
It is a success.
I do not hes'tate to pronounce it as such.
You may make any use of this opinion that you see fit. If you think its publication will subswerve the cause of litteratoor, you may publicate.

I told my wife Betsey, when I left home, that I should go to the birth-place of the orthur of *Otheller* and other Plays. She said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she didn't care where I went. "But," I said, "don't you know he was tne greatest Poit that ever lived? Not one of these common poits, like that young idyit who writes verses to our daughter, about the Roses as groses, and the breezes as blowses—but a Boss poit—also a philosopher, also a man who knew a great deal about everything."

Yes. I've been to Stratford onto the Avon, the Birth-place of Shakespeare. Mr. S. is now no more. He's been dead over over three hundred (300) years. The peple of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his mem'ry, and them as sell picturs of his birth-place, &c., make it prof'tible cherishin it. Almost everybody buys a pictur to put into their Albiom.

"And this," I said, as I stood in the old church-yard at Stratford, beside a Tombstone, "this marks the spot where lies William W. Shakespeare. Alars! and this is the spot where—"

"You've got the wrong grave," said a man, —a worthy villager: "Shakespeare is buried inside the church."

"Oh," I said, "a boy told me this was it." The boy larfed and put the shillin I'd given him into his left eye in a inglorious manner, and commenced moving backwards towards the street.

I pursood and captered him, and, after talking to him a spell in a sarkastic stile, I let him went.

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford in 1564. All the commentators, Shakesperian scholars, etsetry, are agreed on this, which is about the only thing they are agreed on in regard to him, except that his mantle hasn't fallen onto any poet or dramatist hard enough to hurt said poet or dramatist *much*. And there is no doubt if these commentators and persons continner investigatin Shakspeare's career, we shall not in doo time, know anything about it at all. When a mere lad little William attended the Grammar School, because, as he said, the Grammar School wouldn't attend him. This remarkable remark coming from one so young and inexperunced, set peple to thinkin there might be something in this lad. He subsequently wrote *Hamlet* and *George Barnwell.* When his kind teacher went to London to accept a position in the offices of the Metropolitan Railway, little William was chosen by his fellow-pupils to deliver a farewell address. "Go on, sir," he said, "in a glorious career. Be like a eagle, and soar, and the soarer you get the more we shall be gratified! That's so."

CHARLES F. BROWNE.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab over against Beth-poer; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.—Deut. xxxiv, 6.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on the ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves.
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the greater minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hill-side for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave—

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—O wondrous thought!
Before the judgment-day;
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With th' incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

(Humorous reading.)

WHEN they reached the depot, Mr. Mann and his wife gazed in unspeakable disappointment at the receding train, which was just pulling away from the bridge switch at the rate of a mile a minute. Their first impulse was to run after it, but as the train, was out of sight and whistling for Sagetown before they could act upon the impulse, they remained in the carriage and disconsolately turned their horses' heads homeward.

Mr. Mann broke the silence, very grimly: "It all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready."

"I was ready before you were," replied his wife.

"Great heavens," cried Mr. Mann, with great impatience, nearly jerking the horses' jaws out of place, "just listen to that! And I sat in the buggy ten minutes yelling at you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Mann, with the provoking placidity which no one can assume but a woman, "and every time I started down stairs, you sent me back for something you had forgotten."

Mr. Mann groaned. "This is too much to bear," he said, "when everybody knows that if I were going to Europe I would just rush into the house, put on a clean shirt, grab up my gripsack, and fly, while you would want at least six months for preliminary preparations, and then dawdle around the whole day of starting until every train had left town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the Manns put off their visit to Aurora until the next week, and it was agreed that each one should get himself or herself ready and go down to the train and go, and the one who failed to get ready should be left. The day of the match came around in due time. The train was going at 10.30, and Mr. Mann, after attending to his business, went home at 9.45.

"Now, then," he shouted, "only three-quarters of an hour's time. Fly around; a fair field and no favors, you know.

And away they flew. Mr. Mann bulged into this room and flew through that one, and dived into one closet after another with inconceivable rapidity, chuckling under his breath all the time to think how cheap Mrs. Mann would feel when he started off alone. He stopped on his way up-stairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time. For the same reason he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dining-room, and hung it on a corner of the silver-closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he rushed through the hall and tossed it on the hat-rack hook, and by the time he had reached his own room he was ready to plunge into his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau-drawer and began to paw at the things like a Scotch terrier after a rat.

"Eleanor," he shrieked, "where are my shirts?"

"In your bureau-drawer," calmly replied Mrs. Mann, who was standing before a glass calmly and deliberately coaxing a refractory crimp into place.

"Well, but they ain't," shouted Mr. Mann, a little annoyed. "I've emptied everything out of the drawer, and there isn't a thing in it I ever saw before."

Mrs. Mann stepped back a few paces, held her head on one side, and after satisfying herself that the crimp would do, replied: "These things scattered around on the floor are all mine. Probably you haven't been looking into your own drawer."

"I don't see," testily observed Mr. Mann, "why you couldn't have put my things out for me when you had nothing else to do all the morning."

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, setting herself into an additional article of raiment with awful deliberation, "nobody put mine out for me. A fair field and no favors, my dear."

Mr. Mann plunged into his shirt like a bull at a red flag.

"Foul!" he shouted in malicious triumph. "No buttons on the neck!"

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, sweetly, after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting, impatient man, during which she buttoned her dress and put eleven pins where they would do the most good, "because you have got the shirt on wrong side out."

When Mr. Mann slid out of the shirt he began to sweat. He dropped the shirt three times before he got it on, and while it was over his head he heard the clock strike ten. When his head came through he saw Mrs. Mann coaxing the ends and bows of her necktie.

"Where are my shirt-studs?" he cried.

Mrs. Mann went out into another room and presently came back with gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Mann emptying all the boxes he could find in and around the bureau. Then she said, "In the shirt you just pulled off."

Mrs. Mann put on her gloves while Mr. Mann hunted up and down the room for his cuff-buttons.

"Eleanor," he snarled at last, "I believe you must know where those cuff-buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady settling her hat; "didn't you lay them down on the window-sill in the sitting-room last night?"

Mr. Mann remembered, and he went down stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and dispatch, attended in the transmission with more bumps than he could count with Webb's Adder, and landed with a bang like the Hell Gate explosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Algernon?" sweetly asked the wife of his bosom, leaning over the banisters.

The unhappy man groaned. "Can't you throw me down the other boot?" he asked.

Mrs. Mann piteously kicked it down to him.

"My valise?" he inquired, as he tugged at the boot.

"Up in your dressing-room," she answered.

"Packed?"

"I do not know; unless you packed it yourself, probably not," she replied with her hand on the door-knob; "I had barely time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate when the

door opened, and he shouted, "Where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? It has all my money in it."

"You threw it on the hat-rack," she called. "Good-bye, dear."

Before she got to the corner of the street she was hailed again:

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Mann! Did you wear off my coat?"

She paused and turned, after signaling the street car to stop, and cried, "You threw it in the silver closet."

The street car engulfed her graceful form and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Mann charging up and down the house, rushing out of the front door every now and then, shrieking after the unconscious Mrs. Mann, to know where his hat was, and where she put the valise key, and if she had his clean socks and undershirts, and that there wasn't a linen collar in the house. And when he went away at last, he left the kitchen-door, the side-door and the front-door, all the down-stairs windows and the front-gate wide open.

The loungers around the depot were somewhat amused, just as the train was pulling out of sight down in the yards, to see a flushed, enterprising man, with his hat on sideways, his vest unbuttoned and necktie flying, and his grip-sack flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, and a door-key in his hand, dash wildly across the platform and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wrathful mortification at the departing train, and shaking his fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.

WAS IT RIGHT?

(To be spoken in a droll, meditative manner.)

A GREAT many puzzling things come up in the course of daily life. Sometimes we are puzzled to know just whether it is right or not. Several things have puzzled me lately, and I'll relate a few of the circumstances and ask you to help me determine as to the right or wrong of the cases. For instance:

Weary Peddler walked up to the cashier of the National Bank of Sandville, and said: "Want any cockroach powder to-day, sir? Warranted to kill flies, ants, bedbugs, cockroaches, gold-bugs, and all sich vermin; price, only—"

Cashier (*to office boy*). "Johnny, telephone for a policeman; this man is undoubtedly an anarchist." Was *he right?*

Again, someone asked in my hearing:

"What caused the coldness between Mrs. Neuwoman and her companion-in-marriage?" Then the answer:

"He said he was more of a man than she was." Now, was *he right?*

Then, again, the other day I asked a friend of mine whose mother-in-law had just taken up her quarters at his home:

"Has your wife's mother come to live with you for *good?*" And he answered crabbedly:

"*Yes* and *no.*" Had he *struck* it *right!*"

A friend of mine thinks of going to Chicago. His mother objected. He said he could take care of himself in Chicago His mother asked him:

"If you were in a large city without money, what would you do?"

"*Somebody*," he replied.

She asked him how, and he said he knew the *art.* That puzzled me.

But, speaking of *art* reminds me of another circumstance over which I've thought a good deal.

A rich old speculator imagined that he knew all about art, whereas he was an ignoramus in regard to everything, in fact, except in making money. This old fraud determined to make a valuable present to his son-in-law, who was a preacher.

It was suggested to him that an oil painting representing Daniel in the lion's den would be very appropriate, so an order was given

to a painter to produce the work of art. It was almost finished when the old speculator was called to inspect it. It represented a cross-section of the den with Daniel walking about among the lions. When the old man saw the picture he refused to take it. He insisted that if Daniel was in the den neither he nor the lions could be seen, and the artist had to cover the lions and Dan with a coat of black paint.

When the son-in-law was presented with the picture he was somewhat dazed to know what it represented.

"It represents Daniel in the lion's den" replied the art critic.

"But I don't see either of them."

"That makes no difference. They are in there. I saw 'em myself."

That was rather an odd way to paint a picture. Was *the old man right?*

I was out in the country the other day visiting my Uncle Josh. If there is a man in the world that I dote on doing the very thing that's *right* and *square* it is my old Uncle Josh. But he did something that day which made me doubt whether or not his head was just exactly level. I'll tell it and see what you think of it. We were out in the field, and a tramp came along.

"Please, sir," said the tramp, as he came along to where the farmer was blowing up stumps with dynamite, "are you willin' to give an unfortunit man a show?"

"No, sir—no, sir—go on with you!" shouted Uncle Josh, in reply.

"Are you not willin' to—"

"No, sir—no, sir! One of your sort of fellers cum along here the other day and wanted to be blowed up with a stump, and it took me three hours to dig a grave and bury his mangled karcass. I try to be naburly and all that, but I—"

"What I wanted was cold vittles," put in the tramp.

Oh! I see! Waal, go to the house and tell the old woman to fill you up. I thought you wanted to be blowed up with this stump, and I'm durned if anybody works that trick on me agin! Jest cold vittles, eh? That's a different thing."

Now, was *Uncle Josh right?*

Arranged from TEXAS SIFTINGS.

RESIGNATION.

(Sunday-school or church occasion.)

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child:

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.

LONGFELLOW.

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

(Suited to Labor Day occasions.)

I CALL upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it, then, be built up again; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world—of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil; but they too, generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfill the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit; fulfill it with the muscle, but break it with the mind. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theatre of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hands, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which Mother Nature has embroidered, 'midst sun and rain, 'midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to Nature—it is impiety to Heaven—it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. TOIL, I repeat—TOIL, either of the brain, or of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

HANS AND FRITZ.

HANS and Fritz were two Deutschers who lived side by side,
Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride:
With their pretzels and beer the spare moments were spent,
And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And, lacking a part of the *Geld*,—as they say,—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his friend;
Remarking—his own simple language to quote—
"Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive way,—
"I Hans, gets from Fritz feefty tollars to-day;"

When the question arose, the note being made,
"Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid?"

"You geeps dot," says Fritz, "und den you vill know
You owes me dot money." Says Hans, "Dot ish so:
Dot makes me remempers I haf dot to bay,
Und I prings you der note und der money some day."

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,
Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.
Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies, "Yaw:
Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?"

"I geeps dot now, aind't it?" says Fritz; "den you see,
I alvays remempers you paid dot to me."
Says Hans, "Dot ish so: it was now shust so blain,
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

JOHN AND TIBBIE DAVISON'S DISPUTE.

(Scotch dialect. Humorous.)

JOHN DAVISON and Tibbie, his wife,
Sat toasting their taes ae nicht
When something startit in the fluir,
And blinkit by their sicht.

"Guidwife," quoth John, "did ye see that moose?
Whar sorra was the cat?"
"A moose?" "Aye, a moose." "Na, na, guidman,
It was'na a moose, 'twas a rat."

"Ow, ow, guidwife, to think ye've been
Sae lang aboot the hoose,
An' no to ken a moose frae a rat!
Yon was'na a rat! 'twas a moose."

"I've seen mair mice than you, guidman—
An' what think ye o' that?
Sae haud your tongue an' say nae mair—
I tell ye, it was a rat."

Me haud my tongue for *you*, guidwife!
I'll be mester o' this hoose—
I saw't as plain as een could see't,
An' I tell ye, it was a moose!"

"If you're the mester o' the hoose
It's I'm the mistress o't;
An' *I* ken best what's in the hoose,
Sae I tell ye it was a rat."

"Weel, weel, guidwife, gae mak' the brose,
An' ca' it what ye please."
So up she rose and made the brose,
While John sat toasting his taes.

They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,
And aye their lips played smack;
They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,
Till their lugs began to crack.

"Sic fules we were to fa' oot guidwife,
Aboot a moose—" "A what?
It's a lee ye tell, an' I say it again,
It was'na a moose, 'twas a rat!"

"Wad ye ca' me a leear to my very face?
"My faith, but ye craw croose!
I tell ye, Tib, I never will bear't—
'Twas a moose!" "'Twas a rat!" "'Twas a moose!"

Wi' her spoon she strack him ower the pow—
"Ye dour auld doit, tak' that;
Gae to your bed, ye canker'd sumph—
'Twas a rat! 'Twas a moose! 'Twas a rat!"

See sent the brose caup at his heels,
As he hirpled ben the hoose;
Yet she shoved oot his head as he streekit the door,
Aud cried, "'Twas a moose! 'twas a moose!"

But when the carle was fast asleep
She paid him back for that,
And roared into his sleeping lug,
"'Twas a rat! 'twas a rat! 'twas a rat!

The de'il be wi' me if I think
It was a beast ava !--
Neist mornin', as she sweepit the fluir,
She faund wee Johnnie's ba' !

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

JENKINS GOES TO A PICNIC.

(Humorous.)

MARIA ANN recently determined to go to a picnic.

Maria Ann is my wife—unfortunately she had planned it to go alone, so far as I am concerned, on that picnic excursion; but when I heard about it, I determined to assist.

She *pretended* she was very glad; I don't believe she was.

"It will do you good to get away from your work a day, poor fellow," she said; "and we shall so much enjoy a cool morning ride on the cars, and a dinner in the woods."

On the morning of that day, Maria Ann got up at five o'clock. About three minutes later she disturbed my slumbers, and told me to come to breakfast. I told her I wasn't hungry, but it didn't make a bit of difference, I had to get up. The sun was up; I had no idea that the sun began his business so early in the morning, but there he was.

"Now," said Maria Ann, "we must fly around, for the cars start at half-past six. Eat all the breakfast you can, for you won't get anything more before noon."

I could not eat anything so early in the morning. There was ice to be pounded to go around the pail of ice cream, and the sandwiches to be cut, and I thought I would never get the legs of the chicken fixed so I could get the cover on the big basket. Maria Ann flew around and piled up groceries for me to pack, giving directions to the girl about taking care of the house, and putting on her dress all at once. There is a deal of energy in that woman, perhaps a trifle too much.

At twenty minutes past six I stood on the front steps, with a basket on one arm and Maria Ann's waterproof on the other, and a pail in each hand, and a bottle of vinegar in my coat-skirt pocket. There was a camp-chair hung on me somewhere, too, but I forget just where.

"Now," said Maria Ann, "we must run or we shall not catch the train."

"Maria Ann," said I, "that is a reasonable idea. How do you suppose I can run with all this freight?"

"You must, you brute. You always try to tease me. If you don't want a scene on the street, you will start, too."

So I ran.

I had one comfort, at least. Maria Ann fell down and broke her parasol. She called me a brute again because I laughed. She drove me all the way to the depot at a brisk trot, and we got on the cars; but neither of us could get a seat, and I could not find a place where I could set the things down, so I stood there and held them.

"Maria," I said, "how is this for a cool morning ride?"

Said she, "You are a brute, Jenkins."

Said I, "You have made *that* observation before, my love."

I kept my courage up, yet I knew there would be an hour of wrath when we got home. While we were getting out of the cars, the bottle in my coat-pocket broke, and consequently I had one boot half-full of vinegar all day. That kept me pretty quiet, and Maria Ann ran off with a big whiskered music-teacher, and lost her fan, and got her feet wet, and tore her dress, and enjoyed herself so *much*, after the fashion of picnic goers.

I thought it would never come dinner-time, and Maria Ann called me a pig because I wanted to open our basket before the rest of the baskets were opened.

At last dinner came—the "nice dinner in the woods," you know. Over three thousand little red ants had got into our dinner, and they were worse to pick out than fish-bones. The ice cream had melted, and there was no vinegar for the cold meat, except what was in my boot, and, of course, that was of no immediate use. The music-teacher spilled a cup of hot coffee on Maria Ann's head, and pulled all the frizzles out

trying to wipe off the coffee with his handkerchief. Then I sat on a piece of raspberry-pie, and spoiled my white pants, and concluded I didn't want anything more. I had to stand up against a tree the rest of the afternoon. The day offered considerable variety, compared to everyday life, but there were so many drawbacks that I did not enjoy it so much as I might have done.

THE TEXAS COW.

(Droll humor.)

THE "pure dairy milk" which the Texas milkman ladles out to his customers has a suspicious resemblance in color and thinness to the cholera infantum producing liquid which the New York milkman circulates among the public.

For this reason a good many people in the towns and cities of Texas prefer to keep a cow. The Texas cow is, physically speaking, a combination of the Queen Anne and Swiss cottage styles of architecture. She seems to be made up of numerous angles, lean rib-roasts and emaciated soup bones attached to a wide-spreading set of horns; but, nevertheless, she supplies a fluid that contains the elements of a *bona fide* milk.

After the concierge of a Texas cow has wrenched from her all the milk he needs, he lets down the bars of the pen and permits her to go into the boulevard for the night, relying on her maternal instinct to bring her home next morning.

The cow waits until gentlemen are returning from the various lodges, and then, selecting a conveniently dark place in the dimly lighted street, she unlimbers her legs and sinks into the arms of Morpheus. She always selects a place where people can stumble over her without going out of their way.

The man who stumbles over a cow, couchant, can be readily recognized in a crowd a week afterwards, provided he is able to be out on crutches. The Texas cow couchant has been known to take a wheelbarrow aside and give it points. The man who stumbles over a Texas cow in the dark cannot gloat over the man who falls down stairs with a cooking stove in his arms.

At first, when he unconsciously festoons her neck with his legs, and she begins to rise to to receive company, he imagines some cataclysm of nature has broken loose. He is as much surprised as the lightning was when it struck a magazine containing a few tons of powder.

Then he begins to fall off. Like the Gospel, he is spread more or less all over the earth. He eventually puts his ear to the ground to hear something drop, and he not only hears it, but feels it for weeks afterwards. No two men's experiences are exactly alike. Some hit the planet with all the force of a stepmother's arm. Some plow up the ground with their noses as if propelled by some mysterious motor.

After there has been a steady falling off of the inhabitants for an hour or so, the cow proceeds to crowd her stomach with valuable shrubs and costly tropical plants that grow in the gardens of the *élite*.

How does she get into the gardens? I hear someone ask. Leave her alone for that. She gets in by hook or by crook, but usually by hook. She hooks the gate, already weakened by lovers leaning upon it in the twilight, off its hinges.

But she is sure to get in. It would not keep her out if admission were charged. If she couldn't get in any other way she would steal the materials and build a step-ladder.

TEXAS SIFTINGS.

JIM SMILEY'S FROG.

(Humorous reading.)

WELL, this yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken-cocks, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut.—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple,

if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything; and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor,—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog,—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies," and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again, as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doing any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightforward as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it came to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes, and lay for a bet. One day a fellar,—a stranger in the camp, he was,—came across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't,—it's only just a frog."

And the fellar took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm! so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for one thing, I should judge,—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump ary frog in Calaveras country."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right,—that's all right; if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait. So he set there a good while, thinking and thinking to to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open, and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot,—filled him pretty near up to his chin,—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp, and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump;" and him and the feller tonched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders,—so,—like a Frenchman, but it wan't no use,—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders,—this way,—at Dan'l, and says again, very delib-

erate, "Well, *I* don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog." Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for; I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him, he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up, and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man. He set the frog down, and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. MARK TWAIN.

THE PIPE.

(Parody on "The Bells." This piece may be made more interesting if a gentleman in smoking-jacket and slippers recite it, sitting or standing before an open grate, holding in his hand a pipe, from which he occasionally takes a "whiff," and turns it about in different positions as he soliloquizes.)

OH, I love the merry gurgle of my pipe.
Brier pipe;
When the flavor of the weed within is ripe;
What a lullaby it purls,
As the smoke around me curls,
Mounting slowly higher, higher,
As I dream before the fire,
With a flavor in my mouth
Like a zephyr from the South,
And my favorite tobacco
By my side—
Near my side,
With the soothing necromancy
Sweetly linking fact to fancy,
In a golden memory-chain
To the gurgle, sweet refain,
Of my pipe, brier pipe,
To the fancy-breeding gurgle of my pipe.

Oh, what subtle satisfaction in my pipe,
Brier pipe;
Nothing mundane can impart
Such contentment to my heart;
She's my idol, she's my queen,
Is my lady Nicotine;
When in trouble how I yearn
For the incense which I burn
At her shrine.
How I pine
For the fragrance of her breath;
Robbed of terror e'en is death
By her harmless hypnotism;
Healed is every mortal schism.
Foe and friend
Sweetly blend
At the burning of the brier;
Greed, cupidity, desire
Fade away within the smoke,
In the fragrant, fleecy smoke
From my pipe, magic pipe,
From my glowing, peace-bestowing, gurgling pipe. PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

SAY!

DO you think that a metaphysician,
With a long psychological plan,
Could induce microscopical effort,
In an anthropological man?
Could a flat phrenological failure,
With a physiological chill,
Love a sociological expert
With a meteorological thrill?
Could an archæological sprinter
Of a dark theological hue
Give a nice philosophical treatise
On the eyes of my Nellie so blue?

Could a methodological blockhead
Having craniological feet
Paint a dry neurological picture
Of a wet geological street?
Could a smooth astrological fakir
With a teleological brain
Give a palæological hoodoo
In a long euchological strain?
Do you think ethnological records,
Astronomical worlds, will embue
With correct biographical statements
As to why Nellie's eyes are so blue?
L. I. MELROY, *in Chicago Record.*

PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

CHARACTERS.

PYGMALION, *an Athenian sculptor.*

GALATEA, *a statue.*

COSTUMES.—GENTLEMAN, *in the habit of a Greek artist.* LADY, *in statuesque drapery or ordinary Greek costume.*

(A noted Greek sculptor, Pygmalion, makes a most beautiful statute of woman. Having attained perfection of form he longs to breathe life into his work, and blames the gods that they have limited his power. He stands on the stage, to the left, looking thoughtfully up as if imploring the gods. While apparently uttering his complaints, Galatea, coming to life, calls to him from behind the curtain.)

Galatea (*from behind curtain, C.**). Pygmalion!

Pygmalion (*after a pause*). Who called?

Gal. Pygmalion!

(PYGMALION *tears away curtain and discovers* GALATEA *alive.*)

Pyg. Ye gods! It lives!

Gal. Pygmalion!

Pyg. It speaks!

I have my prayer! my Galatea breathes!

Gal. Where am I? Let me speak, Pygmalion;
Give me thy hand—both hands—how soft and warm!
Whence came I? (*Descends.*)

Pyg. Why, from yonder pedestal.

Gal. That pedestal! Ah, yes, I recollect,
There was a time when it was part of me.

Pyg. That time has passed forever, thou art now
A living, breathing woman, excellent
In every attribute of womankind.

Gal. Where am I, then?

Pyg. Why, born into the world
By miracle.

Gal. Is this the world?

Pyg. It is,

Gal. This room?

Pyg. This room is a portion of a house;
The house stands in a grove; the grove itself
Is one of many, many hundred groves
In Athens.

Gal. And is Athens, then, the world?

Pyg. To an Athenian—yes—

* *C.* indicates *centre; R., right,* and *L., left* of stage.

Gal. And I am one?

Pyg. By birth and parentage, not by descent

Gal. But how came I to be?

Pyg. Well, let me see
Oh! you were quarried in Pentelicus;
I modelled you in clay; my artisans
Then roughed you out in marble; I, in turn,
Brought my artistic skill to bear on you,
And made you what you are, in all but life.
The gods completed what I had begun,
And gave the only gift I could not giv

Gal. Then this is life?

Pyg. It is.

Gal. And not long since
I was a cold, dull stone. I recollect
That by some means I knew that I was stone,
That was the first dull gleam of consciousness;
I became conscious of a chilly self,
A cold immovable identity.
I knew that I was stone, and knew no more;
Then by an imperceptible advance,
Came the dim evidence of outer things,
Seen, darkly and imperfectly, yet seen;
The walls surrounded me, and I alone.
That pedestal—that curtain—then a voice
That called on Galatea! At that word,
Which seemed to shake my marble to the core.
That which was dim before, came evident.
Sounds that had hummed around me, indistinct,
Vague, meaningless—seemed to resolve themselves
Into a language I could understand;
I felt my frame pervaded with a glow
That seemed to thaw my marble into flesh;
Its cold, hard substance throbbed with active life,
My limbs grew supple, and I moved—I lived!
Lived in the ecstasy of new born life;
Lived in the love of him that fashioned me;
Lived in a thousand tangled thoughts of hope,
Love, gratitude, thoughts that resolved themselves
Into one word, that word, Pygmalion!
(*Kneels to him.*)

Pyg. I have no words to tell thee of my joy,
O woman—perfect in thy loveliness.

Gal. What is that word? Am I a woman?

Pyg. Yes.
Gal. Art thou a woman?
Pyg. No, I am a man!
Gal. What is a man?
Pyg. A being strongly framed,
To wait on woman, and protect her from
All ills that strength and courage can avert;
To work and toil for her, that she may rest;
To weep and mourn for her, that she may laugh;
To fight and die for her, that she may live!
Gal. (*after a pause*). I'm glad I am a woman.
(*Takes his hand—he leads her down, L.*)
Pyg. So am I. (*They sit.*)
Gal. That I escape the pains thou hast to bear?
Pyg. That I may undergo those pains for thee.
Gal. With whom wouldst thou fight?
Pyg. With any man
Whose word or deed gave Galatea pain.
Gal. Then there are other men in this strange world?
Pyg. There are, indeed?
Gal. And other women?
Pyg. (*taken aback*). Yes;
Though for the moment I'd forgotten it!
Yes, other women.
Gal. And for all of these
Men work, and toil, and mourn, and weep, and fight?
Pyg. It is man's duty, if he's called upon,
To fight for all—he works for those he loves.
Gal. Then by thy works I know thou lovest me?
Pyg. Indeed, I love thee. (*Embraces her.*)
Gal. What kind of love?
Pyg. I love thee (*recollecting himself and releasing her*) as a sculptor loves his work!
(*Aside.*) There is diplomacy in that reply.
Gal. My love is different in kind to thine:
I am no sculptor, and I've done no work,
Yet I do love thee; say—what love is mine?
Pyg. Tell me its symptoms, then I'll answer thee.
Gal. Its symptons? Let me call them as they come.
A sense that I am made by thee for thee.
That I've no will that is not wholly thine,
That I've no thought, no hope, no enterprise,
That does not own thee as its sovereign;
That I have life that I may live for thee,
That I am thine—that thou and I are one!
What kind of love is that?
Pyg. A kind of love
That I shall run some risk in dealing with.
Gal. And why, Pygmalion?
Pyg. Such love as thine
A man may not receive, except, indeed,
From one who is, or is to be, his wife.
Gal. Then I will be thy wife.
Pyg. That may not be;
I have a wife—the gods allow but one.
Gal. Why did the gods then send me here to thee?
Pyg. I cannot say—unless to punish me
(*Rises.*)
For unreflecting and presumptuous prayer!
I pray'd that thou shouldst live. I have my prayer,
And now I see the fearful consequence
That must attend it!
Gal. Yet thou lovest me? (*Rises.*)
Pyg. Who could look on that face and stifle love?
Gal. Then I am beautiful?
Pyg. Indeed thou art.
Gal. I wish that I could look upon myself,
But that's impossible.
Pyg. Not so, indeed, (*Crosses, R.*)
This mirror will reflect thy face. Behold!
(*Hands her a mirror from table, R. C.*)
Gal. How beautiful! I am very glad to know
That both our tastes agree so perfectly;
Why, my Pygmalion, I did not think
That aught could be more beautiful than thou,
Till I behold myself. Believe me, love,
I could look in this mirror all day long.
So I'm a woman.
Pyg. There's no doubt of that!
Gal. Oh! happy maid, to be so passing fair!
And happier still Pygmalion, who can gaze
At will upon so beautiful a face!
Pyg. Hush! Galatea—in thine innocence
(*Taking glass from her.*)
Thou sayest things that others would reprove.

Gal. Indeed, Pygmalion; then it is wrong
To think that one is exquisitely fair?
Pyg. Well, Galatea, it's a sentiment
That every other woman shares with thee;
They think it—but they keep it to themselves.
Gal. And is thy wife as beautiful as I?
Pyg. No, Galatea; for in forming thee
I took her features—lovely in themselves—
And in marble made them lovelier still.
Gal. (*disappointed*). Oh! then I am not original?
Pyg. Well—no—
That is, thou hast indeed a prototype,
But though in stone thou didst resemble her,
In life, the difference is manifest.
Gal. I'm very glad that I am lovelier than she.
And am I better? (*Sits, L.*)
Pyg. That I do not know.
Gal. Then she has faults.
Pyg. Very few, indeed;
Mere trivial blemishes, that serve to show
That she and I are of one common kin.
I love her all the better for such faults.
Gal. (*after a pause*). Tell me some faults and I'll commit them now.
Pyg. There is no hurry; they will come in time: (*Sits beside her, L.*)
Though for that matter, it's a grievous sin
To sit as lovingly as we sit now.
Gal. Is sin so pleasant? If to sit and talk
As we are sitting, be indeed a sin,
Why I could sin all day. But tell me, love,
Is this great fault that I'm committing now,
The kind of fault that only serves to show
That thou and I are of one common kin?
Pyg. Indeed, I am very much afraid it is.
Gal. And dost thou love me better for such fault?
Pyg. Where is the mortal that could answer "no?"
Gal. Why then I'm satisfied, Pygmalion;
Thy wife and I can start on equal terms
She loves thee?
Pyg. Very much.
Gal. I'm glad of that.
I like thy wife.
Pyg. And why?
Gal. (*surprised at the question*). Our tastes agree
We love Pygmalion well, and what is more,
Pygmalion loves us both. I like thy wife;
I'm sure we shall agree.
Pyg. (*aside*). I doubt it much.
Gal. Is she within?
Pyg. No, she is not within.
Gal. But she'll come back?
Pyg. Oh! yes, she will come back.
Gal. How pleased she'll be to know when she returns,
That there was someone here to fill her place.
Pyg. (*dryly*). Yes, I should say she'd be extremely pleased. (*Rises.*)
Gal. Why, there is something in thy voice which says
That thou art jesting. Is it possible
To say one thing and mean another?
Pyg. Yes,
It's sometimes done.
Gal. How very wonderful!
So clever!
Pyg. And so very useful.
Gal. Yes.
Teach me the art.
Pyg. The art will come in time.
My wife will not be pleased; there—that's the truth.
Gal, I do not think that I shall like thy wife.
Tell me more of her.
Pyg. Well—
Gal What did she say
When she last left thee?
Pyg. Humph! Well, let me see:
Oh! true, she gave thee to me as my wife—
Her solitary representative;
(*Tenderly*) She feared I should be lonely till she she came,
And counselled me, if thoughts of love should come,
To speak those thoughts to thee, as I am wont
To speak to her.
Gal. That's right.
Pyg. (*releasing her*). But when she spoke

Thou wast a stone, now thou art flesh and blood,
Which makes a difference.
Gal. It's a strange world;
A woman loves her husband very much,
And cannot brook that I should love him too;
She fears he will be lonely till she comes,
And will not let me cheer his loneliness:
She bids him breathe his love to senseless stone,
And when that stone is brought to life—be dumb!
It's a strange world, I cannot fathom it.
(*Crosses, R.*)
Pyg. (*aside*). Let me be brave, and put an end to this.
(*Aloud.*) Come, Galatea—till my wife returns,
My sister shall provide thee with a home;
Her house is close at hand.
Gal. (*astonished and alarmed*). Send me not hence,
Pygmalion—let me stay.
Pyg. It may not be.
Come, Galatea, we shall meet again.
Gal. (*resignedly*). Do with me as thou wilt, Pygmalion!
But we shall meet again?—and very soon?
Pyg. Yes, very soon.
Gal. And when thy wife returns,
She'll let me stay with thee?
Pyg. I do not know.
(*Aside.*) Why should I hide the truth from her?
(*Aloud.*) Alas!
I may not see thee then.
Gal. Pygmalion
What fearful words are these?
Pyg. The bitter truth.
I may not love thee; I must send thee hence.
Gal. Recall those words, Pygmalion, my love!
Was it for this that Heaven gave me life?
Pygmalion, have mercy on me; see
I am thy work, thou hast created me;
The gods have sent me to thee. I am thine,
Thine! only and unalterably thine! (*Music.*)
This is the thought with which my soul is charged.
Thou tellest me of one who claims thy love,
That thou hast love for her alone! Alas!
I do not know these things; I only know
That Heaven has sent me here to be with thee.
Thou tellest me of duty to thy wife,
Of vows that thou wilt love but her; alas!
I do not know these things; I only know
That Heaven, who sent me here, has given me
One all-absorbing duty to discharge—
To love thee, and to make thee love again!
(*During this speech Pygmalion has shown symptoms of irresolution; at its conclusion he takes her in his arms and embraces her passionately.*) W. S. GILBERT.

QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

(A dialogue for two men. From Act IV. of *Julius Cæsar*. Before rendering the dialogue it is presumed that the participants will read the whole play from a volume of Shakespeare, and familiarize themselves with the spirit of the selection. The interest will be enhanced by the use of proper costumes. Where these cannot be hired—as they generally may in cities and large towns—they may be easily improvised by observing the simple Roman dress as illustrated in historical works.)

(*Curtain rises, revealing* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *in heated conversation on the stage.*)

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in this;
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of Sardinians;
Wherein my letters (praying on his side
Because I knew the man) were slighted of.
Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.
Cas. At such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.
Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice?—What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman!

Cas. Brutus, bay not me!
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to! you're not Cassius!

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health: tempt me no further!

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? Ay, more! Fret till your proud heart break!
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor?
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth,—yea, for my laughter,—
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier,
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus:
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love.
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions;
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart,
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;
For Cassius is a-weary of the world—
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from my eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth:
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worse, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart, too.—
Cas. O, Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[CURTAIN.] SHAKESPEARE.

TABLEAU.—FRIENDSHIP RESTORED.

Curtain rises, revealing BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *with one hand laid upon the other's shoulder, while the right hands firmly clasp. On the face of each beams the light of noble love and manly friendship, showing their mutual joy. The bearing should be dignified and manly.*

SCENE BETWEEN HAMLET AND THE QUEEN.

(Dialogue for elderly lady and young man. From Act III. of the tragedy of *Hamlet*. The part of HAMLET is a very difficult one to play, and should be thoroughly studied. The whole tragedy should be read from Shakespeare, any illustrated volume of which will suggest appropriate costume. The GHOST may be impersonated by a voice, unless a suitable costume and staging are available.)

(*Curtain rises and reveals* HAMLET *approaching his* MOTHER, *who may be seated and apparently in much distress.*)

Hamlet. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Hamlet. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Hamlet. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!
Hamlet. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Hamlet. No, by the rood, not so.
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.
Hamlet. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge:
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Help, help, ho!
Polonius (*behind*). What, ho! help, help, help!

Hamlet (*drawing.*) How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!

(*Makes a pass through the arras.*)

Polonius (*behind*). O, I am slain!

(*Falls and dies.*)

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not;
Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Hamlet. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Hamlet. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

(*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*)

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better:
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not braz'd it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Hamlet. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths; O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this sondity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen, Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

Hamlet. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear.
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this?
O shame! where is thy blush?

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turns't mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.
O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Hamlet. A murtherer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Hamlet. A king of shreds and patches,—

(*Enter* GHOST.)

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad!

Hamlet. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:

O, step between her and her fighting soul:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Hamlet. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Hamlet. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Hamlet. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Hamlet. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Hamlet. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal. (*Exit* GHOST.)

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain;
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Hamlet. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Hamlet. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
For this same lord, (*Pointing to Polonius.*)
I do repent;
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him,—So, again, good-night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

[CURTAIN.] SHAKESPEARE.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

(This piece is frequently recited by one person, but is much more effective in dialogue. LOCHIEL, a Highland chieftain, while on his march to join the Pretender, is met by one of the Highland seers, or prophets, who warns him to return, and not incur the certain ruin and disaster which await the unfortunate prince and his followers on the field of Culloden. When used as a dialogue, a blast of trumpet is heard. The curtain being drawn, LOCHIEL enters, attired in the Highland fighting costume, and following him should appear in the doorway of the stage two or three armed Scotch soldiers to give the idea of a large number behind them. The SEER meets him from the other direction, dressed in flowing robes, and with long white hair and beard, and, raising his hands in the attitude of warning, speaks imploringly as follows:)

Seer.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight:
They rally, they bleed, for their country and crown,—
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But, hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair!
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
O! weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead!
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave!

Lochiel.

Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright!

Seer.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the North?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad:
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of Heaven.
O, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood!

Lochiel.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan:
Their swords are a thousand; their bosoms are one:
They are true to the last of their blood, and their breath,
And like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided, and plum'd in their tartan array—

Seer.

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
Yet man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the snnset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness, and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise! Rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finish'd.—Their thunders are hush'd on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner! Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country, cast bleeding, and torn?
Ah! no; for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters, convuls'd in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accurs'd be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

Lochiel.

Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale;
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor—so foul with retreat.
Tho' his perishing ranks should be strow'd in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight, or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

CAMPBELL.

[CURTAIN.]

TABLEAU.

A very pretty tableau may be quickly formed behind the curtain, and at the close of applause from the audience the curtain be raised, showing LOCHIEL *standing proud and imperious, his clan gathered around him, and the old* SEER *upon his knees, head thrown back, with hands and face raised imploringly.*

MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

(Adapted from Schiller, Scene II., Act III. Arranged for two ladies and two gentleman.

CHARACTERS:

MARY, *Queen of Scotland.*
ELIZABETH, *Queen of England.*
ROBERT, *Earl of Leicester.*
TALBOT, *a friend of Mary.*

COSTUMES.—*Elizabethan age of England and Scotland.*

Enter MARY *and* TALBOT.

Mary. Talbot, Elizabeth will soon be here. I cannot see her. Preserve me from this hateful interview.

Talbot. Reflect a while. Recall thy courage. The moment is come upon which everything depends. Incline thyself; submit to the necessity of the moment. She is the stronger. Thou must bend before her.

Mary. Before her? I cannot!

Tal. Thou must do so. Speak to her humbly; invoke the greatness of her generous heart; dwell not too much upon thy rights. But see first how she bears herself towards thee. I myself did witness her emotion on reading thy letter. The tears stood in her eyes. Her heart, 'tis sure, is not a stranger to compassion; therefore place more confidence in her, and prepare thyself for her reception.

Mary. (*Taking his hand.*) Thou wert ever my faithful friend. Oh, that I had always remained beneath thy kind guardianship, Talbot! Their care of me has indeed been harsh. Who attends her?

Tal. Leicester. You need not fear him; the earl doth not seek thy fall. Behold, the queen approaches. (*Retires.*)

Enter ELIZABETH *and* LEICESTER.

Mary. (*Aside.*) O heavens! Protect me! her features say she has no heart!

Elizabeth. (*To* LEICESTER.) Who is this woman? (*Feigning surprise.*) Robert, who has dared to—

Lei. Be not angry, queen, and since heaven has hither directed thee, suffer pity to triumph in thy noble heart.

Tal. (*Advancing.*) Deign, royal lady, to cast a look of compassion on the unhappy woman who prostrates herself at thy feet.

[MARY, *having attempted to approach* ELIZABETH, *stops short, overcome by repugnance, her gestures indicating internal struggle.*]

Eliz. (*Haughtily.*) Sirs, which of you spoke of humility and submission? I see nothing but a proud lady, whom misfortune has not succeeded in subduing.

Mary. (*Aside.*) I will undergo even this last degree of ignominy. My soul discards its noble but, alas! impotent pride. I will seek to forget who I am, what I have suffered, and will humble myself before her who has caused my disgrace. (*Turns to* ELIZEBETH.) Heaven, O sister, has declared itself on thy side, and has graced thy happy head with the crown of victory. (*Kneeling.*) I worship the Deity who hath rendered thee so powerful. Show thyself noble in thy triumph, and leave me not overwhelmed by shame! Open thy arms, extend in mercy to me thy royal hand, and raise me from my fearful fall.

Eliz. (*Drawing back.*) Thy place, Stuart, is there, and I shall ever raise my hands in gratitude to heaven that it has not willed that I should kneel at thy feet, as thou now crouchest in the dust at mine.

Mary. (*With great emotion.*) Think of the vicissitudes of all things human! There is a Deity above who punisheth pride. Respect the Providence who now doth prostrate me at thy feet. Do not show thyself insensible and pitiless as the rock, to which the drowning man, with failing breath and outstretched arms, doth cling. My life, my entire destiny, depend upon my words and the power of my tears. Inspire my heart, teach me to move, to touch thine own. Thou turnest such icy looks upon me, that my soul doth sink within me, my grief parches my lips, and a cold shudder renders my entreaties mute. (*Rises.*)

Eliz. (*Coldly.*) What wouldst thou say to me? thou didst seek converse with me. Forgetting that I am an outraged sovereign, I honor thee with my royal presence. 'Tis in obedience to a generous impulse that I incur the reproach of having sacrificed my dignity.

Mary. How can I express myself? how shall I so choose every word that it may penetrate, without irritating, thy heart? God of mercy! aid my lips, and banish from them whatever may offend my sister! I cannot relate to thee my woes without appearing to accuse thee, and this is not my wish. Towards me thou hast been neither merciful nor just. I am thine equal, and yet thou hast made me a prisoner, a suppliant, and a fugitive. I turned to thee for aid, and thou, trampling on the rights of nations and of hospitality, hast immured me in a living tomb! Thou hast abandoned me to the most shameful need, and finally exposed me to the ignominy of a trial! But, no more of the past; we are now face to face. Display the goodness of thy heart! tell me the crimes of which I am accused! Wherefore didst thou not grant me this friendly audience when I so eagerly desired it? Years of misery would have been spared me, and this painful interview would not have occurred in this abode of gloom and horror.

Eliz. Accuse not fate, but thine own wayward soul and the unreasonable ambition of thy house. There was no quarrel between us until thy most worthy ally inspired thee with the mad and rash desire to claim for thyself the royal titles and my throne! Not satisfied with this, he then urged thee to make war against me, to threaten my crown and my life. Amidst the peace which reigned in my dominions, he fraudulently excited my subjects to revolt. But heaven doth protect me, and the attempt was abandoned in despair. The blow was aimed at my head, but 'tis on thine that it will fall.

Mary. I am in the hand of my God, but thou wilt not exceed thy power by committing a deed so atrocious?

Eliz. What could prevent me? Thy kinsman has shown monarchs how to make peace with their enemies! Who would be surety for thee if, imprudently, I were to release thee? How can I rely on thy pledged faith? Nought but my power renders me secure. No! there can be no friendship with a race of vipers.

Mary. Are these thy dark suspicions? To thine eyes, then, I have ever seemed a stranger and an enemy. If thou hadst but recognized me as heiress to thy throne—as is my lawful right—love, friendship, would have made me thy friend—thy sister.

Eliz. What affection hast thou that is not feigned? I declare thee heiress to my throne! Insidious treachery! In order, forsooth, to overturn the state, and—wily Armida that thou art—entrap within thy snares all the youthful spirits of my kingdom, so that during my own lifetime all eyes would turn towards thee—the new constellation!

Mary. Reign on in peace! I renounce all right to thy sceptre. The wings of my ambition have long drooped, and greatness has no longer charms for me. 'Tis thou who hast it all; I am now only the shade of Mary Stuart! My pristine ardor has been subdued by the ignominy of my chains. Thou hast nipped my existence in the bud. But pronounce those magnanimous words for which thou cam'st hither; for I will not believe that thou art come to enjoy the base delight of insulting thy victim! Pronounce the words so longed for, and say, "Mary, thou art free! Till now thou hast known only my power;

now know my greatness." Woe to thee, shouldst thou not depart from me propitious, beneficent, like an invoked Deity. O sister! not for all England, not for all the lands the vast ocean embraces, would I present myself to thee with the inexorable aspect with which thou now regardest me!

Eliz. At length thou confessest thyself vanquished! Hast thou emptied thy quiver of the artifices it contained? Hast thou no more assassins? Does there not remain to thee one single hero to undertake in thy defence the duties of knight-errant? Gone, Mary, gone forever are those days. Thou canst no longer seduce a follower of mine; other causes now inflame men's hearts. In vain didst thou seek a fourth husband among my English subjects; they knew too well that thou murderest thy husbands, as thou dost thy lovers.

Mary. (*Shuddering.*) O heavens! sister! Grant me resignation.

Eliz. (*To* LEICESTER, *with contempt.*) Earl, are these the boasted features, on which no mortal eye could gaze with safety? Is this the beauty to which no other woman's could be compared? In sooth, the reputation appears to have been easily won. To be thus celebrated as the reigning beauty of the universe seems merely to infer that she has been universal in the distribution of her favors.

Mary. Ah, 'tis too much.

Eliz. (*With a smile of satisfaction.*) Now thou showest thyself in thine own form. Till now thou hast worn a mask.

Mary. (*With dignified pride.*) They were mere human errors that overcame my youth. My grandeur dazzled me. I have nought to conceal, nor deny my faults; my pride has ever disdained the base artifices of vile intriguers. The worst I ever did is known, and I may boast myself far better than my reputation. But woe to thee, thou malignant hypocrite, if thou ever lettest fall the mantle beneath which thou concealest thy shameless amours! Thou, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, hast not inherited virtue! The causes that brought thy sinful mother to the block are known to all.

Tal. (*Stepping between them.*) Is this, O Mary, thine endurance? Is this thy humility?

Mary. Endurance? I have endured all that a mortal heart can bear. Hence, abject humility! Insulted patience, get ye from my heart! And thou, my long pent-up indignation, break thy bonds, and burst forth from thy lair! Oh, thou gavest to the angry serpent his deadly glance; arm my tongue with poisonous stings.

Tal. (*To* ELIZABETH.) Forgive the angry transports which thou hast thyself provoked.

Lei. (*Inducing* ELIZABETH *to withdraw.*) Hear not the ravings of a distracted woman. Leave this ill—

Mary. The throne of England is profaned by a base-born—the British nation is duped by a vile pretender! If right did prevail, thou wouldst be grovelling at my feet, for 'tis I who am thy sovereign. (ELIZABETH *retires.* LEICESTER *and* TALBOT *follow.*) She departs, burning with rage, and with bitterness of death at heart. Now happy I am! I have degraded her in Leicester's presence. At last! at last! After long years of insult and contumely, I have at least enjoyed a season of triumph. (*Sinks upon the floor.*) [CURTAIN.] SCHILLER.

TABLEAU.

Curtain rises. MARY *reclines upon the floor, disheveled hair, face buried in hands, shaking with emotion.* ELIZABETH *stands glaring at her, face livid with anger, clenched fists.* LEICESTER *is restraining her; his hand is raised as if admonishing her not to yield to her rage and do an act unbecoming a queen.* TALBOT *leans over* MARY, *to whom he appears to offer words of hope and consolation, at the same time lifting his right hand imploringly to* ELIZABETH.

A DEBATE.

Question: "Are the Mental Capacities of the Sexes Equal?"

(A debate arranged for *seventeen* male speakers, followed by a lady. There should be seats for all those who are to take part in the debate, the Chairman being distinguished from the others by being more elevated in his position, and having a table or desk before him. Should there not be room on the stage for all the debaters, some can sit grouped on the floor adjoining. Every speaker as he rises should try to catch the eye of the Chairman, and the latter should check every tendency to confusion by rapping on the table, and calling gentlemen to order. To give an air of spontaneousness to the debate, several speakers may at times rise at once, crying "Mr. Chairman." The Chairman should be courteous and attentive to all, but prompt in his decisions, and energetic in maintaining them. Occasional applause, or indications of dissent, are allowable.)

The Chairman. Gentlemen: I feel very highly the honor you have done me by placing me in the chair. I will not waste your time, however, by inflicting a speech upon you, but will proceed at once to the proper business of the meeting. The question we are to discuss is as follows (*reads from a roll of paper*): "Are the mental capacities of the sexes equal?" I beg to call upon the Opener to commence the debate. I have only to add that I hope the discussion will be carried on in a manner befitting the importance and gravity of the subject. (*The* CHAIRMAN *resumes his seat amid applause, and the* OPENER *rises.*)

The Opener. Sir, in rising to open the question which has been put from the chair, I assure you that I feel the need of much indulgence, and I hope that I shall not be denied it. I expect no small amount of reproach and contumely for the part I mean to take in this debate; for I know the gallantry of many of my friends around me, and I fully make up my mind to smart under the weight of it. However, I will meet my fate boldly, at all events; I will declare, at once, that I am a believer in the mental inferiority of the ladies. (*"O! O!" met by cries of "Hear! hear!"*) And, If my clamorous friends will let me, I will endeavor to prove that I am right. I will take my proofs from history. Which shines the brighter, the male sex or the female? Look among sovereigns—Where is the female Cæsar?—the female Alfred?—the female Alexander?—the female Napoleon? Or take legislators—What woman have we to compare with Sōlon or Lycurgus? with Washington or Hamilton? Or take the glorious list of orators. Can you point to a female Demos'the-nēs, or Mirabeau, or Chatham or Patrick Henry, or Webster? No, sir! The ladies may have the gift of the—I beg pardon—the gift of loquacity, but not of eloquence. Where are the female philosophers, moreover? Where is their Soc'ra-tēs, their Plato, their Newton, their Jonathan Edwards? Where is their great discoverer—their Columbus, their Franklin, their Herschel, their Daguerre? Where their great inventor—their Fulton, their Morse, their Whitney, their Edison? In literature, too, are the great names those of the fairer or the sterner sex? Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Campbell, Irving, Dickens—what lady writers equal these? (*Applause.*)

I shall not enter into the philosophical part of the question at all. Facts are the strongest arguments, and these I have produced. Besides, I dare say that some of my supporters will choose that view of the matter, and into their hands I am quite willing to resign it.

I feel that I should weaken my cause were I to say more. I therefore commit the question to your fair and full discussion, quite convinced that a just conclusion will at length be arrived at. (*Applause.*)

Second Speaker. Sir, my friend, who has just resumed his seat, has regarded this question as it is answered by history: I will view it by the light of reason and philosophy. I think, then, that women are *meant* to be inferior to men. The female of every kind of animal is weaker than the male, and why should a distinction be made with the human species? (*"That's so."*)

The sphere which the female is called upon to fill is the domestic one. To rule and to command is the sphere of man. He is here to govern and to guide. Now, the exercise of authority requires greater mental power than the duties of the other sex demand; and I think that man would not have been called upon to rule,

d not greater power been conferred upon him. Where would be the unutterable delight that now wells in the magic word "HOME," if woman were more intellectually subtle than she is? All these true joys would be lost to us; and woman, instead of earning our gratitude and affection by creating them, would be studying metaphysics, diving into theology, or searching out new stars. It seems to me that the very happiness of the world depends upon the inequalities and differences existing in the minds of the sexes, and therefore I shall vote with my friend, the Opener. (*Applause.*)

Third Speaker. Sir, I rise to defend the ladies. (*Applause.*) I admit the ability of my two friends who have preceded me; but I dispute their arguments, and I utterly deny their conclusions. I shall deal with the Opener only, and leave the other gentleman to the tender mercies of the succeeding speakers.

Our friend referred us to history; very unfortunately, I think. He spoke of rulers. Where is the female Cæsar? said he, and the female Alexander? I am proud to reply—Nowhere. No, sir; the fair sex can claim no such murderers, no such usurpers, no such enemies of mankind. But I will tell my friend what the fair sex *can* boast: can boast an Elizabeth, and also a Victoria. (*Loud applause.*) While the ladies can claim such rulers as these, their male detractors may keep their Cæsars and Alexanders to themselves; and I, for one, shall never reclaim them from their keeping. (*Applause.*) I had more to say, sir, but I feel that other speakers would occupy your time more profitably, and so I will resume my seat.

Fourth Speaker. Sir, the speaker who has just sat down was scarcely justified in calling his opponents "detractors of the ladies;" such an epithet is scarcely fair, and he would prove his point better, by using more moderate language. He has spoken of Elizabeth and Victoria, and I agree in his admiration of at least the latter of those distinguished characters; but I would just remind him that history speaks of a Bloody Mary as well as an Elizabeth—of a Cleopatra as well as a Victoria. I am not determined, sir, upon which side I shall vote. I wait to be convinced; and I assure my friends on both sides, that I am quite open to conviction. (*Applause.*)

Fifth Speaker. Then I, sir, will try to convince my friend. I will try to convince him that he should adopt the cause of the ladies. The fair sex have not yet had justice done them. What is the argument employed to prove their inferiority? Simply this—that they are not such strong rulers, such learned law-givers, or such great poets. But suppose I grant this; the sexes may be mentally equal, notwithstanding. For, if I can show that the female sex possess qualities which the male sex do not,—qualities which, though widely different from those named, are quite as valuable to the world,—I establish an argument in their favor quite as strong as that against them. And I can prove this. In affection, in constancy, in patience, in purity of sentiment, and in piety of life, they as far surpass men as men surpass them in mere bodily strength. (*Applause.*) And what qualities are superior to these? Is strength of intellect superior to strength of heart? Is the ability to make laws superior to the power that wins and keeps affection? Is a facility in making rhymes superior to sisterly love and maternal solicitude? I think, sir, that it is unwise and unfair to judge between the two. The spheres of the sexes are different, and require different powers; but, though different in degree, they may be, and I believe they are, fully equal in amount. (*Loud applause.*)

Sixth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, my speech shall consist of one question. Woman's brain is smaller than man's: now, if, as philosophers tell us, the size of the brain is the evidence of intellectual power, is not woman's intellect necessarily inferior to man's? (*"Hear! hear!" and laughter.*)

Seventh Speaker. Sir, my friend who has just sat down gave his speech in a question: I will give him another in reply. If the size of the brain is the proof of intellectual power, how is it that the calf is more stupid than the dog? (*Laughter and applause.*)

Eighth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, the last speaker's happy reply has saved me the necessity of answering the sagacious question of the gentleman who spoke before him. My friend, the opener of the debate, said, rather plausibly, that as the male sex can boast a Shakespeare, a Milton, and a Byron, and the other sex cannot, *therefore* the male sex must be superior. It is but a poor augument, sir, when plainly looked at. We should recollect that there is but *one* Shakespeare, but *one* Milton, but *one* Byron. Who can say that the female sex may not some day surpass these writers, famous though they be?

Another gentleman spoke of philosophers. Let me remind *him*—for he seems to have forgetten, or not to know—that the female sex can produce a De Staël, a Somerville, and a George Elliott. Not that I would claim for the ladies, for one moment, any merit on this ground. I think that scientific and literary excellence is by no means the choicest laurel for their gathering. Learning does not sit so gracefully on the female as on the masculine brow:—a blue-stocking is proverbially disagreeable. We can tolerate the spectacle of a Newton or a Locke so immersed in study that he plays the sloven; but the sight of a female—a lady—so abstracted as to play the—(*Cries of "Order! order!"*) I say, sir, the sight of a lady so abstracted as to forget that her hair is in papers, her dress untidy, or her fingers inky, is simply repulsive. No amount of beauty will reconcile us to the absence of the feminine attribute of *neatness*. Woman's office, sir, is to teach the heart, not the mind; and when she strives for intellectual superiority, she quits a higher throne than ever she can win. (*Applause.*)

Ninth Speaker. Sir, the gentleman who called this a question of *difference*, not *amount* of intellect, put the question, to my thinking, in its proper light. I quite agree with the opener of the debate, that in mere mental power, in mere clearness, force, and intensity of intellect, the male sex is unquestionably superior to the female. But, at the same time, I can by no means admit that this proves woman to be inferior to the other sex. Much of what man has done results from his superior *physical* strength; and, moreover, if man has done great things visibly and mentally, woman has accomplished great things morally and silently. In every stage of society she has kept alive the conscience, refined the manners, and improved the taste; in barbarism and in civilization alike, she has gladdened the homes and purified the hearts of those she has gathered round her. Whilst, therefore, I admit that in mental strength woman is not, and can never be, equal to the other sex, I maintain that her superior morality makes the balance at least even. (*Applause.*)

Tenth Speaker. I am quite ready to concede, sir, with the last speaker, that in the private and domestic virtues the female sex is superior to the male: but I cannot go so far with him as to say that man is morally woman's inferior. For which are the highest moral virtues? Courage, fortitude, endurance, perseverance; and these, I think, man possesses far more prominently than woman. Let the field of battle test his courage: with what heroic boldness he faces certain death! His fortitude again: what shocks he bears, what bereavements he patiently sustains! Mark his endurance, too. Privation, hunger, cold, galling servitude, heavy labor, these he suffers oftentimes without a murmur. See also how he perseveres! He sets some plan before him. Days, months, years, find it still distant, still unwon: he continues his exertions, and at last he gains the prize. These, sir, I contend, are amongst the highest moral virtues, and I think I have shown that the male sex possesses them more abundantly than the other. (*Applause.*)

Eleventh Speaker. Sir, I quite agree with the gentleman who spoke last, that courage, endurance, and fortitude, are amongst the highest moral virtues; but I do *not* agree with him when he says that the female sex possesses them in an inferior degree to the male. True, man shows his courage in the battle-field. He faces death, and meets it unshrinkingly. But has not woman courage quiet as great. *She* fights battles,—not

a few: oftentimes with want, starvation, and ruin: and bravely indeed does she maintain her ground. Far more bravely than the man, in fact. The first shock overcomes *him* at once: when attacked by distress, he is in a moment laid prostrate. Then it is, sir, that woman's moral courage, endurance, and fortitude, shine out the most. She sustains, she cheers, she encourages, she soothes the other; nerves him by her example, invigorates him by her tenderness, and directs him by gentle counsel and affectionate encouragement, to put his shoulder to the wheel of his broken fortune, and restore himself to the position he has lost.

> "O, woman! in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,—
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel, thou!"

Sir, gentlemen have boasted of their Alexanders and their Napoleons; so has woman to match them her Joan of Arc. But I can point them to a spectacle which sends a warmer thrill to the heart than the contemplation of Alexander crossing the Gran'icus, or of Napoleon heading the impetuous onset across the bridge of Lodi. I behold a woman quitting the comforts of an affluent home in England, and standing by the bedside of wounded and plague-stricken soldiers in the hospitals of Constantinople. Sir, if that was not courage, it was something nobler, braver, more divine; and the name of Florence Nightingale—(*interruption of loud applause*)—the name of Florence Nightingale, I say, sir, is to my mind crowned with a halo more luminous and admirable than any false glare that surrounds the fame of any conqueror or man-slayer that ever spread desolation through a land. With equal praise I might refer to her successor in our own land, Clara Barton, that heroic woman of the Red Cross.

Sir, let me quote one other instance. When that illustrious French woman and true friend of liberty, Madam Ro-land', in the bloody times of the French Revolution, for the crime of holding adverse political opinions, was dragged to the scaffold by—(Heaven save the mark!)—by *men*—alas, sir! *men*—she, a pure, heroic, lovely, and *innocent* woman—there sat by her side in the victims' cart a man, a stranger, also a prisoner, and, like her, on his way to the guillotine. But, sir, the *man* wept bitterly with anguish and dismay; while the *woman* was calm, composed, intrepid. She devoted her last moments to cheering and comforting her male companion. She even made him smile. She seemed to forget her own great wrongs and sufferings in encouraging *him*. She saw his head fall under the guillotine, and then, stepping lightly up to the scaffold, she uttered those immortal words addressed to the statute of Liberty—"O! Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"—and told the executioner (the *man*, sir!) to do his duty. The next moment the fair head of this young, fearless, and highly-gifted woman was severed from the body, and *men* stood by to applaud the infernal act. Sir, let us hear no more, after this, of woman's inferiority to man in fortitude, courage, endurance, and all that ennobles humanity. (*Applause.*)

Twelfth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, I cannot help thinking that some of the last speakers have wandered a little from the true subject before us. The question was "Are *the Mental* Capacities of the Sexes Equal?" and the speakers are now hotly discussing whether the sexes are *morally* equal, with which point I submit we have nothing to do. To bring back the discussion, therefore, to its proper track, I beg to repeat that which has been yet unanswered, namely, That as the male sex have produced the more remarkable evidences of mental power, the palm of mental superiority is evidently theirs. Much has been said during this debate, but no one has disproved this assertion, or denied the deduction from it: till cause is shown, therefore, why the verdict should not be in favor of the male sex, I submit that we have the right to demand it. (*Applause.*)

Thirteenth Speaker. Sir, the last speaker has, in a taunting manner, challenged us to deny his assertion, and to disprove his argument. I will do both—at least, *attempt* to do so—and

I trust I shall succeed in convincing my bold friend that he has not quite so good a cause as he thinks. (*Applause.*) In the first place, sir, I will not admit that *mental* superiority does not involve *moral*. It is my conviction that it *does*. I maintain it, sir, there is something wanting in the intellectual mechanism of that man who, while he can write brilliant poetry, or discourse eloquently on philosophical subjects, is *morally* deficient and unsound.

But, I will not admit that the female sex is outdone by the male. True, the one sex has produced a Shakespeare, a Milton, and a Byron; but the other has a Sappho, a Barbauld, a Hemans, a Sigourney, and a George Elliott. I will not, however, pursue the intellectual comparison, for it would be an endless one. (*Applause.*) But suppose I were to grant what the last speaker claimed, namely, that the female sex *has* achieved less than the male—what then? I can show that woman's *education* has been neglected: if, then, woman has not possessed the advantages conferred upon the other sex, how can you say that she is not naturally man's equal? Till this is answered, nothing has been proved. And, thanks to Heaven, our colleges are now giving her that chance which was formerly denied her, and she is stepping bravely to the front in all great movements. She is writing our books and teaching our schools, and soon she will be helping to make our laws. (*Applause.*)

Sir, as bearing upon this subject, and eloquently embodying my own views, let me quote, if my memory will allow me, a little poem by Ebenezer Elliott:

"What highest prize hath woman won in science or in art?
What mightiest work, by woman done, boasts city, field, or mart?
'She hath no Raphael!' Painting saith; 'No Newton!' Learning cries;
'Show us her Steamship! her Macbeth! her thought-won victories!'

"Wait, boastful man! though worthy are *thy* deeds, when thou art true,
Things worthier still, and holier far, our sister yet will do;
For *this* the worth of woman shows, on every peopled shore,—
That still as man in wisdom grows, he honors *her* the more.

"O! not for wealth, or fame, or power, hath man's meek angel striven,
But, silent as the growing flower, to make of earth a heaven!
And in her garden of the sun heaven's brightest rose shall bloom;
For woman's best is unbegun! her advent yet to come!" (*Vociferous applause.*)

Fourteenth Speaker. Sir, I think that an answer may very easily be given to the objections raised by the last speaker. Great stress has been laid upon the fact that education has not been extended to woman, and therefore, it is said, she is not equal to man. The *fact*, then, of her inferiority is admitted; and now let us look at the excuse. I think it a very shallow one, sir. Was Shakespeare educated? Was Burns educated? Was James Watt educated? Was Benjamin Franklin educated? Was Henry Clay educated? No! They achieved their greatness *in spite* of the disadvantages of their position; and *this, sir, genius will always do.* Nothing can keep it down; it is superior to all human obstacles, and *will* mount. It is for want of *genius*, therefore, not for want of education, that woman has remained behind in the mental race. (*Applause.*)

Fifteenth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, in spite of the learned and eloquent speeches of the ladies' champions, I am still inclined to vote with the Opener. I think my conclusion rests on good authority. We find, from Scripture history, that man was created first, and that woman was formed from a *part* of man—from a rib, in fact. Now, I would humbly submit, that as man was first formed, he was *intended* to be superior to woman; and that woman, being made from a *part* of man only, cannot be looked upon as his equal. We find, too, in Scripture, that woman is constantly told to obey man; and I contend that this would not be the case, were she not inferior. (*Applause.*)

Besides, sir, as it has been ably argued, her

duties *do not require* such great intellect as man's. Now, nature never gives unnecessary strength: and as woman is not called upon to use great mental power, we may be sure she does not possess it.

Sixteenth Speaker. Sir, it seems to me that the remarks of the last speaker may be easily shown to be most inconclusive and inconsistent. In the first place, he says, that as Adam was created before Eve, Adam was intended to be superior. I think, sir, that this argument is singularly unhappy. Why, we read that the birds, beasts, and fishes, were created before Adam; and, if my friend's logic were sound, Adam must have been inferior to the said birds, beasts, and fishes, in consequence: an argument, as I take it, not *quite* supported by fact. (*Laughter and applause.*) Sir, so far as we can judge, the most important creatues seem to have been formed last, and therefore Eve must, according to *that*, be not inferior, but superior, to Adam. Then, as to the argument about the rib. Why, what was Adam formed out of? *The dust of the earth.* Now, it seems to me that a living rib is a much more dignified thing to be made out of than the lifeless dust of the ground: and if so, my friend's argument turns against himself rather than against the ladies.

I heard the gentleman say, too—and I confess I heard it with some impatience—that woman's sphere *does not require* so much intellect as man's. Where he got such an argument, I cannot imagine; and I think it by no means creditable either to his taste or to his discernment. Who has to rear the infant mind? to tend and instruct the growing child? to teach it truth, and goodness, and piety? Not impetuous, impatient man, but enduring, gentle, and considerate *woman*. What more important or more difficult task could mortal undertake? It requires the noblest intellect to teach a child, and that intellect being required in woman, I feel sure that she possesses it. Although, then, I own that there are great and inborn differences between the intellectual capacities of the sexes, I cannot for an instant imagine that the one is, in the aggregate, at all inferior to the other. (*Loud applause.—A pause ensues.*)

The Chairman rises and says: If no other gentleman is inclined to speak, I will put the question.

Sixteenth Speaker. Perhaps our worthy Chairman would like to offer a few observations.

(*The Chairman then temporarily vacates the chair, calling one of the members to the same.*)

Chairman. Gentlemen, the subject has interested me so much, that I will act on my friend's suggestion, and venture upon a few remarks. I have reflected calmly and dispassionately upon the question before us, whilst I have been listening to the speeches made by my friends around me; and although I own that I was at first inclined to vote in the affirmative of this question, I am not ashamed to say that my views have undergone a material alteration during the debate, and that I have now made up my mind to defend and vote for the ladies. (*Applause.*)

In the first place, I think we are necessarily unfair judges; we are interested in the verdict, and therefore ought not to sit upon the judgment seat. It gratifies our pride to think that we are superior to the other sex; and reflection upon this point has convinced me, that upon the ground of good taste and modesty alone, we ought at once to give up the point, and admit woman's claims to be at least equal to our own.

Reason also moves me to adopt the same conclusion. I concede, at once, that there are great *differences* between the capacities of the sexes; but not greater than between various races of our own sex. The roving savage is inferior to the studious philosopher. Why? Because he has not been educated. So with woman. When you can show me that woman has received the same advantages as man, and has not then equaled him, why, then I will vote against her; but *not till then.* (*Applause.*)

In conclusion, I would say, that as the Creator formed woman to be a help *meet* for man, I cannot believe that she was made inferior. She was given to him as a companion

and friend, not as a slave and servant; and I think that we are displaying great arrogance and presumption, as well as a contemptuous depreciation of the Creator's best gifts, if we declare and decide that she who adorns and beautifies and delights our existence is inferior to ourselves in that intelligence which became a part of man's soul when God breathed into him the breath of life! (*Loud and continued applause.*)

(*The* CHAIRMAN *resumes his seat, and then says:*)

Will the opener of this debate have the goodness to reply?

The Opener (*in reply*). Mr. Chairman,—You have called on me to reply. Now, I beg at once, and frankly, to say, that I, like you, have undergone conviction during this debate, and that I mean to vote *against* the proposition which a short time ago I recommended. (*Loud cries of "Hear! hear!" and applause.*)

I was misled by *appearances*. I looked into history; but I did not examine it correctly. I looked at the surface only. I saw great deeds, and I saw that *men* had performed them; but I did not estimate what had been done silently.

I am not sorry, however, that I introduced the question. It has changed those who were wrong, it has confirmed those who were right, and it has caused all to think. Let me hope that all who spoke on my side of the question are, like their leader, converted; and let me, in conclusion, say, that I trust we shall take to our hearts the truth we adopt; and whilst we vote here that the mental capacity of the female sex is equal to our own, show, by our conduct toward that sex, that we feel their high value and dignity, and treat them in every respect as our full equals and as our best friends. (*Enthusiastic applause.*)

The Chairman. Those who think that the Mental Capacities of the Sexes are equal will please to signify the same in the usual manner. (*Loud cries of "All! all!"*) I am happy to see, gentlemen, that we are all of one way of thinking: there is no need for me to put the other side of the question. I do declare it, then, decided by this meeting, that the Mental Capacities of the Sexes are equal.

A Lady (*rising in the audience*). Mr. Chairman, with your kind permission I should be pleased to offer a few words on this interesting occasion.

Chairman. If the gentleman of the society have no objection—

All. Let us hear from the lady. (*Applause as she walks upon the stage.*)

Lady. Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I have arisen to express my appreciation,—with that of all the ladies in this audience,—of the verdict you have so unanimously reached. Until this occasion I believe no body of men ever agreed in such a decision. (*Applause.*)

Imagine, then, our delight at last—after six thousand years of waiting—at last, by the magic wand of your eloquence, we have the precious boon of equality restored to us. (*Applause.*)

But seriously, Mr. Chairman, the great examples cited are convincing and inspiring. There was no man who could save France when Joan of Arc led her hosts to victory. The wisdom of Queen Elizabeth and Victoria, the heroism of Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton, the philosophy and wit of de Stael, the literature of George Eliott, the persuasive eloquence of Frances Willard—who has been offered thirty thousand dollars per annum to lecture—show the versatility and strength of the female mind, and what woman can do when she has the opportunity When equal privileges are accorded her by the world, then, and not till then, will war and crime disappear and the great march of civilization, embodying education, temperance, morality, religion, and all the ennobling and elevating arts and sciences move with a dignity and beneficence which the world has never seen. I thank you, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, for the courtesy extended, and suggest that when you have another debate, especially on a question of such vital importance, that you invite some of your now exalted sisters to take part in the discussion. (*Sits down, amid great applause.*)

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